FORGET
ME NOT.
1841.

FORGET ME NOT.

H. ROLLS SCULPT

1841.

FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXLI.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart, like gold.
L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY ACKERMANN AND CO.

LONDON:
F. SHOBERL, JUN., PRINTER, 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.

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FORGET ME NOT.

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"The moon of St. Helena shone out, and there we saw the face of Napoleon's sepulchre, characterless, uninscribed."

And who shall write thine epitaph?—thou man
Of mystery and might!—Shall orphan hands
Inscribe it with their father's broken swords?
Or the warm trickling of the widow's tear
Channel it slowly in the sullen rock,
As the keen torture of the water-drop
Doth wear the sentenc'd brain? Shall countless ghosts
Arise from Hades, and in lurid flame
With shadowy finger trace thine effigy,
Who sent them to their audit, unannealed,
And with but that brief space for shrift or prayer,
Given at the cannon's mouth?
Thou, who didst sit
Like eagle on the apex of the globe,
And hear the murmur of its conquer'd tribes,

As chirp the weak-voic'd nations of the grass,
Why art thou sepulchred in yon far isle,
Yon little speck, which scarce the mariner
Descries 'mid Ocean's foam?
Thou, who didst hew
Rough pathway for thy host, above the cloud,
Guiding their footsteps o'er the frost-work crown
Of the thron'd Alps—why sleep'st thou thus unmark'd
Even by such slight memento as the hind
Carves on his own coarse tombstone?
Bid the throng
Who pour'd thee incense, as Olympian Jove,
Breathing thy thunders on the battle-field,
Return, and deck thy monument. Those forms
O'er the wide valleys of red slaughter spread
From pole to tropic, and from zone to zone,
Heed not thy clarion-call. Yet, should they rise,
As in the vision that the prophet saw,
And each dry bone its sever'd fellow find,
Piling their pillar'd dust, as erst they gave
Their souls for thee, might not the pale stars deem
A second time the puny pride of man
Did creep by stealth upon its Babel-stairs,
To dwell with them? But, here unwept thou art,
Like a dead lion in his thicket-lair,
With neither living man nor spectre lone
To trace thine epitaph.
Invoke the climes,
That served as playthings in thy desperate game
Of mad ambition, or their treasures strew'd

To pay thy reckoning, till gaunt Famine fed
Upon their vitals.
France! who gave so free
Thy life-stream to his cup of wine, and saw
That purple vintage shed o'er half the earth,
Write the first line, if thou hast blood to spare!
—Thou, too, whose pride adorn'd dead Cæsar's tomb,
And pour'd high requiem o'er the tyrant train
That ruled thee, to thy cost—lend us thine arts
Of sculpture and of classic eloquence,
To grace his obsequies—at whose dark frown
Thine ancient spirit quail'd; and to the list
Of mutilated kings, who glean'd their meat
'Neath Agag's table, and the name of Rome.
——Turn, Austria! iron-brow'd and hard of heart
And on his monument, to whom thou gav'st
In anger, battle, and in craft, a bride,
Grave Austerlitz, and fiercely turn away.
——Rouse Prussia from her trance, with Jena's name,
As the rein'd war-horse, at the trumpet blast,
And take her witness to that fame which soars
O'er him of Macedon, and shames the vaunt
Of Scandinavia's madman.
From the shades
Of letter'd ease, oh Germany! come forth,
With pen of fire, and from thy troubled scroll,
Such as thou spread'st at Leipsic, gather tints
Of deeper character than bold romance
Hath ever imaged in her wildest dream,
Or history trusted to her sibyl-leaves.

——Hail, lotus-crown'd! in thy green childhood fed
By stiff-necked Pharaoh and the shepherd-kings,
Hast thou no trait of him who drenched thy sands
At Jaffa and Aboukir? when the flight
Of rushing souls went up so strange and strong
To the accusing Spirit?
Glorious isle!
Whose thrice enwreathed chain, Promethean-like,
Did bind him to the fatal rock, we ask
Thy deep memento for this marble tomb.
——Ho! fur-clad Russia! with thy spear of frost,
Or with the winter-mocking Cossack's lance,
Stir the cold memories of thy vengeful brain,
And give the last line of our epitaph.

But there was silence. Not a sceptered hand
Moved at the challenge.
From the misty deep,
Rise, island-spirits! like those sisters three,
Who spin and cut the trembling thread of life—
Rise, on your coral pedestals, and write
That eulogy, which haughtier climes deny.
Come, for ye lulled him in your matron arms,
And cheered his exile with the name of king,
And spread that curtain'd couch, which none disturb:
So, twine some bud of household tenderness,
Some simple leaflet, damp with nature's dews,
Around his urn.
But Corsica, who rock'd
His cradle at Ajaccio, turned away,

And tiny Elba in the Tuscan wave
Plunged her slight annal, with the haste of fear,
And lone Helena, sick at heart, and grey
'Neath Ocean's bitter smitings, bade the moon
With silent finger point the traveller's gaze
To an unhonoured tomb.
Then Earth arose,
That blind, old Empress, on her crumbling throne,
And to the echoed question, "*Who shall write Napoleon's epitaph?*" as one who broods
O'er unforgiven injuries, answered—"NONE!"

PHŒBE MAY'S DREAM.

A FAERY TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LION."

There's pansies—that's for thoughts!
Hamlet.

O gentle ones! come back, we need your smiles
To lighten our night wanderings . . .
Fairies on the seashore.

The angel hath not left her!
The Duchess de la Valliere.

I MUST not tell how many miles west of the pleasant town of Tewkesbury stands Tranby Hall; for the last surviving members of the family—a couple of aged persons who still retain the same retired habits and love of solitude as earned for their forefathers long ago the name of the Silent Tranbys—would hardly forgive me were I to lay their ancient mansion open to the stare of the hundreds of idle people who roam about Eng-

land in these travelling days. And none among the tourists — no, not even William Howitt himself, who would think nothing of walking across from Tintagel in Cornwall to Branxholm on the Border, were an antique house, visited by few, promised to him—have seen any thing so precious, so entire, so stately, as Tranby Hall. Chamber upon chamber, with oriels and huge chimneys and faded pictures and cabinets smelling of the East—staircase above staircase, leading up to that last narrowest one, which shows you Master Giles Tranby's Hole, a quaint hiding-place, betwixt a pair of chimney-stacks—here, a couple of gaunt druid stones, worked up into the house-wall—there, a window traceried over by an apricot-tree, out of which Richard Lion-Heart leaned once upon a time to look upon archery in the park—beyond, the goblin-closet, walled up, when neither Miss Lettice nor Miss Abigail Tranby could tell, but ever since a Jew had there cruelly murdered one of Master Jervis Tranby's children, in revenge for a blow given him in Spain—carved settees, and chests full of old garments,—book upon book of yellow papers, traversed with damps, stains, and pierced through and through by the busy worm—and the skulls of the six priests who made the vow to pluck the Grand Turk by the beard, (of all which matters another time)—with its chambers, and its furniture, and its relics, I know of nothing so

perfect as Tranby Hall. Forbid it, that such a haunt of old-world gentility and tradition should become common—a thing for writers to peck at and critics to flout!

Many a good year has come and gone since the gardens of Tranby Hall—none fairer in the shire!—were kept by Phœbe May's father—for Master May was only known or spoken of as being parent to the most exquisite creature that ever shamed flowers with her fresh colour, and the dancing leaves of trees by her graceful, sprightly motions. Her picture shows her not half well enough—and if so deft an artist has failed, what hope of a musty old chronicler like me that he should do better with his pen? Pass we then her looks—pass we then her blithe voice, and her heart, true and clear as the morning, and her wondrous innocence, and her shrewd wit withal—pass we all the love for her that was felt for miles and miles round, when her name was spoken—the bachelors whose eyes wandered when she was in church—the wise old men who would have been too thankful to have been shown to the world as old fools, for her sake. East and west, far and near, on this or the other side of the sea, there was never any one of such a fresh and young beauty, both mind and body—as sweet, sweet Phœbe May! Never was any one less spoiled, more thrifty, more diligent, more useful. Ere she was twelve years of age, she could beat

her father in gardening—ere she was seventeen, the decay of his wits threw the whole care of the Tranby pleasaunces into her hands. And never, spring, summer, autumn—nay, and even winter also—had they been so fresh, so blossomy, so teeming with delicate colours and scents, with rich old English flowers and new ones from beyond the sea hard to name, as when Phœbe May was queen of them. Pity that none were at home to praise her care! The heir of Tranby still lingered abroad, having never been at his birth-place betwixt the ages of seven—when, on his father's decease, he was taken thence by a tutor—and three-and-twenty, when he was looked for anxiously, having been for two years strangely sojourning among the Moors. If neighbours, however, would say admiringly to Phœbe how much they wished the heir to return to recompense her, she would laugh cheerfully as she answered, "I tend my children" (these were her flowers) "for their own sakes, not his; and who knows but his coming may bring with it trouble?"

The eve of the heir of Tranby's arrival was come. It was a gorgeous July night, with all the splendours of heaven and earth fully unfolded: the very weather for revellings and rejoicings in the open air. But these had been strictly forbidden. The master's humour was to come home without ceremony or welcome—none knew by

what gate or at what hour—and heads were shaken when the strict orders were promulgated, that all the tenantry should keep within doors after sunset.

"Never say a good word for him, Phœbe," said one of the gossips to our gardener's daughter, who was excusing so unwonted a privacy, after maiden's fashion, that is, out of contradiction; "never say a good word for him! A thief creeping back to his hiding-place could do no worse. And they hindered thee decking the south parlour and the vast tapestried chamber (belike he will sleep there) with bow-pots. A bad beginning, I say, a bad beginning!"

Now, though Phœbe had nothing to reply or answer to this contempt of her flowers, she thought all the more of the matter; and thus it was that, when nine o'clock struck, she bethought herself of some curious lilies that were haply not covered, and for which English nights are too chill;—and, having crept out into the parterre, and marking how exquisitely fell the moon athwart the grass in a long avenue, which opened thence by a wicket gate, she could not but just step thither to listen for the sound of horses' feet. Should there be the slightest hoof-tramp, no one quicker to fly than modest Phœbe. But no—all was still—so still, that the falling of the dew was almost heard. Never was such a lovely night. The moon was at full, and the richly clad trees gleamed

like piles of emeralds. You could see the smallest blossoms among the grass, where many wild flowers had been transplanted by Phœbe. On she stole, until the Hall was quite out of sight. There were none to miss her in the gardener's cottage, and she had quite forgotten Master Tranby's orders in her wonder at the beauty of the mid-summer landscape. As she crept further and further away into the lonely moonshine, she could fancy that she saw the violets springing countlessly on every side of her. Never had the great woodbine been so thickly mantled with a sheet of pale gold as that night. That early blowing foxglove, too! how full it was of bloom! and as she watched it, a sudden breath of quicker air made all its purple blossoms wave, and nod, and whisper, as it were, in gesture and sound of welcoming. "Nay, then," said she, half laughing, half trembling at the sound of her own sweet voice, "if the fairy-caps invite me to loiter, I had better pass no further." And, yielding to the pleasure of the hour—though any thing but bold amid that bright, broad, lonely silence, checquered with rich shadows—down sate the maiden at the foot of a great oak-tree.

She knew not how long she sate there, because the music that was now loud and close in her ears had approached so gradually, that she had been drawn in to listen unawares, and you all know

how time passes when one is listening. It was a wild tune, with an odd, broken measure, one, nevertheless, so distinctly marked, that she, too, could have got up and marched to it. But a stronger impulse, not exactly of fear, held her still, while, sounded on tiny cornets, and with the tinkling as it were of vine tendrils, intermixed so as to support the long notes, nearer and more near came the faëry music. And though Phœbe watched so eagerly, she thought her eye-strings must break, yet, somehow or other, she knew not exactly at what precise moment it was, that every flower had grown a banner, crimsoned, and gilt, and scutcheoned—for the elves also have their heraldry—every green leaf a tent of the thickest-piled emerald velvet, and that pyramid of foxglove a throne royal in its garniture, its crimson canopies all hung with diamond tears, which made a musical as well as a glittering fringe. To have moved hand or foot would have been to disturb or throw down some portion of this marvellous camp, so Phœbe refrained herself, and, though blushing with excitement till she was redder than a rose, sate still and awaited what might come next.

You will ask me of what fashion were the personages for whom these marvellous decorations were provided. Now, whether it was that Phœbe was charged under some spell never to describe the small beings whom she beheld, or whether the

glistening of all their jewellery, and the sweet mingled sound of their music, so bewildered her that she could take no note of form or figure, I cannot rightly declare. Certain it was that, to her dying day, she would never own to having *seen* any being, though she repeated freely enough what talk she had heard. The voices, she said, were very small, but O! of how ravishing a sweetness! purer than any human voices, deeper than the senseless chirrup of birds, with here and there a tone of melancholy to be heard, as belonging to a wanderer far away from his own land. Answering one of these sadder speakers: "What danger can there be awaiting one so pretty and gentle?" said a pleasant little talker, with a note sharp as a trumpet's. "Look you not how still she sits in the white moonshine, and how she smiles! Danger! I and my sisters will protect her. We Pansies are a large and busy family, and much hath she done for our nurture!"

"Alas!" was the mellow and mournful answer, "these earth creatures are not as innocent as thou! There is mischief, and evil, perhaps shame, at this moment on the highway to Tranby Hall, and may be, also, to the sweet gardener's daughter. They have a thing they call love, and alas! and alas! doleful is it for all that bear the name of woman!"

"Have done with thy croaking, Iris!" cried the

sprightlier and smaller creature; "since thy sisters have grown so dark-hued, thou hast never pleasanter tales than of tears, and blood, and sorrow! Have done! were Master Tranby the Metal King himself — and thou knowest how cruel he is to us innocent flowers, poisoning the sweet earth till no food be left therein for us, so that we die of the harsh and acrid soil—for sweet Phœbe May's sake I and my sisters would band together, unbeliever! ay, and foil him! No wrong shall happen to her, so long as dew falls and grasses spring!" and a chorus of many mellow voices went on, and replied briskly, "No wrong to Phœbe May!"

"What could ye do, poor positive flowers?" said the other voice, hoarse and melancholy as evening's complaint, "and he so dark and so wicked? Heard ye not what one of the stranger winds that passed this way a night or two ago whispered concerning the Saracen maiden, by him betrayed and destroyed in far Palestine, and how it murmured again and again, *'I talk of a nameless tomb in the desert!'* What could ye do, were he to look upon Phœbe May? for in this is he like our enemy, the Metal King, that whatsoever he looketh upon he withers."

"We would warn her! we would foreshow to her the danger which threatened her! One of us shall sit at the root of every pansy in her garden; and when peril is nigh, then shall the black blos-

soms come out and talk to her of it—and when falsehood, that sallow brown, ye know of—and white shall stand for innocence—and blue for love, constant though it be humble—and violet for melancholy—and when all shall be well with her, we will don our liveries of royal purple, which is triumph, and of gold, which is wealth. But in rank shall not be her triumph, nor in money-bags her wealth. And, thus well warned, her own pure heart and unbroken trust shall deliver her. No wrong to sweet Phœbe May!" And the elves took the word up yet louder than before, until the music of their tongues, becoming at once more intense and more lulling, subdued her into a strange dreaminess, and the glory of the Fairy Court seemed to wane. Whether it had altogether passed, she could never distinctly recollect——but there was a shock, a pause, the flash of many torches, the treading of many feet, the talking of many loud men. Said a deep voice, "Do the Tranby oaks bear acorns such as this?" And when Phœbe May was thoroughly aroused from her dream, she was aware that a tall, dark, noble-looking gentleman, richly dressed in a foreign fashion, was lifting her tenderly up from the chill turf upon which she had been lying.

"Take her home, Beaudevis, saidst thou? Her home to-night shall be the best chamber in Tranby Hall. I tell thee I had forgotten how fair the

cheek and lip of an English maiden may be . . . . and her little hand, with the flower so fast clenched in it—heartsease! O, doubtless a love tryst! and she shall not have kept it in vain—shall she, Beaudevis?"

It was known in the morning that the Master of Tranby had come back: it was known in the morning that sweet Phœbe May was missing—but none could tell where to seek for her, and none could tell by what precise door, or at what precise hour, the long-absent lord had entered the mansion of his forefathers. Nay, there were mysteries beyond these: for so large a retinue of foreign domestics appeared in his train, and the old ones were so peremptorily thrust aside by them, that it was unknown, save to some of that outlandish troop, in which chamber Master Tranby had slept—what he had eaten on his arrival—and so late as noon on the second day, the amazed and discomfited old English servants were gathered in the stone hall by twos and threes, quarrelling how many inches tall he might be, and of what colours were his eyes and hair, so little had they seen of him. They were not even sure, some of them, that they had as yet seen him at all!—that he was even yet in the mansion house!—and the men swore and murmured, and the women shed tears and crossed themselves. Little recked they,

amid all their doubts and disputes, that their lord found nothing so pleasant on returning home as playing the jailor to sweet Phœbe May. His hand had conducted her to that secret chamber, the Queen's closet, meaning doubtless to lead her further, had she not nimbly bolted the door ere he could step in with her; and his eye it was that now watched that door. Having sent her in food —and disdaining for the moment any show of constraint, or any great trouble of wooing—he was still, though as I said it was noon, pacing the outer chamber, and murmuring to himself, "What next? Were I only across the sea . . . . . and thou sayest she wept, Beaudevis, when thou tookest in to her the flask and the white loaf. My pretty shepherdess, I dare aver, never tasted such muscadelle before. She will not weep for many days—and who may she be, Beaudevis?"

"Here has been an old savage, my lord," answered the convenient lackey, still speaking French, "clamouring amongst the blue coats and red noses in the hall below, about his daughter, who has run away from him—the gardener, I fancy. *Blessed are they that find,* saith the priest —should we not let her go?"

"The priest said well; for I found her, as thou knowest, Beaudevis," was the answer; and Master Tranby looked dark, though he smiled while he spoke. "A gardener's daughter, and with

such a fair white skin! See she be well warded and respectfully treated; and thy head upon thy concealment of her being here from those dotards down below. I will talk with her to-morrow."

"Talk with her! this foggy English climate makes us ceremonious, forsooth!" said Beaudevis with a sneer, looking after Master Tranby as the latter quitted the chamber. But Beaudevis knew not that Martha May, Phœbe's mother, had nursed that bold, fickle, silent libertine at her bosom, else might he, too, perhaps, have taken up in another tone the Fairies' ditty—"No wrong to sweet Phœbe May!"

An assault is none the less perilous because it is carried on slowly and delicately. I cannot trace Master Tranby's step by step. Let the men unriddle why he, the desired of many proud ladies of all countries, should be so entirely taken up with a simple untutored girl, whose only books were the flower-beds, which, with tears, she entreated to be permitted to read once more. Let the women, also, find a reason why she—true, simple, pure beyond a thought's suspicion—could so easily be won . . . to listen to the talk of Master Tranby; and why, day by day—still true, still simple, still pure—a willingness crept upon her to be satisfied by the assurances of her persecutor that all she loved were well, and received daily

tidings of her, and were well content to lose her for a while, knowing that it was for her profit. Yet things were thus. O, could the rich read the thoughts of some among the lowly, and perceive how there be those of mean estate, who are more tempted by vague imaginings than themselves by their distinct worldly desires—to whom the speech of a trained tongue is like God's words —and one pressure of a smooth hand, a persuasion more subtle than whole orations of flattery among their betters—in whom the sight and the touch of all that is beautiful, and the refined, and the pleasurable, awaken those passions and cravings which the rich, out of breeding and custom, have never known in all their fulness — would they not sometimes be more kind, more charitable, more forgiving in judging of the faults of their poorer brethren? I trust so, indeed; and yet the hearts of some are hard as the nether millstone.

Phœbe May was not won: but, from fearing Master Tranby much, she had begun to fear him less, and, from sickening of her captivity, to content herself with thinking, "*He will perhaps talk three and a half hours with me to-morrow;*" and, from weeping when she thought of the empty chair on the right hand of the old man, her father, to contrive sweet and dutiful messages, in which was some small mention of benefits she might one

day be able to confer upon him. Nothing was there in her attendance to displease her, two elderly foreign women being always with her: nay, one of them keeping close to her tapestry work, though Master Tranby was there, and all but wooing her, to listen, and to cherish her beauty for his sake, and giving her a thousand subtle reasons why it was prudent that for a while she should be secluded. There had been words abroad touching some love passages betwixt Phœbe May and a handicraftsman in the village, and these, both agreed, must spread no further, or else . . . . . for I will not say that, for a moment's space bewildered, the gardener's daughter might not, in a dream, vision herself Lady of Tranby!

It was now the twelfth day of Phœbe's captivity —two days more, and the worn-out trick of a false marriage might be tried without much risk of failure. So agreed Beaudevis, chiming in with his lord's humour, and shrugging his shoulders the while. Nay, so sure was Master Tranby that there was now hardly left in his bird a wish to break her prison, that, trusting to the watch and ward of his outlandish followers—woe to all orderly English houses when such enter the same! —he would needs go a-riding in the park, for popularity's sake, taking with him some of his home retinue. But as the train galloped over

dale and down—past the church where his stainless mother was lying—through the village, where the corpse of a broken-hearted old man, who had quickly pined to death for his lost daughter, had been that morning carried—it was all the same with him; and the birds need not have sung so cheerily, and the sun need not have shone so brightly, and the green trees need not have waved with so sweet a murmur. It was Phœbe May, and only Phœbe May! I will not tell you what thoughts were busy in her heart that morning.

Tranby Hall, I have said, was that morning emptied of all the old servitors, who, poor fools! in their joy conceived that the day of "those black Italians" was all but over, now that their lord called them round him again. Seeing this, Beaudevis, himself heartily tired of playing the part of head jailor, to beguile the hours, permitted the prisoner to take the air in a long portrait gallery, which divided the mansion in twain, north and south. Right glad was Phœbe of such permission; and the dangerous knave profited by her gladness, and by the respect in which, since childhood, she had held the haughty old portraits of the Tranbys, which frowned upon her as she tripped down the gallery, still further to delude her poor brain, by artful suggestions of what she might do one day, were she to reign there. "And none," said he,

" of those worshipful personages was one-half so worthy to queen it as thine own sweet self." And Phœbe sighed and hung her head—the dream was so charming!

There were doors all down the gallery, now most of them locked, which opened this way and that into other rooms and passages. Coming near one, a slight thing awakened the notice of Phœbe. A locksmith had been mending one of the fastenings that morning, and with a few wood shavings where he had been working, there was also still a trifle of the earth from his heavy country shoes. But it was not these she regarded. As villagers will oftentimes carry a blossom in their button-holes—a sweet custom, though with them but a habit—so, having probably fallen thence, there lay upon the floor, among the shavings and the earth, a dying flower, a thing certain to catch the maiden's eye. She ran, she stooped, she raised it. It was a black heartsease!

No more than this was needed to bring her back to herself, to awaken in her mind the peaceful knowledge of the gulph within whose circle she had already slipped. It was not only the sight of one of her garden playthings which restored to her her innocency, but it was the memory of that strange dream, so strangely forgotten, and it was a sense that guardianship was over her, because peril was at hand!—peril which she had stupidly

and submissively toyed with and courted—peril leading to ineffable shame! nay, the shame of which might already be past remedy—peril which it now sickened her to look upon, near at hand, around her, not to be escaped from! And then came the more bitter thoughts of all she had neglected, of all she had forgotten! Of the changes which passed over her face, as these things overswept her mind like a torrent and a doom, Beaudevis knew little, for he was admiring Master Tranby's cast-off roses in his own pantoufles. For a moment she stood as firm fixed as one of the images on Dame Lucy Tranby's tomb, whereof such account is made in the country, then, pressing her hand to her temples, as though pierced by the sharpest pain, she tottered down the gallery, praying that the earth would open and hide her folly. Then came the agony of hope. It was not all over! She was not lost! She would escape—there was time! means could not be so difficult, watched as she was. And behold! as if to answer the thought which darted through her mind, her ear, quickened by terror and conscience, caught a slight noise in the last chamber, to which a door from the eastern side of the gallery opened; and ere Beaudevis, could overtake or hinder her, her hand was upon the lock, and the door gave way, and she had passed in hastily; and there, before an ancient coffer, on

his knees, was the help which Heaven had sent her!

He was not aware for a single second that any one was behind him, but the angry cry of Beaudevis: "Mad girl! what are you about?" made him look up; and his eye fixed itself on Phœbe May;—fixed itself with horror more than surprise: till then it had never beheld her save with a worshipping deference. For this, as the Almighty ordained it, was the handicraftsman I told of, who, for so many long years, had followed her like a distant shadow, could such a thing be.

"You are angry with me, William! you despise me!" cried she passionately, breaking from Beaudevis, and falling on her knees before that homely man, in his sullied doublet, "but save me! take me hence! Before our stainless Virgin, I am innocent!"

"Keep back, painted coxcomb!" cried the man, menacing Beaudevis with the mallet he held in his hand. "As the young woman has called upon me, were she ever so lost, I will do her bidding." And then, turning rudely towards Phœbe, who lay still at his feet, not unlike the fallen flower she had herself raised but a second before, "Take thee hence!" he said; "it is now somewhat late. Thou hadst better been beside thy poor old father, in the churchyard, than as I see thee!"

"My poor old father!" cried Phœbe; "dost thou threaten me? I deserve it! I deserve it!"

"Nay, no threatenings. When he was sick was the time for those! now he is past wrath and repentance. Come along home, if thou makest no sport of me! There is no one there now to weep for thee! Once more," (this to Beaudevis), "keep back, I tell thee! Raise the house, an thou wilt; I carry Phœbe May hence! Ye will not so easily get quit of an honest man!" and he put his left arm, as tenderly as though he had been a woman, round the waist of the stunned and weeping girl, and, with his strong right hand clenched—marry, it was a weapon few Frenchmen would have loved to face—walked sturdily down the chamber, driving Beaudevis, whose courage lay but in his rapier's point, before them. The lackey swore oaths horrible to hear, and shouted for his mates, and a noise was presently heard, like the stir in a hive, among all those false and foul creatures, becoming more and more turbulent as they neared the top of the grand staircase. Something, it seemed, was going on in the hall below, for, though many voices answered to the call of Beaudevis, no one appeared. The three, therefore, descended, Brown William (as he was called) with the gardener's daughter in his arms. She had now fainted!

But what a sight would she have seen below,

had it been otherwise! The hall was entirely crowded with the old English domestics of Master Tranby, and his foreign followers, all so engaged, that the one noticed not the re-appearing of the lost flower, nor the other interfered to prevent her escape. For there, in the midst of his countrymen and the strangers, stretched upon a litter hastily woven of the boughs of trees, lay the Lord of the domain, so disfigured by the blood which had flowed over his face, and the dust among which he had rolled, when falling from his horse, as to look most ghastly. A priest was beside him, doing his best to make the dull ears receive a prayer and a holy word or so; beyond the priest, a leech, who, looking from the litter, said, answering some one, "Five minutes now, and all is over!"

Now it might be seen of what stuff were the old servitors of the house, of what the rabble brought from foreign lands by the misguided Lord, whose rule in his father's place was so awfully cut short. Those had prayers, and tearful eyes, and obedient ministry, for they pitied one so young, so darkly summoned away; these were already looking about for what they might purloin, or counting on their fingers the arrears of money due to them, or in noisy curiosity clamouring to be told what had happened — Beaudevis, even, no better than the rest. "Who ever heard of

our Lord falling from his horse before?" was his cry with a sneer; "did a woman cross his path?"

"And who ever heard of a handful of flowers in a hedge-row side making so sure-footed a creature as his brave Pompey stumble? See, he must have clutched at them to save himself; for look, in his hand is something, I declare, Beaudevis—a *pensée!* Will he carry it yonder with him, thinkest thou," and the speaker pointed downward, "as a token for the pretty heathen he loved so well!"

"Be silent," said the aged priest severely. "Doth not God's warning rebuke your wicked talk? How know ye what is labouring on his mind? Be silent! I say. He is about to speak!"

And it was so. Master Tranby made one last effort, as if to raise himself, and was heard to mutter passionately some words in the Eastern tongue: the priest said a woman's name was among them, also the names of evil spirits. Then, opening his eyes, the light whereof was fast fading, he said in English, clearly enough to be heard by all present, "Is Phœbe May there? I cannot see her. Let all know, that, as surely as I am going to everlasting punishment, she is stainless as when her mother bore her . . . What I would, indeed . . . . . but it is done. Salmeh! I am coming . . . . coming!" . . . . and with that he

fell slowly, heavily back, and spoke no more. He was presently a corpse.

It was once more a holiday under the oak-tree in the long avenue, and the glorious hunter's moon lit up that elfin revel yet more splendidly than the lamp of midsummer night had done, and the merriment of those tiny lords and ladies exceeded that which Phœbe May had listened to in her dream; seeing that the later flowers of the year are always the gayest, as if time was precious when the long sleep of cold Winter was at hand. So, too, with men, the last hours of a festival are always the blithest! There was laughter enough to make dance the one or two leaves which had already fallen; and such never-ending roundelays, and such a ceaseless tripping, as, I verily believe, was never before — as I know hath never been since — in Faëryland!

"Fresh dew!" cried the odd little voice of one almost tipsy with its own merriment, "it will soon be too cold for such a draught. Fresh dew to drink the health of sweet Phœbe May and honest William Longfield! Give Iris the largest bellful! Did I not tell you, cross, sad creature that you are! that no wrong should befal her? No pure maiden shall ever be betrayed, be the danger ever so pressing, or the flatterer a Master Tranby's self, so long as the sight of us brings

back to her her old, and simple, and holy affections."

"Hark there!" cried another voice. "How bold we are grown, to be sure, and setting ourselves up, forsooth, as shrewder than other flowers, ever since our friend Will, the poet, put us in his verse: '*There's pansies; that's for thoughts!*' But never mind: health and happy wedlock to sweet Phœbe May and honest William Longfield!"

TO SPRING.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Once more dost thou return, O joyous Spring!
With all thy treasury of budding flowers,
And genial influence of sunny hours,
And odours, that thou lov'st around to fling.
But not as erst, sweet Spring, com'st thou to me,
When thy approach gave gladness to this heart,
And bade each gloomy doubt and fear depart,
Yielding the empire to thy witchery.
Alas! thy presence now with pain is fraught,
For it brings back the memory of those
Who with me welcomed thee—they who repose
In the dark grave! Oppressed by this sad thought,
I cannot joy in thee as once 'twas mine
To joy, and bless, O Spring! thy glad sunshine.

THE KING'S BANNER-BEARER.

BY MISS LAWRANCE,

AUTHOR OF "HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND," &c.

AMONG the many blessings so exultingly—would that they were as gratefully!—boasted by our countrymen, one, perhaps the most important, has been too often overlooked: it is that, while the nations of continental Europe have never witnessed the passing away of one generation without having also witnessed the invasion of a foreign army, or, more destructive still, the ravages of civil warfare, England, for the long space of *six* generations, has been undisturbed alike by foreign invader or domestic foeman. To the English reader, therefore, the tale of the fierce and sanguinary conflicts of the earlier periods of our history is indeed but as "a tale that is told;" and, while he reads the records of the parliamentary war, or that of the rival roses, interested, and probably deeply interested, in the principles involved in the one, or in the romantic incidents connected with the other, of the eager excitement, the feverish anxieties, the fears, more intense because vague and undefined, of such a period, he can know nothing. It is only when we open those delightful

volumes of family correspondence, and read those letters, so graphically minute, in which one member of the family expresses to the other his suspicions and anxieties, or his expectations and plans, and which seem like an hourly record of passing events, that we gain some idea of the real state of a people threatened with war at their very thresholds.

It is curious to trace the progress of these events. First, the obscure hint from the son, who has been sent up to London to push his fortune, that there is a difference between the duke and the king, "and menne say they know not what may be;" then, that the lords "do come to Westminstre wyth theyr barges laden with weapons;" then, the eager canvassing of the higher rank of freeholders by the chief nobility of the various counties—the earl "speking righte sweetlye" to the knight, whom before he passed without notice, and my lord the duke praying the burgesses of the neighbouring city "to dysporte themselves in hys parke," and my lady duchess, to the marvel of the whole county, sending a pot of marmalade to the highly honoured mayoress.

And then comes the first note of open war. The summons of the monarch with the hanging seal, addressed to each noble, the courteous and familiar "trusty and welbeloved, we greet you ryghte hertily wel," contrasting so strongly with the peremptory conclusion, "hereof faile not on peril of

our dyspleasure." Then the notification of the sheriff at the market-cross for all the burgesses of the town to assemble "on y^e^ morrow of St. Margaret, with all theyr fellowship, having jacks and brigandines, and fytting weapons," while the courteous letters of the nobles to their tenantry "to meet us" (for they, on their respective estates, assumed as much as possible a royal style and bearing), and reiterating promises of support and aid, shew how important they felt the result of a war to be which might place them at the highest point of greatness, or transfer their lands to strangers, and bring their heads to the block.

But it is in the more private letters that a yet more vivid picture is presented to us. The younger brother requesting of the elder the loan of his "cross-bow and windlass, for myne be broken, also your Normandie bill;" and the hurried letter of the son to his mother, praying that his war-steed be sent "righte carefully," and concluding, "we be all in goode harte, for we doubte not for to make them runne," so contrasting with the anxious fears of the mother's reply, and her hope that more men may be sent for her protection, "otherwyse, if the duke should come, we may not kepe the place againste hym three days;" and the wife's earnest entreaties to her husband that he will hasten his return, "and in especial sende here store of bills, and also cross-bows, for as to long

bows the windows be so low that we may not shoot wyth them;" and when the war has actually begun the anxious inquiry whether any battle had been fought, "for Will Sawton came here laste nyghte, and saith that ye are worsted, and Sir Thos. Levenham (whom God assoil) dede of hys woundes, and that they are comyng hither in grete force:" it is only from such minute touches as these, that a finished picture of so disastrous a period can be painted.

No wonder then that, when the battle of Bosworth placed the crown on the head of Henry Tudor, the nation, exhausted, impoverished, almost ruined by the thirty years' strife of a war unequalled in English history for its sanguinary character, passively acquiesced in the decision of the sword, and recognized, if it did not welcome, Tudor, as successor of her Plantagenets; and no wonder was it, too, that when the crushing policy and the grievous exactions of the new monarch raised against him more than one rebellion, the mass of the people refused to take part in the contest, and chose rather to yield up to a despot the liberties for which their fathers had battled so bravely, than to plunge again into the miseries of civil war. But Tudor was not to wear the crown so easily won with the same ease; powerful nobles and influential statesmen again and again came forth to assert the claims of other competitors, and

the suppression of the rebellion under Lambert Simnel was but the signal for the more important insurrection in favour of that most mysterious personage of his day, that unsolved, and perhaps unsolveable problem of English history, Perkin Warbeck.

It was the spring of 1596, and the royal proclamation, commanding each man to put himself "in uttermost devoir to resist the malice of oure enemyes and traytors" had just been made; war had been declared against the king of Scots, at whose court Perkin had for some time found an asylum, and Sir Giles Daubeny had advanced to London to array a large army intended to invade Scotland; all the bustle and anxious preparation which we have just described were now going on throughout the kingdom, and many a mother who had witnessed the disastrous strife of the roses, and who had trusted that war was at length ended, was called to bid farewell to her sons, even as thirty years before she had been called to bid farewell to her father and brothers.

It was, however, with no mournful feeling that the lady of Northwode Hall saw her son, although he was her only one, brace on his mail, and prepare to join the army at London, and it was with no sorrowful forebodings that Sir Robert Northwode superintended the preparations for his departure, and unsheathed and poised the heavy sword

which his father had worn, and chided the young page for his delay as he knelt buckling the jambeaux. But it was not merely anxiety to distinguish himself in a career, at this period almost the only one by which a young man of family could advance himself, that caused Sir Robert Northwode to look forward to the coming war with such exultation—it was the high and honourable station which he was to fill in the army that made him impatient to set forth. The most important portion of the Northwode estates was the manor of Shorne, and this was held of the king by the especial service of "bearing at the head of the king's tenantry a white banner for forty days, whenever the king should make war on Scotland." Now, after the lapse of many years, this duty was to be performed, and the master of Northwode Hall was to go forth to the army not merely with his customary array of horsemen and footmen, but at the head of the king's tenantry of the whole county of Kent, and as the king's banner-bearer.

There was but one person in all that extensive household who did not participate in the common feeling; this was the young maiden who sate on the broad bench in the inner hall, her eyes moodily fixed on the ground, as though unwilling to behold the warlike preparations. That she did so was, however, not considered surprising by any one, for Alice Brereton was the daughter of a Yorkist

knight, whose death had alone prevented his seizure for carrying on a treasonable correspondence, and the wary Tudor had consigned both the daughter and the estate to the custody of the Northwodes, thus alike securing the property and rewarding an ancient Lancastrian family for its devotion to his cause. It was seldom indeed that a ward, who viewed herself as little less than a prisoner in the house of her guardian, felt attachment to the family in which she was placed; but Alice Brereton regarded both her situation and the family with abhorrence, for not merely were the political opinions of the Northwodes opposed to her's, but she had from a child expressed a strong wish to lead a conventual life, and to this her father had never offered any opposition; but Sir Robert Northwode had prohibited her taking the veil, for he had a needy relation on whom he wished to bestow her estate, and therefore he determined to bestow her hand.

"Ye look wo-begone, fair maiden," said he carelessly; "what say you to these preparations?"

Alice fixed her eyes on the snowy banner which, as king's banner-bearer, Sir Robert was to unfurl, and which hung in readiness on the opposite side of the hall. "I might well say 'God speed you!' when a Lancastrian fights beneath the colours of York," said she.

"But not for the cause of York," said the

knight; "no; sooner shall this trusty sword break in my hand!"

"And trusty swords have broken ere now," said Alice solemnly.

"Or my good steed stumble and fall."

"And good steeds have fallen ere now."

"Or that fair banner be borne at the head of Perkin Warbeck's army; ay, all these three things happen to me ere I lift hand for any but Tudor!"

"Vow not rashly."

"Keep your warnings, maiden, until you are lady prioress of Dartford convent," said the knight, scornfully. "I again say and swear, this sword shall break in my hand, my war-steed shall stumble and fall, ay, and yonder banner be borne at the head of Perkin's army, ere I forsake the cause of Tudor."

"Amen! good master," cried the page laughingly, and springing up, "for should these three things happen, then truly King Henry will have no claim to your faith."

"*Should* these three things happen, silly boy," said Sir Robert yet more scornfully, "*should* these three things happen say you? forsooth, 'tis as likely as that I should perform those offices for *you* that you are now doing for me."

The page spoke not, but he glanced an earnest look at the young maiden, and then again kneeling down busied himself with buckling the leg-armour of his lord, who, leaning on his trusty sword,

smiled a smile of contempt, as the mere passing thought arose in his mind that he ever should prove recreant to the cause of Tudor.

The preparations were finished, the last rivets were attached to Sir Robert Northwode's armour, his gallant war-steed stood neighing in the court-yard, and he turned to take leave of his mother. "This is a proud day for us, my son," said she, and she took with her own hands the banner from the wall, and delivered it to him; and when he mounted his steed, and, waving that banner proudly, gave the word to his tenantry to depart, Lady Northwode watched the goodly company as they glided through the neighbouring wood, now hidden, now apparent by their bright armour gleaming through the thick leaves, and she exulted with an exceeding joy, but she never asked the care of Heaven to watch over him.

"I am strangely cast down at all this," said the aged steward of the household, "for when we fear ofttimes we are in great safety: but when we are too boastful the axe may be over our heads. I like not the sayings of yonder maiden, she hath proved ere now a true prophet, and she is vowed to holy church. Saints! that Sir Robert had but had her blessing rather than her warning ere he set forth!"

Meanwhile Sir Robert and his company proceeded on their road to London, each town and

village they passed through augmenting their numbers by the addition of the king's tenantry, who were bound to follow the white banner; and, ere they arrived at Blackheath, the young knight saw himself at the head of some hundred men. With yet more pride, and with yet more exultation, did he enter London; and, as he proceeded along the Bridge, at this period lined on each side with houses, and heard the shouts that welcomed the white banner, and the whispered words of admiration bestowed by many a fair one on himself, he blessed the summons that had called him from the quiet of his ancestral hall to a scene so stirring, and an office so high and honourable.

Sir Robert and his company passed along Thames Street to Tower Hill, then a broad green meadow surrounded by fields, where, in grim majesty, and girt about by triple walls and ramparts, stood the Tower, to which he was bound; and he urged his weary war-steed through the various groups of men-at-arms who had mustered there, and, presenting himself before the chief gate of the Tower with all his company, blew his horn thrice, and thrice waved the banner, and proclaimed aloud that he, Sir Robert Northwode of Northwode Hall, was come to do suit and service to his liege sovereign for the manor of Shorne in Kent, "by sergeanty of bearing a white banner forty days at his own cost and charge, when the king should

make war in Scotland." In answer to the summons, the huge portcullis slowly rose, the ponderous drawbridge descended, and Sir Robert advanced, but, ere he had attained firm footing on it, his good steed stumbled and fell.

"Pray Heaven ye meet not the fate of Lord Hastings within yonder walls," said the page, as he aided his master to rise, and lifted the white banner from the ground; "that maiden's words were right sooth, for the good steed hath stumbled and fallen."

Sir Robert frowned sternly on the boy, and resumed his seat, but from that moment an intense yet fearful expectation arose in his mind that, perchance, the other omens might come to pass.

In the inner courtyard Sir Giles Daubeny stood inspecting the military appointments of the various companies who, at the royal summons, had come from other parts of the country, and conversing with some of the chief nobles. His reception of the young knight was scarcely courteous, for Sir Giles was no chivalrous warrior, as graceful in speech as brave in battle, but a stern, unyielding, iron man of war; nor did he express aught of admiration at the number or equipments of the company—many knights were there who had brought many more, and the armour and weapons of the retainers of the nobles far outshone those of the

Kentish knight's men. The ruling passion of Sir Robert Northwode's heart was pride, and to this every thing from his earliest infancy had administered; but he was sated with the homage of his own retainers, and he thirsted for a wider sphere; now, for the first time in his life, he found himself in company of his superiors, and discovered the mortifying truth that the knight so honoured in the wolds of Kent was indeed a person of little consequence in the presence of the nobles of the land. Disappointed, mortified, he withdrew from the presence of Sir Giles Daubeny, and the recollection of the omen that had marked his entrance to the Tower recurred with unwelcome force to his mind.

Days passed on, but the army delayed its march, for news had arrived of a rising in the west, ostensibly to resist the subsidy just before imposed by parliament, but in reality to assert the claim of Perkin Warbeck to the crown; and there were strange rumours abroad of the wide extent of this rising, and, though men dared not to speak openly, yet were there not wanting reports of dreams, and prophecies, and omens, betokening that the white rose once more should resume its ascendency. Meanwhile Sir Robert Northwode occupied the lodgings which had been provided for him and his company beside Tower Hill, conversing with few, and expressing no interest in the amusements of

the knights and nobles by whom he was surrounded, for he fancied himself looked down upon by them, and he who had always stood first in every company preferred solitude to a second place. "Would to Heaven we were on our journey to the north!" said he to his page; "I am aweary of this place and of this idle life, and I long to see King Henry, and receive from *him* the honour that his nobles deny me."

At length the orders for the army to march northwards were given; and when Sir Robert, with white banner in hand, placed himself once more at the head of his company, the slights he had received vanished from his mind, and he exulted in the thought that the time would soon arrive when he should prove himself a worthy champion of Tudor. Long and toilsome was the march; at length they arrived at Northampton, where King Henry was staying, and then, when the young knight learned that the king had summoned all the leaders of the army to meet him, the toils of the way were forgotten, and he proceeded with joyful anticipations to the royal presence. Here, however, as in the former instance, the pride of Sir Robert Northwode was doomed to severe disappointment: the son of the knight who had fought so bravely at Bosworth, the heir of the family which, from the fight of St. Albans to the final contest, had held unblenched faith to

the red rose, stood an almost unnoticed stranger, while nobles, whose fathers had uplifted the banner of the white rose, were greeted with every honour by the wary monarch. "St Mary!" exclaimed the young knight when he returned, "wherefore can King Henry expect the allegiance of his subjects, if he thus rewards his oldest friends!"

"What reward did the oldest and most tried of them meet at his hands?" said the page bitterly; "what did Sir William Stanley, without whose aid he had never gained the battle of Bosworth?—the headsman's axe!"

"'Twas a hard fate," replied the knight.

"It was, good master — ay, who would not wield his trusty sword right boldly in the cause of so grateful a monarch!"

"Saints! methought but three short weeks ago that to have wielded this sword in his service would have been the proudest boast of my life," exclaimed the knight, angrily striking his sword upon the ground. He started back, for the trusty sword had broken, and the hilt only remained in his hand.

"What say ye to this, Sir Robert?" said the page, taking up the broken blade; "the *second* omen hath come to pass—only one more is wanting."

Sir Robert replied not, but stood holding the

broken sword, while a crowd of conflicting and painful thoughts rushed upon his mind. What did this betoken? That sword could never again be lifted in the cause of Tudor; was its wearer never more to fight under his banner? In the full overflowing of his loyalty to Henry, he had declared that sooner his steed should stumble, his good sword break, than he draw back from the cause; and now the steed had stumbled, the good sword had broken. In an age when the evil omen was carefully marked by monarchs and statesmen, when the falling of a banner, the breaking of a sword, the mere stumbling of a horse, were deemed worthy of especial record by the chronicler, as unfailing monitions of ill, who shall wonder that the thought at length took possession of the king's banner-bearer that, perchance, his allegiance might cease. Meanwhile, accounts of the increasing spread of the rebellion in the west were transmitted; the army received orders to return to drive back the advancing forces of Lord Audely, and Sir Robert Northwode found that, instead of accompanying the king to the borders with the white banner, he was merely to perform the customary military service of the king's tenantry. "What shall be done?" said he indignantly; "shall yonder white banner be useless?"

"Wait, good master, but three days," said the page, "and all England shall see."

That very night, notice was secretly conveyed to him that the king's suspicions, though no one knew why, had been awakened against him, and that orders had been given for his arrest. The notice was too true; and scarcely had Sir Robert escaped by the back window, ere the king's watch and ward appeared at the door with the warrant for his seizure.

His determination was now taken, and, accompanied by his page, bearing carefully the white banner, he took his way fast as his jaded steed could convey him to the hostile army. Here he was received by Lord Audely with every mark of honour, for few knights or nobles had as yet joined his cause; the story of the good steed stumbling, of the trusty sword breaking, was sedulously circulated; and when the white banner floated at the head of the insurgent troops, they hailed it as the certain promise of complete victory.

The subsequent fate of that army has filled a page in history. After marching through Kent, under the guidance of that white banner, the rude and undisciplined multitude drew up in order of battle on Blackheath; here Sir Giles Daubeny gained a complete victory; Lord Audely was taken and subsequently beheaded, and several score of the leaders either summarily hanged, or sent to London for trial. Among the latter was Sir Robert Northwode. Six weeks before, he

had passed along London bridge, at the head of a large body of retainers, as the king's banner-bearer, and now he passed along the same road loaded with chains, an object of scorn or of pity to all. The news of her son's defection soon reached his mother, and with it the news of the approach of Lord Audely and the insurgent army, and together with Alice Brereton she sought an asylum in Dartford convent. "Alas!" said she to the young maiden, "my son refused your request that you might take the veil, and therefore hath this ruin come upon us."

"Be comforted," said Alice, scarcely less struck than Lady Northwode at the strange fulfilment of her predictions, "I will now perform my vow, and the nun will be unceasing in her prayers and exertions for the benefit of you and your's."

On the very day that Alice Brereton took the veil, the fatal intelligence arrived that Sir Robert Northwode had been tried for high treason, and was condemned to be conveyed to Blackheath with sixteen others, and there hanged; and it was also said that on the morrow the king was expected to arrive in London.

"I will go to the king, I will tell him all," said Alice; "he is said to be devout, and to hold in high esteem all the servants of holy church; then surely he can never refuse the *first* petition of the new-made nun."

To her determination the prioress gave a willing assent, for it was considered in those days a sort of sacrilege to refuse the request of one who had just taken the vows; and, under the protection of the chaplain of the convent, Alice Brereton proceeded to London. It was in Bishopsgate Street, just at the gate of St. Helen's priory, that she stood awaiting the arrival of the king, and, as he passed along, she rushed through the crowd of armed men that surrounded him, and presented her petition. "Mercy, my liege!" said she, "mercy for Sir Robert Northwode!"

The brow of Tudor darkened as she spoke. "There is no mercy for *him*," said he.

"Nay, King Henry, say not so," cried she, kneeling in the midst of the miry way, "remember the unblenched faith of his family, and refuse not the *first* prayer of a nun."

Tudor paused, for he was deeply superstitious, and for a moment he felt inclined to grant the prayer of the petitioner; but the recollection that the desertion of his banner-bearer had been hailed as an omen of the ultimate success of the white rose prevailed. "I cannot," said he, sternly; "pass on."

Alice arose; she lifted her hands. "Beware, O King," said she, "lest, taught by severe losses, ye repent your answer of to-day."

Tudor passed on, but the recollection of the re-

cluse and her solemn warning often in after-years recurred to his mind.

Among the royal train was Dr. Bartram, one of the king's chaplains, and who subsequently became his confessor; he was attracted by the confusion, and he inquired into the cause, and he summoned Alice Brereton to give him a full account. He was struck with the story, and became interested in the fate of the young knight; he again petitioned Tudor, but in vain. The day for the execution arrived; sixteen prisoners were brought forth, but the seventeenth was missing: fearful of incurring the vengeance of Tudor for the escape of a prisoner condemned for high treason, the jailors consulted together; a felon who had been left for execution at the last assizes was substituted, and Sir Robert Northwode, under the protection of Dr. Bartram, became a sanctuary man, his name and lineage alike unknown, in the monastery of Shene; a woeful reverse for that haughty and gallant young knight; but life is sweet, and that, at least, was preserved.

Seven years passed away, seven eventful years to Tudor, for Perkin Warbeck had been executed; and—a needless, cruel murder—the young Earl of Warwick, whose only crime was being a Plantagenet, had been led from his lifelong prison to the block; and then, as the partizans of the whit

rose whispered, vengeance began to overtake the fortunate monarch, in the deaths of his eldest son Prince Arthur, and of his queen. But deeply as Henry evidently felt these afflictions, policy demanded that he should still appear among his subjects, and participate in their sports and their feastings; he therefore accepted the invitation of the Lord Mayor, Sir Bartholomew Rede, to partake of a civic banquet at his splendid residence, Crosby Hall. The appointed day arrived; tapestry decked the houses, gravel was spread along the streets, Temple Bar displayed the Lady Justitia in a red satin gown on the one side, and the Lady Veritas in a robe of "true blue" damask on the other, both supporting a gorgeously-gilded crown, which to the sound of soft music was to descend on the head of Tudor as he passed beneath. And the conduit in West Cheap ran white wine and red, and the "Tunne" in Cornhill, instead of its usual collection of city disorderlies, presented a goodly pageant of the twelve apostles, in the appropriate habits of doctors of divinity, and the twelve city companies lined the way from the top of Cheapside to Bishopsgate, while rouge dragons and greyhounds, portcullisses and antelopes, red and white roses, and that device with which Tudor has so profusely adorned his sepulchral chapel, the crown in the hawthorn bush, were displayed on every side. A pleasant scene was it, the bells

were ringing merrily, and crowds of citizens in their holyday clothes were collected outside the chief gateway of the hall; nor were there wanting that assemblage of mendicants, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, who on these occasions took their place as of right, in expectation of their accustomed dole. Among these stood a girl, whose fine figure, clear complexion, and expressive eye, formed as great a contrast to the sallow countenances around her, as her clean drugget gown and snow-white hood did to the squalid wretchedness of their attire. She stood with arms folded on her breast, apparently lost in thought, except that from time to time she glanced a look toward a rude barrow beside her, on which lay an old man, the giant outline of whose figure could scarcely be seen beneath the heavy rug that enveloped him, but whose handless right arm was laid outside to attract the pity of the passer-by. The distant sounds of the royal trumpets were heard, and crowds were still pressing round the gate, when the old man opened a pair of fierce grey eyes, and, turning his head toward the girl, for he had no use of his limbs, "The time is at hand," said he, "are you ready?"

The girl cast a hasty glance at him, and then turning to the bystanders, said, "Look, good people, how the foul fiend vexes him! — our lady be merciful!"

Onward came the royal procession; heralds, pursuivants, men-at-arms, and then the richly broidered litter of the Lady Margaret, the king's mother, and then, surrounded by pages in the Tudor livery of green and white, came the monarch in his "chayre" drawn by six stout horses, and his son, now heir to his crown, young Henry, seated beside him. Still the crowd kept pressing around, while the civic monarch knelt before his sovereign, and acknowledged in courtly phrase the honour of the visit. "Make way, good people," said he, as Tudor prepared to alight, "and all ye who have petitions to present, give them to me." Many a hand was stretched out with neatly engrossed petitions, when at that moment the young woman pressed forward on the other side of the "chayre," and held out what seemed to be one to the young prince. Immediately a loud outcry was raised, for she held a concealed dagger, and the vigilance of the knight who rode close beside alone prevented its being plunged in the young prince's breast! The dagger was wrested from her, but she drew a strong knife from her girdle, and defended herself with unwomanly strength, in spite of her many wounds; with unwomanly strength, indeed, as they soon found, for the long loose sleeves of the gown, having been torn open in the struggle, displayed the muscular arms and breast of a powerful young

man. "Take strict charge of him, and inquire who he is," said Sir Bartholomew Rede, "that sentence may be passed on him instantly."

With faltering steps did Tudor take his way into that noble hall, still holding the young prince by the hand, and seat himself in the chair of state prepared for him, and with anxious brow did he look around, for a crowd of melancholy recollections were awakened in his mind by each part of that beautiful structure. There, just beneath the oriel, young and unambitious, a mere boy, he had stood beside his mother, when the princely founder, Sir John Crosby, presented the spice-plate and the wine-cup to the fourth Edward and the fair Queen Elizabeth; there, upon the very dais where he now sat, Richard had stood, flattered and bowed to by those very nobles who conspired to transfer the crown from his brow to the head of him who now wore it; there, too, *he* had sat but two short years before, with his son, Prince Arthur, and his queen: both were in the grave; and men said their deaths were in judgment for his cruel executions; and now, his sole remaining son had but narrowly escaped the blow of an assassin! The return of Sir Bartholomew Rede aroused Tudor from these unwelcome musings, which none of his courtiers dared to interrupt. "Who is he, and hath he made confession?" was his hurried inquiry.

"He is at the point of death, my liege!" said the Lord Mayor.

"Go, good Doctor Bartram," said the king to his confessor, "go, urge him to confession — bid him tell all, all—but, my good Lord Mayor, doth no one know aught of him?"

"My liege," replied an old man, coming forward, "the old beggar who lieth outside can tell us, an he will."

"Bring him in," said the king.

The old beggar was wheeled in; the blood was fast flowing from a wound on his head, which he had just received, and he lay without sense or motion.

"Surely I have seen that face before," said Sir Bartholomew, starting back.

"A face not easily to be forgotten," said the Lady Margaret, as, rising from her chair of state, she approached the door just withinside which the man was laid; "look, Doctor Fisher," addressing her chaplain, "the very brand of Cain is on his brow!"

"Who, think you, is he? of whom doth he remind you?" said the king, fixing his keen grey eyes eagerly on his host.

"Of one too well known in the late troublous times," replied Sir Bartholomew; "but yet it cannot be, for he was hanged years agone, at St. Katherine's."

"Hanged men are not likely to come to life again, my lord," said Dudley, the king's favourite minister; "although, truly, her grace of Burgundy gave us some annoyance by restoring to life a dead boy."

"Peace, sir," sternly replied Tudor, who, after the execution of Perkin Warbeck, could never endure allusion to his claims; "but who doth this man remind you of, my Lord Mayor?"

"Of one who was too well known, and too helpful to——"

"To whom?"

"To the usurper Richard."

"If that were so," interposed the old man who had before spoken, "with his Grace's permission I will fetch one from withoutside who well knows every one who was in the service of that truculent and devilish tyrant."

"Go," said Tudor, hastily; "but, my good Lord Mayor, who was he of whom this wretched man remindeth you?"

"Of one who had the charge of——" Sir Bartholomew hesitated.

"Of whom?"

"Of the two young princes in the Tower."

"His name?" said Tudor, fiercely.

"Will Slaughter—Black Will."

"Holy saints!" exclaimed Tudor, clasping his hands. "O, that I had but seen him!"

"It needed not, your Grace," interposed Dudley, "for when that full and diligent inquiry was made concerning the murder of the princes in the Tower, and Sir James Tyrell and Dighton were examined, the idle tale, which none but traitors would tell and none but old wives believe, how that the Duke of York was saved by Black Will, who before had charge of him, and conveyed by him into Flanders, was shown to be false."

"Peace!" said Tudor sternly; "let me hear what this woman will say."

A woman below the middle size, whose gown of the coarsest serge, and wooden dish and spoon hanging from her side, showed her to be a mendicant, was led, or rather, so unwilling did she seem, dragged, forward.

"Know you aught of this man?" said Sir Bartholomew Rede.

The poor creature covered her face with her hands and trembled violently. "Look up, woman," said the king, impatiently, "wherefore are ye afraid to show your face? who is this man?"

The woman withdrew one hand, and, glancing a look at the giant trunk and savage features, shudderingly exclaimed, "Black Will!"

"It cannot be, woman," said Dudley; "Black Will was hanged for a murder committed on the river many years ago."

"It *is* Black Will," said the woman; "full cause have I to remember him."

"Impossible; he was hanged," persisted Dudley; "but what cause have *ye* to remember him?"

"Alas! alas! when I last stood within this hall, how little did I think what a doom mine would be!" cried the woman, burying her face in her hands, and sobbing violently.

"My good mistress, wherefore this grief?" said the venerable Lady Margaret, approaching her, and looking attentively on the long slender fingers, which, wasted and pale, yet proved that she had once belonged to a far higher class.

"Who is she? take off her hood," said Tudor, impatiently.

"And wherefore this fear?" continued the Lady Margaret kindly, as she gazed, now that the hood was removed, on a wrinkled brow, and features shrunk and sallow, which seemed as though they could never have been beautiful; "speak out, good mistress, without fear or concealment. Alas! too many through these late unhappy wars have been cast down from their high station."

"Ay, my lady, she was once high enow," said her conductor.

"Then speak out, woman," said Dudley, harshly, "I'll warrant ye could speak aforetime."

The woman turned, and with violent effort replied, "'Tis too true, and your father, on bended knee, was thankful to ask my services."

"Good woman, who are you? speak out, I will gladly aid you," again said the Lady Margaret.

"Nay, my lady, ye could not, for I am not worthy to stand in your presence. Suffer me to quit this place — indeed ye would not look so kindly on me did ye know who I am;" again she covered her face with both hands, and exclaimed in a clear whisper, "Jane Shore!"

There was an involuntary exclamation from every one at this confession, and many a look of wonder, not unmingled with pity, was cast on the once beautiful and influential mistress of Edward, who now stood before them an emaciated beggar. Tudor was the first to break silence. "Then, woman, you ought to know Black Will; look again; say, is this he?"

"Alas! it is—truly, it is. O! too well do I remember him who had charge of me in my imprisonment."

"The woman is mad," said Dudley; "especial inquiry was made for him, and it was proved that he was hanged."

The fierce grey eyes slowly unclosed, the huge head, almost buried in its tangled masses of white hair, was slowly turned toward the speaker. "Ay, hanged, but *here*," said the beggar.

All shrunk back save Tudor; but he heeded little even a voice from the dead, if it might but avail to remove the load that pressed upon his mind. "Hanged?" said he.

"Ay," replied the beggar, with a fiend-like grin, "Master hangman did but half his work, for, after swinging some time, the rope broke, and I fell into the Thames; how I managed I know not, but I floated on until picked up by some of our good company, but never limb have I moved since."

"And who was that girl?"

"'Twas a gallant lad, well born, but ye took his lands, and beheaded his godfather, and hanged his master, so he was fain to take to stand and deliver—ay, 'twas young Harry's fortunate star, or his life had paid for Sir William Stanley's and Sir Robert Northwode's."

"Let this wretch be taken away, my liege," said Sir Bartholomew Rede; "shall he insult the royal presence with such words?"

"Ay, cause him to be secured in the vaults below," said Henry, as though aroused from deep thought, "I have great and weighty reasons for it."

"My poor woman," said the Lady Margaret, beckoning the unhappy Jane Shore, "if ye have sinned, ye have repented, and Heaven forbid ye should not have some place wherein to pass your days in prayer and penitence; come to me to-morrow, and I will provide one, where ye may pray that the mercy of God may protect my dear son and the prince." The Lady Margaret, whose

motherly fears had been so often awakened for that son, and who still dreaded for him an untimely end, folded her hands, and uttered a short but fervent prayer.

"We will withdraw for a short time, my good Lord Mayor," said the king, and, cap in hand, Sir Bartholomew Rede led the way to the council-room. "We would be alone; but do you, father," said Tudor, beckoning to Dr. Bartram, who had just entered, "stay."

"And what said that young wretch? did he make full confession?" continued he, as the attendants departed.

"He would confess nought," answered the king's confessor, "save that revenge was his object—the Lord be merciful to his soul, for he hath departed!"

"Let him depart; but there is the other who now lieth near death in the vaults below—Will Slaughter, Black Will: I *must* see him, for he only can tell me what I have long sought in vain to know."

"Will Slaughter! your Grace, he was hanged."

"Ay, but dead men, it seems, can come to life again. O! would that some whom I have slain could come to life like him! And I must question him, for he can tell for certain whether *he* was indeed the Duke of York!"

"The past is beyond recal, King Henry," said

his confessor; "the present alone is our's, and let us use it to seek for mercy."

"But I must and will see him, good father," exclaimed Tudor. "O! did you but know the weight it would remove from my mind, ye would not wonder. Go, get the key by my order, and I will go with you as the leech."

The iron-bound door grated harshly, as two men entered the dark, damp dungeon, and the dying wretch turned his head: "Who is here?" said he.

"It boots not who," said the first; "but I can promise thee mercy, mercy of the king, if thou wilt truly answer one question."

"What is it, Master confessor? who set on young Walter to attack the prince? why, truly, 'twas to make out the saying of life for life."

"This was not the question — scoff not, old man—the two sons of King Edward were placed in your care; did you give them *both* up to their murderers? answer truly."

"And what if I do not?"

"Old man, bethink thee of thy crimes, and confess, and seek mercy."

"Seek mercy for thyself, thou needest it. Now what can I confess, save that when my masters gave me work to do, I always did it."

"Then you gave up *both* the princes to Sir James Tyrel?"

"I said not so."

"Then you saved one, as hath been said."

"I said not so."

"Old man, do not trifle with me; were *both* the princes murdered? confess!"

"What good did confession do for Perkin Warbeck?"

"Unhappy man," said Dr. Bartram, "confess ere it be too late; thy young companion in wickedness hath died without confession."

"Young Walter — 'twas a gallant youth; ay, had a score of knights been like him, the white rose had gained the day. It was he caused Sir Robert Northwode's horse to stumble, and he broke his sword so that it came in half at the first blow, and it was he who caused him to be suspected—but 'twas all in vain."

"But the young princes," interposed the former speaker; "were they *both* murdered?"

"Little boots it to Harry Tudor, methinks, whether Perkin were really the duke of York or not," said the old wretch with a scornful laugh; "ye speak all manner of ill of my old master Richard, yet did he ever do more murders, save that ye like the forms of law?"

"Come away, my liege," whispered the confessor, "your errand is vain."

"Nay, once more — old man, ye know who I am—confess; beware how ye anger Tudor."

"It boots little, methinks, to Black Will whom he angers *now;* but what would ye have me say—that the young duke *was* murdered?"

"I knew he was, and Perkin was but a vile impostor," said the king hurriedly; "I knew it."

"Nay, *I* said not so; but what would ye that I should say? that he was *saved*, and at length killed, not by Tyrel, but by Tudor, his own sister's husband."

Henry wrung his hands. "Ay, say — say the truth, whatever it be; nought can be worse than this suspense!"

"Then thou shalt never know; never, never!"

"Old man, I entreat, I conjure thee, speak—one word, only one."

A laugh, wild and hollow, rendered more horrible by choking convulsions, was the only reply, and the king of England and lord of Ireland, the ruler of millions, felt himself baffled and mocked by the stern will of a crippled outlaw. One moment he clasped his hands and looked up despairingly, one last look he cast on the now expiring felon, and then he passively suffered his confessor to lead him away.

They threaded the narrow passages and mounted the steep stairs in silence, and Dr. Bartram's hand was now on the door that was to admit them from the squalid gloom of the dungeon to the light and gladness of a summer's day and the splendours

of a lordly mansion, when Tudor spoke. "Good father, what may be done to avert the danger that hangs over me? My fair son Arthur and my queen have both been taken away in judgment for my sins; my sole remaining son hath been in sore jeopardy even now; what may I do to avert the judgments of Heaven?"

"Do justice and mercy, and seek the forgiveness of Him who alone can pardon the sinner," was the uncompromising reply.

"But, holy father, said not that old wretch that vengeance for the death of that knight whose life I refused, though a holy recluse on bended knees asked it, was the cause of the attack on my son?"

"He did; but, King Henry, did that holy woman again kneel before you, would you grant his life?"

"Ay, and a full and a free pardon, willingly, as I hope for pardon from Heaven!"

"Then be comforted, King Henry; he still lives, and he shall kneel at your feet to thank you ere to-morrow."

King Henry returned to the hall, the errand and its results alike unknown to all save his confessor, who had, however, a wondrous story to relate of the king's banner-bearer, how he had been rescued from death, and how, through the mercy of his sovereign, he was about to be restored to his possessions. And Yorkist and Lancastrian

alike rejoiced, for they hailed it as a proof of the softened temper of the king, and the Lady Margaret, who had long mourned over that hard and cruel policy which had doomed so many to death, rejoiced with exceeding joy. "Blessed are the merciful," said she, "for they shall obtain mercy!"

"May that mercy," said Tudor solemnly, "be granted to *me*!"

Sir Robert Northwode soon returned to his ancient possessions, in company with his mother and Dr. Bartram, and all men marvelled at the honours the king conferred on him, for none could tell why; and many gifts did he bestow on the priory of Dartford, where sister Alice peacefully pursued her daily routine of prayer and alms-deeds, and died in a good old age, with almost the reputation of a saint. And to the end of his life did Tudor heap honours on the restored knight, for he seemed to imagine that his life, so strangely preserved, was a pledge for the life of his son, Henry, and he superstitiously thought that, by protecting him, the dangers which threatened his crown might be averted. None, however, knew the real facts of the case save Dr. Bartram, who, after King Henry's death, became prior of Shene, and, having seen and heard so much of these eventful times, he beguiled his leisure in his old age by noting them down in the manner of a chronicle.

After his death, and the subsequent suppression of the priory, these papers fell into the hands of Master Lambarde, the great antiquary, and he was so struck with the foregoing account, that he caused it to be copied out in fair Italian hand, into his great green vellum book, "conteyning divers notable thynges," that it might be preserved from oblivion, and he wrote with his own hand at the top, "The Story of the King's Banner-bearer."

SONG.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

What's a fair or noble face,
If the mind ignoble be?
What though Beauty, in each grace,
May her own resemblance see!
Eyes may catch from heaven their spell,
Lips the ruby's light recall;
In the Home for Love to dwell
One good feeling's worth them all.

Give me Virtue's rose to trace,
Honour's kindling glance and mien;
Howsoever plain the face,
Beauty *is* where these are seen!
Raven ringlets o'er the snow
Of the whitest neck may fall;
In the Home for Love we know
One good feeling's worth them all!

Pub. by Ackermann & Co. London 1841.

THE WIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE WIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Tell Fortune of her blindnesse,
Tell Nature of decay,
Tell Friendship of unkindnesse,
Tell Justice of delay:
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Day, like a warrior, stood
Upon the western height,
And pour'd his bright spears like a flood
Against the hosts of Night;
While banner-cloud and gleamy crest
Grew crimson in the stormy West!

Night called her hosts of pride,
To mark the Sun-King die;
And threw her starry banners wide,
In triumph o'er the sky.
The monarch of the world of light
Fell throneless 'neath the foot of Night!

From morn to cloudy eve
One paced the castle-tower;
So beautiful—oh, could she grieve
Who looked as though each hour

Brought roses to her lips, her cheek;
As music stayed to hear her speak!

And yet she wept, as one
Whose happiness was o'er;
The sunlight of whose soul was gone,
Whose life might bloom no more;
Whose years had faded fast, though few;
Like leaves whose veins ran lightning through!

For he—her loved, her lord,
Her husband, whose renown
Lent fame to Britain's state and sword,
Shed glory o'er its crown—
Learnt that the debt which nations owe
Finds cancel brief in headsman's blow!

He whose heroic hand
Proved ever first to guard
The bulwarks of his native land,
Unmindful of reward,
Save *that* illustrious spirits claim
Within the godlike rolls of Fame!—

He, the observed of all
Amidst the courtly throng,
Whom laurelled Spenser once did call
The nightingale of song;
Whose gifts to win all hearts appear'd—
Was't *he* the rabble scoffed and jeered?

Oh, noble to the last,
And to his death resigned,
He smiled upon the world, and passed
To seek that World of Mind,
That bright, that intellectual spring,
Hid 'neath the Everlasting wing!

Nor murmur, nor complaint,
Nor sigh for hopes decayed,
Nor did his manly heart once faint,
When grasp'd the headsman's blade!
" 'Tis a sharp medicine to endure,"
He said, " but rarely fails to cure!"

Long past the hour his head
Fell gory 'neath the steel,
His wife yet listened for his tread;
Some hearts would surely feel!
All were not hardened as the throne;
Some rescue yet would save her own!

And still the castle-tower
She paced each dreary day;
She knew, she said, it was his hour;
He would not long delay:
He loved his child with love too strong,
Living or dead, to quit them long!

And thus she hourly pined,
Till winter o'er her breast

Shed paleness, and her bloom declined
Like rose some foot hath press'd.
The light which could that bloom renew
Shone only 'midst the angel dew!

How, like a broken reed,
All worldly trust departs!
There is no hope for earthly need,
No rest for weary hearts,
Save His whose trust the Cross hath blest,
Eternal Hope! immortal Rest!

SOLITUDE.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Nay, leave me not alone to-night—alone
With my dark heart to commune—for I feel
Wild thoughts within me I would fain conceal
From mine own scrutiny; and, wert thou gone,
(Like weeds that spring not where the sun is known,
But start to sudden growth in darksome places!)
Foul Phantasy its mirror would reveal,
To image forth before me fearful faces
I loathe to look upon, yet cannot flee
When they upon my loneliness look in,
With busy voices breeding fast disquiet
Betwixt my Soul and Sense! Then stay with me,
To keep my thoughts secure from sinful riot,
For times there are when Solitude is sin!

THE SCHOOLMASTER ON BOARD.

BY EDWARD HOWARD,

AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN, THE REEFER," "JACK ASHORE," &c.

It was just at the close of the long war, in 1814, and when, indeed, all the naval part of the struggle had some time ceased, that one of our most victorious admirals, whom we shall adumbrate under the name of Lord Luffandoff, repaired to Portsmouth, in order to hoist his flag, blue at the main, on board the Assam of 120 guns. His lordship was going out to take the command on the Mediterranean station.

Now, as the fighting was all over, the station pleasant, and, moreover, as it was well known that the Assam would have nothing to do but make trips of pleasure from one seaport to another, for instance, from Lisbon to Gibraltar, from Gibraltar to Marseilles, thence, perhaps, to Genoa, Naples, Palermo, and other tempting localities of ancient and modern fame, staying months at each place, exhausting its gaieties, and astonishing its natives — considering all this, it is not surprising that the quarter-deck was well manned, and that the cockpit overflowed with young gentlemen,

comprising mates, midshipmen, and volunteers of the various classes, all well-born, and many of them juvenile members of the aristocracy.

A merry set they were, those cockpitonians! and so smart, and so fresh-coloured, with such superb fit-outs. A midshipman of the old school, of the *despised* old school, that now is only remembered by such trifles as the victories of the Nile, Trafalgar, Copenhagen, and other similar half-forgotten matters, would have been struck dumb with astonishment, and have turned his quid in a paroxysm of mirth, on viewing the gang of dandies who now have possession of his old quarters. Not one of the young gentlemen of the Assam who had not his double-barrelled fowling-piece, with percussion-locks, and, "God save the mark!" his case of duelling-pistols. Well, all this is very wonderful, certainly; very commendable, contingently. But we will not say much upon the subject until next war, and then, when we see how it all works, we shall begin to prophecy most energetically, for the best way to foretell safely is to wait patiently for the event.

We hope that our remarks on the well-dressed aspirants for naval fame will not be taken amiss. There is a pride in appearance not incompatible with bravery, and the ridicule is certainly greater on beholding a finical fop, all flutter and feathers, in full flight, than a poor devil in rags and tatters.

Disgrace seems natural to the latter. Still, the effect of too much attention to personal adornment must tend to effeminacy, both mental and personal. We are old-fashioned, and cannot help pleading to the minutest preference in the world for grog over *eau de Cologne*, and think the odour of tar equal to that of the extract of *millefleurs* — on board a man of war. This is Vandalism. I know it, but, like a thorough barbarian, I glory in my uncouth tastes. And yet I may live to be practically reproved for this, and see the reefers sent aloft in white kid gloves, each with an opera-glass about his neck, and the now pitchy rigging then paid all over with conserve of roses, while the men shall lie out upon the yard to some of the most beautiful airs in Mozart's and Rossini's compositions.

In the cockpit of the Assam were the starboard and larboard berths, each containing thirty individuals, more or less, as we say when we lot things of no great consideration. The two berths were constantly at war with each other, and as constantly in a state of rebellion among themselves.

The starboard berth had arrogated to itself immensely, and was desirous of being known by the style and title of "the Aristocratic." The larboard berth despised empty pride; they founded their pretensions to distinction upon something

more substantial than sounding titles; the holders of the latter were "the accidents of an accident," whilst they honestly boasted of their wealth, and named themselves the "Golden Go-its."

Now the Golden Go-its, in speaking of the Aristocrats, invariably called them the "Accidentals," and the Aristocrats, in speaking of the Golden Go-its, called them always the "Gothamites." This was a very pretty state of discipline for a well regulated ship. We cannot say that the duty of the ship was very onerous while the Assam was moored at Spithead, but, light as it was, the little that should have devolved upon the cockpitonians was, between the Accidentals and the Gothamites, left to do itself. There is nothing like a self-acting principle in this improving era.

The Right Honourable the Admiral Lord Luffandoff had not yet joined; the Honourable Captain Lucius Lazzivel was residing at the principal hotel in Portsmouth; Sir Simon Simpernel, a commander, but rated as second captain, was on a shooting-party in a neighbouring county; the various lieutenants were spunging on the various tradesmen and half-pays for three or four miles around, and the Aristocrats and the Golden Go-its were indiscriminately spread over Portsmouth, Gosport, and Portsea, but might be met with in the greatest numbers at the Halfway Houses every night, and

in the watchhouses every morning. Every thing was on the peace establishment, and every thing was glorious.

Lord Luffandoff was a grim old warrior. He was wealthy, but he had toiled for his wealth; a viscount, but he had fought long and hard for his title; yet was he sadly prejudiced, and understood the least in the world, for a man so old, all these pleasantries of the peace-establishment. It was a shame, but the youngest reefer in the ship seemed to have a better notion of them than himself. Well, when it was least expected, he went on board the Assam in the port-admiral's barge; up went the blue bunting to the main-top-mast truck, down went the corners of the mouths of the few officers who happened to be on board, and every body was seen looking as blue as the old admiral's flag.

The Honourable Captain Lucius Lazzivel was stretched at his ease on the softest cushions in the Crown Hotel, in a rich damask dressing-gown, drinking iced sherbet — or sherbet it would have been but for its strong flavour of brandy—smoking a superb hookah, and reading "The Epicurean," when he was startled from his pleasant and various occupations by the guns of the salute, and, to his dismay, he saw the flag of his admiral displayed. He had nothing for it but to bewail his miserable fate, to bemoan the hardships and privations of the naval life, and to hurry on board, in full uniform,

with such rapidity that he had not time to settle his account with his landlord. The uninitiated may see what dreadful sufferings captains of men-of-war are compelled to endure now-a-days; but the subject is too melancholy to dwell upon.

Sir Simon Simpernel, the second captain, was forced to give up a *battue*, and go on board also; and he ascended the ship's side in the worst of all humours. The lieutenants congregated from their various hangings-out; the watchhouses and other places of midshipman resort yielded their inmates; and the Assam seemed again to be officered and manned.

Then came the admiral's written orders, "thick as leaves on Vallombrosa's shade," to stop all leave, to enforce discipline, and to put the ship not only in sailing but in fighting trim. Messieurs the midshipmen were taken aback, flat as a ministerial speech, dead as a London mackerel; they were super-flabbergasted; they regarded each other in blank horror, and wondered whether it were possible to call out the commander-in-chief. The Aristocrats looked most plebeianly dumbfounded, and the Golden Go-its like mere Brummagem stoppages. Could any thing be more horrible! they would be compelled to pretend to do their duty!

In a very short time my Lord Luffandoff was fully aware of the existence of the two factions

of the Accidentals and the Gothamites, and decided that the elder of both parties should have watch and watch, and the younger, a SCHOOLMASTER. The old admiral's maxim for all moral disorders was employment. Nothing like employment. He was determined that the cockpitonians, whether Gothamite or Accidental, should have sufficient occupation to make them enjoy their sleep. Provident, good old gentleman that he was! When these ominous tidings reached, or rather descended, to the two berths, each, for the moment, forgetting their feud, they met in solemn conclave, as on neutral ground, in the cable tiers. How to deal with the watch and watch they knew not, but they soon came to a resolution as to the disposal of the Schoolmaster. They would worry his life out. That was amicably settled. The Accidentals and the Gothamites shook hands upon it.

Lord Luffandoff slept on shore no more. Very little leave of absence could be obtained, even by the superior officers, and the few who were permitted to land on their private affairs were compelled to be again on board before sunset. The Honourable Captain Lazzivel began to show a little energy; Sir Simon Simpernel magnanimously vented his ill-humour upon the mates and midshipmen; and this perverse generation began to make the foremast-men perceive that they were actually petty officers. As they had shown some

signs of discipline and a few symptoms of subordination, they were relieved from watch and watch, and were put on the usual three watches. Still there were no signs of the Schoolmaster.

After matters had remained in this state about a fortnight, and when the ship was quite ready for sea, one fine forenoon, as my Lord Luffandoff was pacing the starboard planks of the quarter-deck, the Honourable Captain Lucius Lazzivel lying close under his larboard lug, tacking as he tacked, and toadying him abominably, the second captain, Sir Simon, bullying the lieutenants on the other side of the deck, and the reefers flying here and there, to use their own recondite phraseology, "like peelings of onions," a shore-boat came alongside, and the persons whom it contained appeared to be so humble, that they excited no notice from the officers; and one of the sides-men hardly condescended to hold out to them the side-ropes to assist them into the entering port on the middle deck.

Shortly afterwards, a tall, dignified, and elderly gentleman, leading a boy about thirteen years of age in his hand, appeared upon the quarter-deck. The figure of the old man was absolutely commanding, but in that only were there discernible the least symptoms of pride. His countenance was beaming with the peculiar beauty of years. Every furrow upon his time-worn face had legibly

written there a more than human benevolence. And the impress of sorrow was visible—a sorrow struggled with and overcome. His cheeks were thin and pale, his hair white, and yet, in strong contrast to this, his eye was young. There was a radiance in its clear blue, that would have been painful to behold in one at such an advanced age, had not its expression been so beneficent. His smile was ineffably sweet, his mien and his whole deportment that of the true gentleman. In his somewhat worn black suit, as he lifted his hat, when properly placed on the quarter-deck, and not before, notwithstanding the seediness of his apparel and the gaudiness of the uniforms around him, he seemed to be of a caste superior to any then present.

Though evidently fearful and flushed, the lad whom he held in his hand was very lovely. His was one of those English faces of which the ancient pope said, that they were not so much Anglican as angelic. The general likeness between the boy and his aged conductor was very striking. At first view none doubted that they were father and son.

So imposing and, at the same time, so conciliating was the deportment of the elder stranger, that, contrary to etiquette, Lord Luffandoff himself stopped in his perambulations, and returned the salute by indicating with the fore-finger of his

right hand the extreme point of one of the corners of his gold-bound cocked-hat, a very great condescension from a full admiral to a mere civilian. The two old men stood face to face, in strange contrast. The commander-in-chief, with his fiery and weather-soiled complexion, his rigid and stern features, his arrogant yet strictly nautical carriage, his quick eye, that seemed to be swimming in liquid scarlet; all evinced violence, power, and command; while the intellectual repose and calm dignity of deportment of the civilian spoke of the courage which is derived from motives that are beyond and above those of this world.

"I have the honour of speaking to the admiral, Lord Luffandoff?" said the stranger, in a distinct and very musical voice.

Though the old fire-eater had been surprised into a sudden amenity by the appearance of the stranger, this coming to the point was rather too much for his notions of the gradations of rank, and the awe that he supposed his presence ought to inspire on his own quarter-deck.

"Speak to the man, Lazzivel," said the admiral abruptly.

A slight, the very slightest, look of surprise passed over the fine features of the stranger, and something like a start was discernible; but it was a mistake to suppose that the apparent tremor of his frame proceeded from emotion; it arose from

the convulsive grasping of his hand by the beautiful boy, and his crouching to him more closely as if for protection. The admiral's manner had its full effect upon the poor lad.

"Ah — ay—oh — my good man," began the Honourable Captain Lazzivel, "you see — the commander-in-chief — that is to say — now you fully comprehend that? Oh, yes; and so — well, what's the matter? etiquette— on course you may speak out freely—nobody here means you any harm —I think, Sir Simon, that the slightest pull in the world upon the starboard fore-top-gallant brace would not be amiss—Why don't the man speak?"

Upon this encouraging exordium, the stranger thus proceeded. "The little that I have to say, Captain Lazzivel, will not occupy much time, and, if the rules of the service will permit it, I would rather address myself to the admiral, at the same time tendering to you, sir, my utmost respect." He here bowed to the captain. "Have I your permission, Lord Luffandoff?" He then bowed still more reverently to the admiral.

The admiral thus implored, and, perhaps, a little sorry for his former *brusquerie*, said, in the mellowed voice of a bear attempting to make love, "Sir, I will attend to whatever you have to say."

"You will perceive, my lord, by these certificates, that I have honourably passed my examinations for schoolmaster for a first rate, and these

other documents are letters from a few of the leading men at the universities, vouching my qualifications in literary and scientific matters. Nor am I unconversant with nautical affairs, having, in my early life, served in the navy of more than one maritime country, and my connexion with ships has rarely ceased for any space of time, during a life that can no longer be deemed short. Your lordship will also perceive that I have the honour to be personally recommended to you by this letter from the port-admiral."

After the commander-in-chief had rapidly glanced over the papers, his countenance brightened, and he exclaimed, "By Jove! the very man we want! Sir Simon, see that an excellent cabin be fitted up for this gentleman; let nothing be wanting that may be conducive to his comfort, in accordance with the rules of the service. Mr. Aspinall, I am very happy to see you on board his majesty's ship Assam, and so will all the young gentlemen be, or every grinning ape among them shall be mast-headed. We are all pleased to see you, sir."

The Schoolmaster bowed to these congratulations, and then, with a faint smile, he replied: "Do not, my lord, hold me guilty of presumption, if, before I accept this appointment, I endeavour to make something that may appear to approach to the arrogance of terms. But all that I can expect of happiness in my waning life is con-

tained in your acquiescence with my request. If you refuse me, I must again return on shore to all the privations of indigence — but from this boy, Lord Luffandoff, I cannot part."

"Well, well! no need; a comely boy—he shall serve his majesty. Younker, we'll make a sailor of you," and then the old admiral kindly chucked him under the chin.

"And an officer, my lord; he is of gentle birth, and bears the same name as your lordship. I am his father, and I am proud of him."

"As to the name, zounds! the Aspinalls are now as plenty as esquires; when a man wants a name he always takes the best. Very lucky my family name was not Howard — Aspinall is bad enough. I tell ye this, sir, there are more chimney-sweepers in London called Howard than any thing else; let the Norfolks look to it. I won't put him on the quarter-deck, sir, because his name is Aspinall."

By this time the alarming news that the Schoolmaster was, not abroad, but on board, had spread through all the cockpitonian regions, and dire was the dismay on the idle countenances of various of England's nobility and gentry, who were unconscious of trigonometry, and not deeply immersed in any thing but their own vanity. Even to the oldsters, innumerable spells at single and double altitudes, lunars, and astronomical observations,

flashed horribly to the mind's eye, to the loss of much grog and many a comfortable snooze. If popularity be a thing to be coveted, Mr. Aspinall had as little chance of making the midshipmen break the tenth commandment as any being in existence. Small groups of Accidentals and Gothamites gathered about to grin at their future tormentor, whom they had already predestined to torment; and the two sections united in one sentiment, which was, "that they would lead him such a life of it"—the charitable meaning of which was, that they would worry him to death.

Having thus placed the future pupils of the newly-arrived Schoolmaster as thickly on the quarter-deck and the break of the poop as they could muster, endeavouring to treasure up every word that fell on so momentous an occasion, we must return to the admiral, who had just disallowed the plea of the Schoolmaster's son being his own namesake.

"Well, my lord," answered Mr. Aspinall senior, "I wish to convey my sentiments as deferentially as it is in the power of language to do, and also as fixedly. If my poor boy be not permitted to serve his majesty as an officer and a gentleman, both son and father will seek their sustenance elsewhere."

"Let us go home, father," said the lad, speaking for the first time; "I don't like these people."

"Why not, dear Horace?" said the affectionate father, apparently, for the moment, quite unconscious of the naval and military display around him. "Tell me, my son, and fear not."

"I do not fear," said the lad, looking proudly. "Shall I whisper it you or speak out?"

"Speak out."

"The grown gentlemen all look stern and hard, and the boys insolent and mischievous."

"Meaning us; oh, you monkey!" said the young gentlemen among themselves, wishing their little fists sledge-hammers, and Horace Aspinall the anvil.

"I like the younker's spirit, Lazzivel," said the admiral; "he has the true English blood in him, Sir Simon. Always speak the truth, my lad; we really must not part. Never mind our looking stern and hard, mayhap it's only the rind of us, young sir; but you judge your fellow-younkers harshly: why do you think them mischievous."

Then Horace spoke up boldly, and said: "If you please, sir, they have been mocking us ever so long. That boy, with the sandy hair, whenever you spoke, made up a face as like your's, with his mouth on one side and his nose twisted, as a little ape is to a big one."

"The d—d tell-tale! the spy!" was muttered among the midshipmen.

"Oh, he did, did he?" said the admiral. "Come

here, my Lord Courtney Fitz-Albert de Vere; your lordship will stand on that plank, and now, if your lordship don't screw up your little ugly lordly mug into the grimace you just now made, I'll give your lordship a truly aristocratic station at the mast-head for the next four-and-twenty hours."

"I was not thinking of your lordship at all," said the impudent young Accidental. "I was only trying to imitate my mother's old mackaw, when it takes upon itself to jaw its *betters*—it goes just so." And immediately he put on a look almost identical with that of the admiral, and made a horribly grating noise from between his teeth, that might well pass, at a distance, for the commander-in-chief's method of expressing himself when he was angry. It was with difficulty that the by-standers could suppress their laughter at this admirable mimicry.

"I tell ye what it is, sirrah," said Lord Luffandoff, "you're a lad of great talents, very great talents, but they are sadly misapplied; you are in your wrong line here, sir. Your success in life, sir, would be great, truly great — d'ye hear? — transcendent, as fool and jack-pudding to a travelling mountebank. Mount the long pole; away to the fore-top-mast head, and practise your talent."

The young lordling walked off as stiffly and as slowly as the mace-bearer before the lord-chancellor, and leisurely ascended to his airy station half way up to the clouds.

All this little scene was not lost upon Mr. Aspinall and his son, and the former had nearly resolved to decline the office that he had come on board to solicit, when Lord Luffandoff, more excited than he should have been at the insolence of the young midshipman, turned sharply upon Horace Aspinall, and said: "Well, younker, you were not far out as to the insolence of my young gentlemen; but how know you that they are mischievous?"

"Why, sir, that little boy standing up there by the railings—he, sir, with the little cocked hat on, and the tiny plaything by his side like a sword, as he passed me just now, sir, gave me a pinch, sir, as hard as he could, sir, just here, sir;" and Horace indicated a part of his person to which a pinch would be extremely obnoxious.

"Oh, oh, my young honourable, are you after these tricks? Come here, Lord Amelius Loftus. Did you pinch this lad as you passed just now?"

The young Aristocrat, looking the old commander full in the face, and without the least flinching, boldly said, "I did, my lord."

"And why did you, my lord?" said the admiral, a little mocking him.

"Because—because I chose, my lord!"

"And you shall mount to the maintopmast-head, my lord, because—because—I choose, my

lord; and do you mark me, Sir Simon Simpernel, he stays there till midnight."

Upon this there was a good deal of undertone expostulation, in which "his father the duke," "the duchess," "his Majesty himself," "unbounded influence," were heard; but the admiral was inexorable, and another young lordling was about to make another ornament to the Assam's mast-heads, when Mr. Aspinall himself spoke to the effect, that, as to the first case, the offence being towards the admiral himself, he was silent, but this second, being more immediately against his son, in his son's name he ventured to intercede for Lord Amelius Loftus, his lordship all this time standing by with amazing unconcern.

"If you please, sir," said the little Horace, hesitatingly, "the boy is about my size, and I would rather box with him fairly, as we used at the Charter House; and if he beats me, he's welcome to the pinch he took."

"And if you beat him, my hero?"

"Why, he'll beg my pardon, sir, for being rude."

"What say you to this, Lord Amelius Loftus?" said the admiral jeeringly.

But Lord Amelius Loftus looked ineffable scorn, muttering, "Pah! 'tis so ungentlemanly;" and something he indistinctly uttered about "satis-

faction," "twelve paces," "his friend," and "Joey Mantons."

His lordship had the nicest sense of honour in the world. It was high time—he was nearly thirteen years of age.

So, Lord Amelius Loftus, without losing the smallest particle of his self-respect, went to the mast-head, and thus physically as well as mentally placed himself far above such mere scum of the earth as the Schoolmaster and his pugilistic son.

"You see, Mr. Aspinall," said the admiral, when this little matter was arranged, "that you are really much wanted here. I refused to place your son upon the quarter-deck, when you asked it for an Aspinall; but I will grant your request without hesitation for the sake of the merits that I am sure I shall find both father and son possess. Has the young gentleman his uniforms?"

But the elder Aspinall had already seen so much of the insolence of rank and the spirit of unruliness, that he declined the appointment so firmly, that the admiral began to despair of being able to retain him; and the discussion at length became of such a nature that it was better that it should take place in private. So Lord Luffandoff, the Schoolmaster, and his son, retired to the cabin, and then such arrangements were entered into, and promises made, that Mr. Aspinall at last

consented to undertake the unpleasant and Herculean task of breaking in so many high-blooded colts, saving their honourable and lordly presences, as were the midshipmen of the Assam.

To the utter surprise of the young gentlemen, that same day the Schoolmaster and his son dined with the admiral, and cots were slung for both in the fore-cabin. This distinction was a palpable intimation that the pedagogue, as they had already termed him, was to be treated with the utmost respect. It was a very wholesome precaution. Indeed, while the ship remained at Spithead, the new-comers seemed more like the guests of the admiral than two of the humblest officers under his command.

A great lord, and who was also the minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Naples, with his numerous and splendid suite, at last came on board; and the ship, stupendous as she was in size, became much crowded with persons of the highest distinction. Not a stray shot could fetch way from the racks, but some courtly shins would be broken, or a rope let fly, but, if it chanced to come athwart a nose, let run to waste some fine old Norman blood. "The pack on the quarter-deck," as Jack drolly and pleasantly said, "were all court cards;" but when he further said, that they "were a fine haul for the devil's net," it was neither droll nor pleasant. But it must be con-

fessed, that, in working ship, they were terribly in the way; and you can't shove to leeward a personage with a long list of titles to his name, as you would a soldier, or any other maritime incumbrance.

The auspicious morning dawned beautifully; the sun rose in splendour; the morning gun was fired, the band struck up an inspiriting tune, and, keeping time to it, with strong and steady step, the men at the capstan soon hove the ponderous anchor up to the ship's bow. The white and ample sails were let fall simultaneously, the yards hoisted up, and the ship's head cast to sea with a rapidity that seemed like enchantment, and then the noble three-decker bore on proudly and majestically over the subject waves. Every one was on deck, and much precious skin was grazed off the legs of the *corps diplomatique*, as the ropes rushed along the decks. It was right jocund and pleasant to see an exquisite viscount setting with the most approved-of dancing-step to a length of halyard that was uncoiling itself about his legs; and the elastic spring that his fat *maître d' hotel* would make to avoid the rushing by of the tail-end of a brace was a sight not to be despised.

The Assam is now some leagues at sea. Horace Aspinall has his uniforms and fit-out on board—things fall into their usual nautical order, which of all order is the most admirable, and, direful

news! scholastic operations are about to commence. It must be confessed that most of the officers were inclined to treat the cruise more as a party of pleasure than any thing else. But there was one exception to this, and that was in the highest and most effective quarter. Lord Luffandoff was of the old *regime*. Though he strictly conformed to all the new regulations, in his heart he secretly despised many of them, and almost trembled for our next warlike encounter. He acknowledged to himself that in his officers and men he found all the high blood and noble spirit of the thorough English breed; but he fancied that he missed in them the bone and muscle. He thought, also, that as the men were mustered in divisions on Sundays, in their best, he discovered a polish that looked like second-hand gentility appearing among them; and then he observed that, among themselves, instead of telling each other absurd and blustering stories, and singing devil-may-care songs, they read romances and novels in cheap continuations, and, in spite of all his vigilance, political tracts would every now and then make their appearance.

Lord Luffandoff, in order to do the best he could for this state of deterioration, sprung from too much refinement, was determined to commence his reform with the young gentlemen—though he called it "setting up their standing rigging," for

the very word "reform" was hateful to him, although he panted so much after its reality. He ordered the gun-room to be appropriated solely as a school-room, and, with the assistance of Mr. Aspinall, laid down a very stringent code of regulations, which would have been admirable could they have been enforced; but, with those upon whom they were to act, this was impossible.

The admiral also privately consulted with the Schoolmaster, as to the fitness of making the various petty officers, while on actual service, lay aside their high-sounding titles. He felt it to be very ridiculous and annoying to be bandying backward and forward "your lordship," with a little urchin, who, if he was fairly clear of his mother's authority, ought still to have been at school. But the Schoolmaster was opposed to this. It was, he thought, a continual incentive to well-doing, the constant reminding of the youth of their high birth, by the means of their respective titles. One, when himself only is considered, may do what he would shudder to do when he thought of him who was his father. So the titles were permitted to stand.

One day, at eleven o'clock, all the mates, midshipmen, and volunteers, were summoned into the admiral's state-cabin, to undergo each an examination as to his proficiency in all things connected with his profession. The Golden Go-

its were aghast—the Aristocrats talked vauntingly of writing home, and making such tyranny a parliamentary affair. But obedience was inevitable. At one end of an immensely long table was seated the admiral, his countenance warped, as with verjuice, and his eye evidently inimical to idleness. On his right sate the Honourable Captain Lazzivel, looking extremely wicked and merry for one of his enjoying temperament; on his left, the ruddy and round chaplain, with various Greek quotations in his head, all ready for launching.

At the other end of the table sate the dreaded Schoolmaster, in modest black, an air of mild dignity upon him, and with a countenance which, though beautifully calm, spoke of the repose of power and determination. Before him were placed several awful-looking books, and he was supported on the one hand by the master, to examine the various young gentlemen in practical seamanship, and on the other by the captain's clerk, with ample paper before him, in order to note down the attainments of those who were about to be examined. It was really an imposing ceremony; and, as those for whose benefit it was arranged dropped in by ones, twos, and threes, looking very sheepishly, it formed, altogether, a very high scene, in which the serious and the comic were intimately blended.

To make the affair still more distressing to the two factions, the Right Honourable the marquis

minister dropped in, as if by accident, to witness the proceedings, and, as he maliciously said, "to judge of the average capacities of those to whom the future destiny of this great naval country was to be confided." It was not till many quartermasters and one or two serjeants of marines had been despatched to the regions below, that the whole cockpitonian force was mustered before this dreadful tribunal, and there they stood like so many culprits.

But, even in this their hour of tribulation, the Golden Go-its assimilated not with the Aristocratics, nor would the Gothamites amalgamate with the Accidentals. They stood to the right hand and to the left, or, to speak more scholarlike, starboard and larboard, which the admiral perceiving, he paired them from each section, ordering a Gothamite to stand side by side with an Accidental, much to the discomfiture of each and the merriment of the spectators.

The admiral opened the *sederunt,* (so called because most there were obliged to stand all the time,) by a long speech, concerning the folly of faction and the wisdom of union, the advantages of wealth and the dignity of titles, how each should respect the other in order to secure respect to itself; all which was very sensible and very prosy. He then spoke of blending together the elements of the two masses, by making one half

of the Aristocrats mess with one half of the Golden Go-its, and *vice versa*, which seemed to be very abhorrent to all parties, and, being particularly hateful, was a promising way of cultivating between them the sentiment of brotherly love.

The laws of the new scholastic establishment were then read, and the hearers trembled, and cursed with moving yet silent lips. They were told that their attendance must be commensurate with their deficiency, and then commenced the dreaded examinations.

Our space is limited. It is an inappreciable misfortune to the reader. Had we sufficient verge, it would be a most amusing and edifying task to detail this momentous trial. Arch and droll fellows were these midshipmen, and quaint and cunning their devices to conceal their deficiencies. But they were before one, to whom the veil of deception was as a ray of morning light; he saw through it, and discovered the real state of things the better for the attempt at concealment. Profound was the general ignorance. There was so much to unlearn, that those who had learned nothing were far more forward in real knowledge than those who fancied that they had been learning a great deal. Some of the examined were impudent, some sullen, many stupid, and all most deplorably deficient, which, being rightly understood, means very conceited. With-

out one exception, they were all put to school. The dunce-depth was astonishing.

It now became apparent that one person, however active and talented, was altogether unable to cleanse this Augean stable of ignorance, to couch this wide-spreading cockpit mental blindness: assistance was indispensable. The offer to assist to "teach the young idea how to shoot" was most benevolently made to the chaplain—it would be such a heavenly treat to him—but he preferred the spiritual to the secular care of their souls, and most unaccountably declined the tempting offer. This did not please the admiral so much as it ought to have done, when we consider the chaplain's self-denial. So Lord Luffandoff very coolly said that the Reverend Mr. Plextext should read prayers every morning to the young gentlemen, before and after the hours of study, to which the chaplain replied, with a humility truly christian, that he would go and consult his instructions. Accordingly, he left the conclave, vexed at the blindness of heart of those prone to heap trouble on their spiritual pastors. Inquiry was then instituted throughout the ship, and, from among the foremast-men, a person was soon found adequately instructed to play the part of usher, and another as under-usher. Things were taking quite a collegiate form, to the utter displeasure of those ill-used persons, the young gentlemen.

The next day the strife began. As the chaplain was taking down from a shelf in his cabin his printed instructions, he brought down with them a whole bundle of kindly invitations to dinner from the admiral—the light broke in upon him immediately. Without communicating his intentions to any one, he made his appearance in the gun-room, at the proper hour, and read a portion of the morning service very solemnly to the impatient and disrelishing school. To make this opening of the studies the more impressive, the admiral and several of his principal officers were present. But, in spite of all this, the conduct of the pupils was sullen and almost insubordinate. Though no declaration had taken place, henceforward the cockpitonians might be looked upon as *de facto* in a state of war with the constituted authorities—we beg pardon, we should have said rebellion.

All kinds of subterfuges were employed in order to avoid attendance at the school. Sickness was simulated, and great court paid to the doctor by those who, hereafter, might forward the doctor's interest at court. The studium was an arena of constant contention, and punishment, in various ways, continual. It was evident that matters could not long remain in this state. The admiral was inflexible and serious; the other superior officers looked upon the attempt alternately as an annoyance and a joke; but every one saw that he would never

be able to carry out his well-meant intentions. Mr. Aspinall was now fully of their opinion. He felt that, with the spirits with which he had to deal, arrogant from wealth, or rank, or both, and spoiled by long indulgence, coercion was worse than useless, and that, in their present temper, improvement was impossible. Fully impressed with this idea, he proposed plainly to Lord Luffandoff to abandon the authoritative system altogether, to suppress the name of school, to make study voluntary, and to intimate to the dissidents that, merely as a friend, he should henceforward be happy to afford the young gentlemen any information upon topics on which they should happen to be deficient.

On this proposal, the old admiral very naturally flew into a passion, and all but insulted Mr. Aspinall. More severe orders were promulgated, and the school went on, with a corporal and half a dozen marines attending with their side-arms, to arrest any one who should dare to show themselves refractory. The Schoolmaster's position was miserable; he could do nothing but obey; his yet indomitable spirit began to falter, and his health to break. In the mean time, the vessel had arrived at Gibraltar, and stayed there a fortnight, and, while the superior officers were fêted on shore, all the denizens of the cockpit were denied the shortest leave of absence, as a punishment for their general misconduct *in re literarum*.

This was fuel to the raging fire, poison to the embittered chalice. Such epistles were written home, denouncing the admiral as the worst of all possible tyrants, a sea-Caligula — a something nameless to be abhorred. They would not learn their A B C, not they. To the surprise of the sons of dukes and marquises, and the offspring of millionnaires, Lord Luffandoff would not allow them to quit the service; and, when they spoke of resigning, he called them foolish boys, ordered them to the mast-heads, and bade them be *resigned* there.

It had been Mr. Aspinall's ambition to place Horace in one of the messes of the young gentlemen: indeed, the admiral ordered him to the starboard, or aristocratic, berth. They spurned him forth with scorn, nor would the Golden Go-its receive him, though the apparently poverty-stricken father offered to pay his mess-money in advance. The admiral might have been informed of this disobedience to his orders, but that would have only entailed unendurable torment on the poor rejected boy; so Mr. Aspinall held his peace, and father and son lived happily together in the cabin of the former. Horace was cut dead, never, on any account, spoken to by any member of either faction, and this neglect went like the stab of cold iron into his father's heart.

Let not the reader deem all this to be over-

coloured. When actual warfare and the unerring test of danger try the souls of men, merit forces for itself respect, and acquires even an ascendency over the fortuitous distinctions of rank and wealth; but in peace, and when the profession of arms has no other result than the brilliancy of parade, the lowly born and the unfavoured of fortune have no resource against contumely but humility, against insult, but endurance.

Young Horace, without appearing to be either dejected, or regardless of the insulting conduct of his brother midshipmen, did his duty punctually and cheerfully. The superior officers became attached to him, and he was thus, in some measure, indemnified for the neglect of his equals. At length, there arose one exception to the universality of cutting the Schoolmaster's son. Lord Luffandoff insisted that the younger gentlemen should be thoroughly taught the practical duties of the seaman; that is to say, to reef and steer, splice, and to do all those active and manual operations that fall to the lot of the foremast-men. In obedience to this, one fine afternoon, the ship going proudly and leisurely before the wind, with the four reefs out of the topsails, the old admiral was on deck, the captain, the commander, and most of the officers, viewing the younkers furling and letting fall the mizen top-gallant sail, in parties. The mizen-top was crowded with lords and honourables. It

then became the turn of Lord Amelius Loftus, the son of the Duke of Dipdantry, the same lordling who had pinched the Schoolmaster's son on his first appearance. This same Schoolmaster's son was now on the top-gallant yard, cheek by jowl (let the expression be pardoned) with the duke's son.

"Let fall," said the old admiral.

"Sheet home! Hoist away."

Up went the yard, and over toppled Lord Amelius Loftus. It was an awful sight, the descent of that beautiful youth, over the swelling convex of the mizen-topsail. As he rolled down it, there was an involuntary shriek of agony from below. The fall was terrific, and certain death awaited its termination. The young lord, as he fell, franticly caught at the reef-points of the first, second, and third reefs, but they passed as if red-hot through his blistered hands. The fourth and last reef remained;— despair gave him strength, and, to a point of this, he held on for a space—and he needed not thus to suffer long. Young Horace, twisting a rope round his left hand, instantly flung himself over the sail, and, sliding down it, he closely embraced with his right arm the young lord. The act was most gallantly done, and evinced more presence of mind than mere animal bravery. They were soon hauled up together, and, when placed in security in the mizen-top, Amelius Loftus, the pert officer, and the impas-

sible Aristocrat, giving way to all the mother's milk yet in the heart of the recently emancipated schoolboy, threw his arms round Horace's neck, kissed him on the cheek, and then burst into a passion of tears.

It so happened, that the rest of the younkers in the mizen-top were all Golden Go-its or Gothamites, so they were each of them content to say, that they "could have done as much, had they but *thought* of it." The pride of wealth makes the heart more callous than the pride of birth.

When they gained the deck, Horace was overwhelmed with praises that really annoyed him, and the old admiral took him by the hand and led him into his cabin. They were together alone for some time, and it was whispered that the stern old disciplinarian wept over him, and wished that Heaven had granted him such a son. But I don't believe *that*, for he was afterwards as crabbed and harsh as ever, and still carried on the war of the school.

Now it became a beautiful sight to see the young lord and the poor Schoolmaster's son everywhere hand in hand. The Golden Go-its sneered at it, and called it "spoony," but the Aristocrats, with better feeling, though they would not admit Horace as one of them, spoke to him kindly, and said that Loftus "did the right thing."

At length, the Assam approached the enervating shores of Naples. This climate seemed to have an

effect upon all on board. The midshipmen became more idle and inattentive to their studies than ever. The till then unbending admiral seemed to care less about their refractoriness, and, it must be confessed, that, in this war of the books, he was but ill supported by the rest of the officers. The school fell into neglect, but few attended, and that few might as well have been absent. The Schoolmaster also fell into neglect; and, as the ship approached the bay of Naples, every one seemed to have forgotten him. Horace's exploit had been voted a bore, and, with the exception of Lord Loftus, he had nearly shared the oblivion of his father. Every one was on the wing for pleasure: splendid uniforms were aired upon the booms, buttons polished, fowling-pieces cleaned and recleaned—the natives were to be astonished.

The most noble marquis, who was going to reassume the embassy, had a very excellent understanding with the Aristocrats in the starboard birth, nor was he wholly neglectful of the Golden Go-its, in the larboard. Some say that it was an arrangement made with his consent; we will hope not; but it was through him that the final blow was given to the peace of old Mr. Aspinall.

It is not our office to record all the splendid receptions at court, and the balls and the parties that followed. No one thought of the school now; nor was it surprising that the Schoolmaster

and his son were no sharers in these festivities. No one had time to think of them. At length, the ambassador gave *his* entertainment to the officers of the Assam. The only exception in the invitations were the Schoolmaster and his son. This blow struck the father deeply. It was for his child he felt. Who shall say which shall be the woe that vanquishes? I knew one who bore up for three days heroically against the loss of a beloved wife, but, at the sight of a glove that she had worn, was prostrated in agony. It is the last ounce that breaks down the pride of strength. Old Mr. Aspinall fell ill.

The party took place, and, on that brilliant evening, the broken-hearted Schoolmaster had two young nurses instead of one. The loftiest in rank that should have honoured the saloons of the ambassador was tending a sick old man, in a close, small, and dark cabin. Lord Amelius Loftus would not desert his young friend.

Lord Luffandoff had now the cares of the fleet and of the station on his hands. He had no time, therefore, to squabble with his midshipmen. He seemed also to have forgotten the Schoolmaster and his interesting son. This is not to be wondered at, when it is understood that he went to reside on shore.

For once the Accidentals and the Gothamites coalesced. The Gothamite gold was a good ally to

the pride of the Accidentals. The ambassador, with the most distinguished of the court of Naples, both for rank and beauty, had accepted an invitation for a ball and supper on board. It was more than conjectured that royalty would be present. Notwithstanding all the protests of young Loftus, the Schoolmaster and his son were to be excluded. It was the invitation of the two midshipmen's berths, and the Aspinalls belonged to neither.

Before the important day arrived, when the admiral, the ambassador, with many others, were at the royal levee, young Horace made his way through a crowd of star and riband bearing personages, and accosted Lord Luffandoff.

"What!" said my lord, with an oath, "my good old Schoolmaster dying! By Pluto's beard, I had forgotten the worthy pedagogue! Run to the beach, and get my barge's crew ready—off with ye, Nimbleshanks! Sha'n't slip his wind yet." So he brushed away a swarm of pert courtlings, and hurried after young Horace. He was soon in his barge, soon on board, and soon near the cot of the sick man, where it hung in the dingy cabin. Horace placed himself on a sea-chest beneath, and the admiral seated himself in the only chair.

"Come, cheer up, cheer up," began his lordship, in a brisk and inspiriting tone. "We'll

make you comfortable—have ye ashore, man; I should have known this before; you'll do well yet —you are younger than I——"

"Senior by three years, two months, and five days," said Mr. Aspinall feebly.

"Zounds! how should you know that?"

"You had one brother——"

"Ha! a scamp, sir, a very naughty, law-loving scamp; went into the Turkish service, and was drowned in one of their ships with the unpronounceable names——"

"Robert Aspinall, that brother has been rash, not criminal."

"He calls me Robert, he calls me Robert!" said the admiral. "Call me Bob, that I may know ye."

"Horace," said Mr. Aspinall, "leave us; you, my son, shall know my mistakes and my follies when you can comprehend the irresistible impulse that drove me to commit them." Horace left his father alone with Lord Luffandoff.

When Horace, all wonder and confusion of mind, gained the quarter-deck, he perceived that something unusual had taken place; and when he, Horace, was pointed out as young Aspinall to a very gentlemanly-looking civilian, that civilian, with hat in hand, bowed to him very respectfully, and acquainted him that the House of Lords had at length pronounced a final decision in his father's

favour, in that renowned and thought to have been interminable suit of "Aspinall versus Dempsy, Sir Reginald Domany, and others," which unexpected decision had transferred all the estates of the latter to his father.

Then came forward all the Golden Go-its with congratulations, outstretched hands, and offers of friendship, which they had refused to the little hero who had preserved the life of a brother officer. And then the captains and the lieutenants, having discovered that this Aspinall must be a near relation, if not a nephew, of Lord Luffandoff's, which discovery was affirmed by the newly-arrived agent, all the Accidentals now claimed Horace as their own.

While these transactions were stupifying Horace on deck, there arose a tremendous noise below. Stewards, and quarter-masters, and petty officers, were seen flying in all directions; and the admiral was heard storming most vociferously. At length the Schoolmaster, borne in his cot, and tended by the surgeon and his assistants, came up the quarter-deck hatchway, in his way to the cabin under the poop, as being the most commodious and airy. How anxiously the old admiral hovered about it!

As the law agent was advancing to the cot to communicate his intelligence to the invalid, the admiral placed his hand on his breast, and shoved

him back so violently that he fell on the deck. The Schoolmaster was placed in the cabin, and, after a time, Lord Luffandoff reappeared on the quarter-deck much excited. We need not say that every one was most eager to hear his disclosures.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have the greatest pleasure to announce to you that I have discovered a valued and a much loved brother in that amiable and learned gentleman who condescended, young gentlemen, *condescended*, to try to make a parcel of ungrateful and ignorant scamps better men and better officers."

The young gentlemen alluded to looked very puritanically contrite.

"It was his own will and pleasure to remain incognito, for, had he discovered himself to me, I think that I should have sent some of you to the right about. But you have n't killed him yet. Now, to put an end to all idle stories and foolish rumours, the fact is, though a gentleman by worth, education, and descent, and altogether a better man than I, we quarrelled because he foolishly squandered away our property and his own in prosecuting a wild law-suit. I told him it would beggar him, and so it did. We parted, many, many years ago, in anger on this very point, for which anger may God forgive me! I was right about the law-suit, but very wrong about the anger, and in despising so good a brother. I heard that he

was dead. I had totally forgotten him, gentlemen, though he wished to interest me for that dear little rascal, my nephew, who stands grinning there. Never mind, Horace, you shall be a rich man yet. I was always against this law-suit; I knew your father never would gain it; and when I say a thing positively I am never wrong. Never mind, you'll have enough to support the title like a true British nobleman when I'm gone. But this cursed law-suit —first of all it makes ill blood between me and my only brother, then beggars him, and sends him an adventurer all over the world, and at last reduces him to be a Schoolmaster: but I always said he never would gain this suit; and, when I speak positively, I am always right."

Though the admiral seemed to be in a vein for talking, he was a good deal surprised to find that his speech had such risible effects. "Well," he continued, "all is plane sailing now; I have only to wish my brother well, and this cursed law-suit over; if it is not, we shall all be ruined yet, for I won't desert Edward again."

Then up stepped the individual with the green coat and the golden-rimmed spectacles, the civilian before-mentioned, and said:

"I have great pleasure, my Lord Luffandoff, to acquaint you that the law-suit is over at last."

"Hurrah!" cried the old admiral, giving a twirl with his cocked hat. "Any costs to pay? A

few thousands or so are nothing to the getting back my dear brother and this smirking scoundrel," pinching Horace's ear.

"Not a farthing, my lord," said the civilian.

"Poor Ned sued *in formâ pauperis* latterly, I suppose."

"Not at all, my lord. If your lordship were not always right when you are positive, I might presume to say that this vexatious suit is terminated by Mr. Aspinall gaining it completely. Here are the necessary vouchers."

"My breath's gone!" said the admiral, after looking at two or three of the papers; "and I am wrong after all. Why, my brother must now be worth fifteen thousand a year."

"Rather say double, my lord."

"And I so positive! Come, Horace, let us go to your father, and see if this news won't do him more good than bolus, draught, or pill."

Mr. Aspinall got well enough to sit on the admiral's right hand at the supper on the night of the famous ball, and afterwards was restored to such excellent health as to be able to hire a splendid palace at Naples, where, while the ship stayed at anchor, he was always happy to see his former contumacious scholars, Gothamites as well as Accidentals. The old admiral strove with the father for the love of young Horace, and Lord Amelius Loftus was more proud of being seen with him,

though the Schoolmaster's son, than with any other person, however distinguished.

Whether the midshipmen of the Assam will submit to being again sent to school under another master, we know not, nor do we care exceedingly, as all our interest about them ceases in the termination of the sufferings of the Schoolmaster and his son.

THE MOTH TO THE STAR.

BY MISS POWER.

How I adore thee, bright, beautiful Star!
O would that my wings could bear me to thee,
My brilliant love! thou art fairer far
Than the fairest things that on earth I see.

My brother, the Butterfly, loves the rose,
Poor perishing thing that lives but a day,
A delicate flower that dies at the close
Of evening and sighs its last breath away.

Thou liv'st for ever, my beautiful love,
Thou queen of my destiny! Glorious Sun,
Still bright and unchanged, in the realms above,
Wilt thou shine when man's weary race is run.

THE FIRST-BORN.

BY J. FORBES DALTON, ESQ.

Hope and Fear, philosophers say,
Chequer our lives like night and day;
And so, perhaps, they usually may.
But pleasanter far are feelings between,
Like the summer sunset and twilight scene,
When the brilliant heavens are all serene,
And the earth is clad in her darkest green,
And we quietly gaze in deep delight,
With our hopes and our fears all out of sight,
Not wishing for day nor dreading the night.

Now, in such a mood, for about a year,
It might have been less, but 'twas very near,
Had our good yeoman lived. For why?
He'd won the maiden of his choice,
His hopes and fears had all gone by,
He'd nothing left but to rejoice.

And that he did in such a style,
It would have cheered your heart to see;
He seemed to live on Mary's smile,
And laughed with such a boyish glee.

How rapidly Time sped his flight!
He loved as when love first began,
She was his whole and sole delight,
And Mary loved her "own good man."
A happier home, a happier lot,
They both declared the world held not.

But Hope and Fear, long driven away,
Both came back on the self-same day.
Mary was ill and kept her bed,
John felt a very odd pain in his head,
Which his sister said was merely a whim,
And nobody else seemed to care for him.
For there came an old lady who bustled about,
And contrived very soon all his household to rout.
For, although not a lady of high degree,
That she deemed herself mistress 'twas easy to see.
Yet, though ever in motion, still quiet was she,
As she glided along and appeared to be
Engaged in some awful mystery.

How Mary was, John wished to know;
The nurse declared he "must not talk;"
He paced his parlour to and fro,
But "there," she said, he "must not walk."

He sate him down and laid his head
Upon his palm—all—all alone;
His manly heart o'ercharged with dread,
Yet dared he scarcely sigh or groan.

Yet might he breathe a silent prayer
To Him who can in silence hear;
He did—and lighter grew his care,
And Hope resumed the place of Fear.

He listened, gazing on the floor,
Strange fancies o'er him "coming thick,"
While the old clock behind the door
Had never seemed so slow to tick.

And thus his anxious watch he kept,
Oft murmuring his loved one's name,
Lonely as though the household slept,
Till from her room a low sound came.

'Twas scarcely sound—but like the fall
Of fairy footsteps gathering round;
Then whisperings soft—then silence all,
As though 'twere hallowed ground.

Then broke the spell—not with a word,
But an infant's cry. How it made him start!
He listened and he thought he heard
An echo in his heart.

'Twas Nature's voice. That feeble cry
Awoke paternal love and pride;
Feelings with death alone to die,
Yet still he trembled for his bride;

Till his sister tripped in with a whisper of joy,
Saying, "Mary is well, John, and so is your boy."

It now only remains of our FIRST-BORN to state
What is told so exceedingly well in our plate.
His aunt and the nurse in his long-clothes arrayed
him,
And then in the arms of the latter they laid him;
And so, in due form, to his father conveyed him,
And with high approbation and smiles surveyed
him,
(As the painter's talent hath deftly portrayed him)
While they both ostentatiously displayed him,
As highly delighted as though they had made him.

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE LATE REV. R. POLWHELE.

WEARY amidst a wicked world, when faints
My soul with grief and terror;
And, wandering through a maze of error,
I almost in despondence sink;
To you I lift my voice, blest Saints!
O, save me, ere the brink
Of dire perdition I draw nigh,
And catch a pale glimpse from the troublous wave
Of dread eternity!
Descend, descend and save!

THE BACKWOODS.

A TALE OF CANADA.

"WHY do you not speak to the poor child?" said Mrs. Campbell, drawing the elder of her two little girls towards her, and wiping away the tears which were beginning to start at not being taken notice of: "she has been asking all day when papa was coming home."

At this instant, the younger, almost a baby, who was jingling her bells upon a rug in a corner of the verandah, where the family were taking tea, as if alarmed at the unusual silence of the domestic party, and, perhaps, like her sister, missing the accustomed caresses, began to cry.

"Do pray send the children away," said her husband: and, rising, he leaned moodily against one of the columns of the verandah. The St. Lawrence rolled majestically before him, in the full glow of a summer sunset, and around him lay his own thriving farm and lands: but he no longer gazed upon them with his usual smile of content.

The mortified young mother dismissed her little ones; but, when she turned towards the offender, the expression of his countenance soon dissipated

the flush of resentment which was passing over her own. She approached him affectionately, and, looking at him earnestly, said, in a low voice, "Are you not well? What is the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing," was the evasive answer; and he turned away his head and looked vacantly at the scene before him.

"There must — I know there must—be something to make you look so — has the bank failed? have you had any loss? Do not be afraid to tell me, I can bear it. We might do with less; the farm will support us, and . . . . ." but here her plans of hope and comfort were cut short by a melancholy shake of the head.

"I know what it is now," she muttered, grasping his arm, and looking him anxiously in the face, while her own became paler and paler; "you have had letters from England — my poor father or mother . . . ." and her utterance failed her.

"No, no," he said at last, roused by her anxiety, "I assure you it is nothing of the sort, nothing you need ever know of, so why should I distress you unnecessarily? Promise to ask me no more questions, and we will have the children in again, and forget that we have been dull and cross."

"No, stay, Richard," she said mournfully, detaining him, "do not go, I do not want the children, I had much rather know what has happened. Do not think it idle curiosity. Have I not been

a faithful wife to you for six years? Did I ever make an ill use of your confidence? Why do you refuse it me now?"

He turned away abruptly, and once more leaned against the column of the verandah in silence. She stood beside him.

After a long pause, he said: "Did it never appear to you strange my leaving the army, and then preferring this wilderness to our pretty home in England?"

"I confess it did," she answered, with a melancholy air; "and I have been sometimes afraid that you were changeable, and might be tired of *me* some day."

"Never, never, my dear Emily!" exclaimed her husband, warmly. "You have borne with what must have appeared my whims and caprices, like an angel. You have left your country and all you loved, except myself, and followed me cheerfully. It has often grieved me to think how unreasonable, almost cruel, I must have seemed to you."

"You had a reason?" asked Emily, timidly.

There was another pause; at last, with a sort of effort, he said: "You know my regiment was stationed at Malta: did you ever hear of a duel that took place there?"

She hid her face in her hands, and, shuddering at the recollection, whispered intreatingly: "Do

not talk of that; it is the only thing I cannot bear."

"By my never having mentioned it before, you may imagine how painful it is to me to talk of it; but it is connected with my present trouble. Do you now wish to hear more?"

She looked petrified; and, quite disregarding his question, "Good God!" she exclaimed, "how can that dreadful affair trouble you now, except in mind? You were not the challenger, nor did you provoke him: you were acquitted by the laws." She waited eagerly for an answer.

"I was acquitted by the laws, but I can never acquit myself. If I had had true courage, young Monti might be alive now. Poor fellow! he was amiable, but very weak. I never knew till afterwards that he was urged on in the unfortunate business by an elder brother, who, strange to say, was at the same time much attached to him, and who, I suppose, trusted to his skill and good luck. But there was a reason—his brother hated me; and, of course, when poor Federigo fell, he hated me doubly: in fact, his animosity knew no bounds. The remainder of my residence at Malta was one series of escapes from his revengeful plans against my life. It was wonderful how I did escape; but I had a servant who was more watchful for me than I was for myself."

"And a God," gently whispered his wife.

"True, Emily, true! At last I could bear it no longer; and, as there seemed no hope of a change, and I possessed some independent fortune, I returned to England. That step I need not regret, for, in consequence of it, I met with you. You know how happy we were in the pretty cottage in your father's park. I was quite forgetting my trouble, when, riding home late one evening — you remember my coming home with a grazed arm, and the story of the highwayman!"

"To be sure."

"That bullet was fired by no common robber. I saw my enemy as he fled into the wood. I knew his figure, though it was disguised. There was an end of my happiness; at least, I felt that I might be called upon at any instant to quit it for ever. This conviction worked upon my mind till I actually almost feared to be alone. You must have thought me a great coward: I carried pistols, avoided being out late, but I felt that all precautions were useless, while such an enemy knew of my home. Do you remember the foolish excuses I made to you for being so anxious to keep our future place of destination a secret as much as possible? I remember how sweetly and cheerfully you put up with every thing."

"Oh, no, no! I did not do half I would have done, had I known. Why did you not tell me?

I think you ought—but there is something more. To-day, Richard, to-day? — Heaven forbid my thoughts tell me true!—you have not seen him?"

Richard Campbell bowed his head in gloomy silence, and his fond wife fell senseless into his arms.

Not many months after this conversation, the Campbells stood, unsheltered and houseless, in the middle of an inclement night, and watched with bitter feelings the consuming flames devour their happy home, and the rich produce of a very prosperous harvest. The conflagration had been so instantaneous and rapid, that no one doubted that the premises must have been set fire to in several places; none, excepting the sufferers themselves, could guess by whom, for they were generally beloved: but, as Emily whispered to her husband, while he led her and her weeping children to the nearest house for shelter, "An enemy hath done this."

With this conviction, they resolved on quitting a spot where they could no longer feel secure or happy. They sold their land, and prepared to journey, under a new name, to some more distant settlement.

While these preparations were going on, they occupied retired lodgings in Quebec, the city in whose vicinity they had hitherto been living, and where they had many agreeable and kind-hearted

friends; but they now shunned alike friend and foe, and desired to remain as secret as possible.

With this view, they retained in their service only the faithful Stephen, whose zeal in his master's cause had never yet failed. He had been with him from a youth, knew of all his troubles, and, though he was aware that they were now going to live a hard and lonely life, he was still resolved to share their fortunes.

The snow fell, a bright Canadian winter commenced, and they set off on their journey. As their sleigh flew rapidly over the frozen lakes, and they left Quebec and all its painful reminiscences behind, their hearts grew lighter; but it was a bitter moment for them when their eyes involuntarily wandered to the hill on which their happy dwelling once stood, and beheld only a black pile of rubbish.

On arriving at Toronto, they once more buried themselves in obscure lodgings, and, at Stephen's earnest entreaties, relinquished for a time the name they were so proud of, and assumed that of Brown. Stephen himself at the same time set them an example of prudence, triumphing over pride by shaving off his hitherto fondly-cherished fine black whiskers, and making other alterations in his appearance; the more necessary, as he was the person employed in making purchases or any other transaction which might lead to discovery.

"Do you not think the Browns might venture to stay here?" said Richard Campbell one day, with a melancholy smile. "You and the children will be so destitute in the wilderness."

"Never mind, dear Richard; let me feel that you are safe; the rest we can guard against. We must not remain in this populous place; I dread every creature I meet. No; we are Campbells still. Let us get into the backwoods, into some out-of-the-way place, where, though we may sometimes feel lonely and destitute, we shall at least be secure. The children are too young to feel it now, and, after two or three years, may we not hope that we are untracked and may return to the world, perhaps to the dear *old* world!" But here she checked herself, and, looking down upon her work, to hide the tear which was starting to her eye, she inquired hastily if Stephen had been able to hear anything more about the deserted huts on Nottawassaga bay.

"He has, and the account he heard before appears to be quite correct. But think, Emily, before you entertain such a wild notion of seclusion, what you would have to go through. The huts have been deserted by some of those wanderers of the forest, the fur-traders, who are gone further up the country. The soil about is so barren, that no one thinks them worth taking possession of. They are mere log huts, perhaps not

weather-proof, not a neighbour for miles round, except, perhaps, a few poor Indians. I believe the nearest civilized habitation is the fort at the junction of the bay with the Nottawassaga river, and that, I suspect, would afford a sort of company rather worse than none at all: add to this being absolutely separated, not only from the comforts but even the necessaries of life."

"Excellent! the very thing!" exclaimed his wife, evidently delighted instead of terrified. "I am impressed with but one idea of comfort at present, that is, to be unseen and unknown. Do, my dear Richard, let us go to-morrow. We are provided with plenty of clothing and a stock of provisions, for I have been pondering over and preparing for such an event during the short time we have been here, and to some purpose, as you may see," and she opened the door of a large closet and began to exhibit her stores.

He looked on in silent thoughtfulness. She put her own construction on his silence, sat down to the table, and began eagerly making out a list of what even her contented mind foresaw would be essential to their comfort.

Stephen received it with a look of pleasure, and promised to be as expeditious as she could wish.

"And, Stephen," added his master, in a resigned voice, "get another light carriage and horse, and make any change you think necessary."

Richard Campbell witnessed with admiration and gratitude how, from that moment, his devoted wife seemed to recover her energy and cheerfulness. For the rest of that day and part of the night, she was indefatigable in her exertions that everything should be ready for departure at daybreak the next morning. He wished her to engage a servant, but she said, "No, I can do more than you perhaps imagine; let us have no strangers; and she looked the picture of Hope, as, smoothing back her fair hair and smiling gaily upon him with her happy blue eyes, she paused for a few moments in the midst of her busy labours, to decribe to him, in glowing colours, how happy they should be.

"You know, Richard," she said, laughingly, "you were very fond of hunting and fishing, when it was of no consequence whether you caught any thing or not. I flatter myself you will enjoy those pursuits still more when you know that I, and little Emmy and Betty, are waiting at home for our dinners; and then, for my own part, I must confess to having always had rather a vulgar taste for cooking and 'doing about,' as the housemaids call it, and sometimes sighed for an opportunity of exercising it; and Stephen is so clever and good-tempered, he will be of more use than twenty women. Oh, I am sure we shall do very well."

Nor were her hopeful predictions altogether

unverified. It is true, they were often called upon to exercise their patience and hopefulness; but those two qualities, of both of which they possessed no common share, united to industry and domestic affection, smoothed and brightened the rugged path which they had chosen.

This dwelling was not enclosed with trees, as they had feared might be the case, having been chiefly constructed as a night-refuge for the hunters, and a temporary place of security for their furs. It was pleasantly situated upon the rocky side of a hill, overlooking to the north the stormy and sea-like bay of Nottawassaga, whose angry breakers were visible beyond the girdle of dark trees by which the little valley was almost surrounded. Opposite, and to the south of them, lay the forest; behind rose barren hills. It was cheerless to look upon, but sheltered and lonely as they could desire. No one ever crossed their path, and, for the first year, the only sign they ever saw of other human beings besides themselves was an occasional canoe, looking like a black speck upon the distant water as it conveyed furs or fish to the different settlements on the coast; and, though at such times they looked after it with the fascination with which one might watch the apparition of a departed friend, they dreaded its approach, and it was a gloomy satisfaction to them to reflect that their coast was too

uninviting in every respect to induce any one to approach it.

Out of the three rude buildings which they found untenanted at their arrival, they had chosen the largest, which fortunately happened to be the best situated, for their dwelling; one, which stood close by, they reserved for a barn, and with the materials of a third, by enclosing a small space in front of the house, they rendered themselves more secure from intrusion of any kind; for, setting aside other alarms, there were a few bears as well as some smaller wild beasts in the forest.

At a short distance from them, among the hills to the westward, was a stream containing much fish; and Stephen, among other things, exercised his ingenuity during the winter in building a light canoe, after the manner of the natives. And, as the fine weather came on, they sometimes paddled up the river, and, landing at different places, made little excursions of discovery; and never failed to catch fish to repay them for their trouble, as they floated idly down the stream on their return.

There was another faithful servant, who was always of these boating parties, unless when his mistress was at home unprotected, and then he was left, or, I should rather say, staid at home, to take care of her. This was Corney, a Newfoundland dog, whom his owners fondly considered as one of the most faithful and sagacious of his

kind; and they were not so much mistaken in their opinion as many owners are about favourite dogs. To the poor children, separated as they were from little folks like themselves, he was invaluable as a playfellow. And he would even act as nurse-maid, if their mother left them for a short time, not allowing them to stir from the spot, and barking if he found them unmanageable. They had brought with them a goat and two kids, and to these animals and the little girls Corney especially devoted himself as protector. It was evident that he preferred his master's company to any other; but he showed himself a dog of principle, by generally choosing to remain with the weaker party.

At the end of a few months, a list of wants, to which even the contented wife could not refrain from adding, had become so long and so necessary to be attended to, that Stephen was despatched to Toronto. He executed his commission, as usual, with faithfulness and alacrity; and his return was hailed with delight by the recluses, to whom the richest presents had never before appeared so acceptable as the trifling but useful packages which, with honest satisfaction, Stephen held up one by one to their delighted eyes, while unloading the horse which had carried them through the forest.

As they gradually acquired more confidence,

Stephen's visits to Toronto became more frequent. On one of these occasions, he was desired to bring back with him, if he found her still willing to come, a kind-hearted old woman, who had served them when in their lodgings, and who, having become much attached, even in that short time, to her mistress and the children, had expressed a great desire to accompany them. Stephen described to her the sort of place she would have to go to; the exact spot, even if he could have done so, he would have been too cautious to communicate; but he had no need to fear; she was not a woman to betray the secrets of those who had been kind to her. He slily intimated that his master was avoiding creditors. Of this she doubted, but said nothing; however, she gladly accepted the offer, declaring that she "could put up with want of comfort for the sake of living with that sweet lady and those dear little children." There was a great clapping of little hands and cry of "Granny! Granny!" (for that was the name by which she had taught them to call her), as she entered the courtyard, with her hands full of sugarplums.

Nor were they the only persons benefited by her arrival. She became such a valuable addition to the little solitary establishment, that, some time afterwards, when nearly two years had elapsed since they had received news from England, and

they naturally became very anxious on the subject, it was agreed, after some consultation, that Stephen might be spared even for a journey to Quebec in search of letters.

A morning or two after Stephen's departure, Richard Campbell was employed in a hovel in the courtyard, which they called the carpenter's shed, when his wife, who was lounging about, sometimes knitting, sometimes watching the children playing with Corney, approached him as a petitioner from the elder girl, to ask when her cart for the goats to draw would be finished.

"Ah, poor child!" said the father, thoughtfully, and resting from his work, "she has waited for it very patiently; I wish it could be finished: but there is a particular sort of wood I want for it, which I cannot get nearer than among those mountains up the river, where I landed after the bear the other day."

"Well, but if you do not mind going, we do not mind being left, and you may not have many more such fine days. Take Corney too with you. You cannot be home in time for dinner, so I will put you up something in your knapsack, and, in the afternoon, the little ones and I will saunter over the hill, and I hope we shall meet you with a fine dish of fish."

With his axe over his shoulder, and Corney at his side, Richard Campbell accordingly set off on

his little expedition; and, agreeably to her promise, about an hour before dusk (for it was autumn and the days were getting short), his wife and her little ones sallied forth to meet him. They walked on till it had been for some time growing dusk, and though the anxious mother strained her eyes in every direction, especially in that by which she expected her husband to return, she could see nothing approaching.

"I'm so cold!" whined little Betty at last, wrapping herself in a corner of her mother's cloak.

"Yes, my darling, it is too cold; we must turn back:" and taking one more long, lingering, but disappointed look, they hastened home.

Granny, who had laid out their evening meal, and lighted a cheerful fire, received them with blank looks. After waiting an hour or more in vain hopes of her husband's arrival, Mrs. Campbell took pity on her children's hungry looks and sat down to tea with them; but the sight of his empty chair took away her own appetite. She was continually rising and looking out of the window or door, but it was little she could see or hear, for the night was dark and the wind now blew with some violence. She tried at first to keep up her spirits, but they rapidly declined. The children's remarks became painful to her: they kept asking why their papa did not come back — whether he would come back that night. At last they went

to bed, and she was left to her mournful reflections.

When the good old woman had got the children to sleep, she returned to her mistress, whom she found walking up and down the room in an agitated manner.

"Oh, Granny!" she said, stopping and looking at her with an anxious and terrified countenance, "where is he? What can be the matter! Oh, if the night were not so dark! If I were but a little stronger . . ." and she hastened to the window, as if to ascertain whether any improvement had taken place.

The old woman perceived that she needed but little more excitement to make her indeed set out in search of him, and, aware of the danger of such an attempt, she earnestly endeavoured to give her hope, by enumerating all the instances she had known of persons who had been overtaken by the night while wandering in the forest, and, unable to find their way out, had been obliged to spend the night in a tree: and, by way of making some provision of comfort for the morrow, in case her master should not then return, she extended the absence of some of these wanderers to two or three nights.

At length she so far succeeded in soothing her as to persuade her to go to bed. There she cried herself to sleep, but at the first dawn of day she started up and hastily began dressing herself.

"Nurse," she said, entering the next room, in which the old woman and the little girls were asleep, "Perhaps, nurse, you could get me a little breakfast? I am going presently, but I cannot wait long."

"Going!—going where?" said the poor old woman, sitting up in bed and rubbing her eyes.

"To look for him," answered her mistress, in a half-stifled voice.

"Ah, I remember!" and the good old creature shook her head mournfully, as the sad recollection returned upon her mind: "but, dear lady, pray do not go just now—now that it is daylight, and in all probability he is finding his way home as fast as he can. Wait, at all events, a few hours; let us see what may happen."

"But suppose he is ill or wounded?"

"That is not near so likely as that he has waited for daylight to find his way out of the forest."

With this hope she remained at home a few hours; but, at length, unable longer to overcome the impatient restlessness which disappointment had rendered almost insupportable, she set out on her solitary march.

For the first time in her life she did indeed feel alone. She took the same course as she had done the evening before, and thought with bitterness of the different feelings with which she then set forward, as she supposed, to meet her husband.

Guided by affection and supported by hope, danger and fatigue were at first almost unfelt; but, as the latter became fainter, and she saw the sun about to set, and felt the necessity of returning home, if ever she meant to see that home again, she could scarcely resist the misery of mind which began to oppress her.

However, she struggled on; she approached the house; she flattered herself he might have returned during her absence, and her strength seemed to come again. She eagerly entered the courtyard, but no Corney barked—no one rushed forward on hearing the gate shut; but the door opened slowly to receive her. She looked anxiously around. The fire-light fell but upon the wasted figure of the old woman, who gazed upon her in mournful silence, for she had no more words of comfort to bestow — and on her dear little ones, who, unconscious of their misfortune, were playing with their toys upon the ground, and now looked up in her face with infant wonder.

Exhausted both in body and mind, she sank almost senseless upon the nearest seat; and, had it not been for the anxious care of her attendant, she might have been spared the misery of another day.

As it was, the next morning saw her renew her search with increased hope and energy. In the course of the night, Corney had returned. Their

ears had eagerly caught the sound of his bark at the outer gate, and he was of course immediately admitted.

"Let him come to me," said Mrs. Campbell; "I should like to see him."

"Indeed, Madam," answered Granny, who, having fastened the outer door, was preventing him from getting into her mistress's room, "he is very wet and dirty, and he will be sure to jump upon the bed: besides, now he has done snuffling all about, he seems to want something to eat: he looks half-starved, so let me shut your door, and get him something."

"Very well," said Mrs. Campbell, with a sigh, and the door closed as her head fell back again upon her pillow. "To have seen that poor dog would have been something—but I will save myself for to-morrow . . . She said he was wet and dirty—the night is dry, he must have crossed the river!"

This idea gave her fresh hope, for her search had hitherto been confined to the nearest side. But then again, why had a creature, who had always shown himself so faithful, returned alone? Had he left his master to perish? And amidst all these perplexing thoughts she fell asleep, to dream that she was dragging him out of pits—struggling for her own life and his with wild animals—flying with him before the Indians;—and then the death-

struggle came, and she awoke gasping, and was glad to find that the misery of another night was over.

At the first break of day, Corney roused up and began smelling about and whining, as if impatient to get out. Emily Campbell dressed herself quickly, and, scarcely heeding the little bag of provisions which the kind old woman, as she stood by with tearful eyes to witness her departure, put into her hand, followed the impatient dog, who led the way by the old path down to the river. He plunged in, and looked round as if for her to do the same. The stream, though narrow, was deep and rapid. Suddenly she remembered that, a little further down, a tree had fallen partly across. She hastened thither, and soon gained the opposite bank, along which, in an inland direction, Corney now jogged at an even pace.

Some interruptions occurred in their route. The dog got a thorn in his foot, which she had much trouble to extract; and the thickness of the forest prevented her from making rapid progress. At last, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, she sat down and shared the contents of her little bag with her faithful guide. When she was a little rested, they resumed their journey, but the greater part of the day was then spent.

Suddenly, Corney, who was in advance, turned back to meet her, whining and growling, as if in

great agitation. She looked eagerly about her. They had just entered a small open space, clear of trees; but she perceived that those which grew at the farther end were of the particular sort described by her husband as being wanted to finish the fatal little cart, which she now bitterly repented having even mentioned. The knowledge of her fate seemed approaching — she could scarcely support herself; nevertheless, with desperate resolution, she hurried on. But her little remaining firmness soon forsook her, at the scene which now presented itself.

In one particular spot, the grass, which was long, was trodden down, as if a desperate struggle had taken place — the ground was stained with blood; bones and fragments of clothing were scattered about—there lay his well-known straw hat; there hung his axe, from a cleft in a large bough, just as he was using it, when, as it seemed, he had been attacked by some wild beast.

Her eye glanced wildly over all this, and she fell fainting to the earth. It was long before she recovered her senses; though the poor dog licked her face and hands, and pulled at her dress as if to rouse her. When she did come to herself, the sun had set, and it was getting dusk. She turned shuddering from the scene before her, and prepared to retrace her steps; but she could not disregard Corney's earnest endeavours to draw her another way. She followed to the edge of a cliff,

and found herself again by the river. The boat lay moored at the bottom; she got in, Corney followed. There was just light enough to steer, and the stream carried it down to their old landing-place.

This night she did lift the latch of her widowed home with a broken heart. She had no tears or words to express her misery. The children ran to her, crying, but she only gazed upon them vacantly. Their nurse stood by in awe-struck silence, for she saw that something dreadful had happened; at last, whispering to the children that mamma was not well, she bade them kiss her and come to bed. At all times they were accustomed to obedience; and now that their mother, she whom they had always found so tender and playful, looked and behaved so strangely, they felt half afraid of her; so they put up their little faces and kissed her pale cheek, and stole off on tiptoe to their chamber.

Left alone, a feeling of self-reproach for having treated her children unkindly began once more to rouse her energies. She would have followed and caressed them, but she felt that she could not control herself sufficiently. "I shall but frighten them, poor things," she said; and, turning from their door, she seated herself by the fire, and, franticly burying her face in her hands, leant upon the table and wept such tears as man seldom weeps but once in his life.

The old woman, at her return, started at her changed appearance, for her eyes were swollen and her face flushed: but the immoveable, fixed, unutterable feeling of woe seemed in some degree to have passed away; and it was not long before her mistress summoned her to take the seat at the other side of the fire, and hear her dreadful tale, which she told with desperate resolution, in a low hurried voice, scarcely stopping to take breath.

It was long before even the faithful servant thought of rest, and then it was with difficulty she could persuade her mistress to do the same.

The first thing on awaking next morning, Granny revolved in her mind what would be the best plan of proceeding. In the first place she determined that she alone would perform the painful task of collecting and burying her master's remains; and, suspecting that her mistress's devoted affection might excite her to the attempt, she summoned up all the arguments she could think of to dissuade her from it. But they were unnecessary; and of that she felt convinced, as soon as she looked upon her languid, flushed countenance. In spite of a violent headache and pain in her limbs, Emily Campbell endeavoured to get up, but could not stand; and with reluctance she abandoned the sacred duty of collecting all that now remained of one who had been so dear to her.

It was a melancholy home, to which the old woman returned late in the evening. Even Corney seemed hardly to know it. No cheerful fire or light, and, yet worse, no cheerful voices. The children were crying by their mother's bed, for she had been unable to rise; and it was with a husky, half-choked voice, that the poor sufferer faintly but eagerly asked, "Is it done?"

She seemed thankful that her faithful messenger had satisfactorily performed her commission, but she heard with disappointment that the remains were also interred. She had hoped to witness their last consignment to earth herself, but she was soon reconciled even to giving up that, for her illness became more and more violent, and for many days her faithful attendant almost despaired of preserving her life.

Amidst all this trouble, Stephen's return was hailed with more delight than any thing that could have happened, excepting the return of the lost husband, father, and master. He heard their sad tale with grief and horror. For several years the chief object of his thoughts had been to preserve that life which had been thus ignominiously sacrificed; and his greatest delight had been the kindness and confidence with which his master repaid his fidelity. Now all had passed. No token remained of the being he had so loved, but the little hillock which his fellow-servant and mourner had

heaped over his bones, covered with turf, and protected with a fence.

The first impression on his mind, as it became more calm, however, was, how in all probability his master's dying thoughts had turned to him as the protector of his wife and children; and, as soon as he could muster resolution to meet the altered eye and countenance of his once gay-hearted mistress, he hastened to offer his services.

She thanked him with tears of gratitude, and spoke of his past behaviour in terms which made poor Stephen's heart seem well nigh like to burst with mingled pain and pleasure; and he was glad to turn the subject to the arrangement of their future plans.

On their first coming to settle in those untrodden regions, the carriage which had conveyed them from Toronto had been left at a little settlement about ten miles off; the smaller one had been able to penetrate four or five miles further into the forest, where they had erected a shed for its reception; the horses only had completed the journey. It was therefore agreed that, with the assistance of the latter, they should proceed to the settlement, where, in the house of an honest family that Stephen had become acquainted with, they should wait while he returned for the little property it might be thought worth while to fetch from their former home.

Matters being so far arranged, all were eager for departure. There was little to be done, and the third day from that was fixed for their journey.

In the afternoon preceding that day, Mrs. Campbell wandered restlessly from place to place. She watched Stephen and Granny busily engaged in concluding their preparations, for they were to leave the next morning at daybreak; but she seemed not to heed them. At last, summoning resolution, she asked Stephen if he could spare time to row her up the river. "I should like to see the place once more," she added with a faltering voice.

Stephen's heart beat thick, for he had not yet mustered resolution to go near the fatal spot; but his mistress seemed to have set her mind upon the indulgence of such a melancholy fancy, and he was soon following her silently across to the river.

Just as they arrived there, Corney, who had been left at home, overtook them at full speed. This was an unusual infringement of the laws which he seemed to have laid down for himself; but, not intending to be long from home, they would have taken him into the boat: however, with a most unaccountable capriciousness he declined the invitation, and, after standing some minutes in a doubtful manner, as if dissatisfied with their proceedings, he jogged off in a sulky way by himself along the river bank, in an opposite direction, and presently they saw him on

the brow of the hill, galloping home again at full speed.

Stephen rowed hard, partly to drive away thought, and it was with a sickening feeling of horror that Mrs. Campbell perceived, in a much shorter time than it had taken her to reach it under Corney's guidance through the forest, that they were approaching the spot; which, as Stephen suggested, his master must have visited more than once, or how should the dog have tracked him? — for it was evident that he went the last time in the boat.

Presently, she pointed out to Stephen the spot where she wished to land, and, to his great satisfaction, did not ask him to accompany her. She dragged her trembling frame with difficulty up the steep bank of a little ravine or dried water-channel, which brought her to the top of the cliff, and soon the scene was again before her eyes which had, since the fatal day she first saw it, almost incessantly haunted her imagination. It was partly to remove this impression — to look upon it without those dreadful tokens of death— that she once again visited it.

But, though the long grass had sprung up again, and nothing but a few dry leaves were scattered about, her imagination was too busy to let her catch the quiet of the scene. She could not resist drawing nearer to look upon the place where the

last stroke of his axe had fallen. The axe itself lay at the foot of the tree. There was a large cleft in one of the branches, from which it appeared to have fallen. The branch was in its usual position, but the sides of the cleft did not quite meet; something protruded beyond; she drew nearer — and beheld the remains of a skeleton hand. An explanation of his tragic end seemed now to flash before her: his hand had got wedged in the cleft, and he had fallen a helpless prey to some wild beast.

Faint and giddy with horror, yet fascinated as if by a spell, she leaned forward to examine the hideous spectacle still nearer.

The flesh appeared to have been eaten away by insects, for the finger-bones lay there clean and unmoved; but to her this circumstance passed unobserved, her whole attention was riveted to one object—it was a diamond ring!

To her, at that moment, a diamond ring would have seemed of no more value than a bit of coloured glass: but this ring, which she indistinctly perceived glimmering in the dark recess, seemed of inestimable value and importance, as being an ornament which her husband had never worn.

She had intended, on the first discovery of the hand, to overcome her repugnance, and pay a parting tribute to her husband's memory by collecting the bones herself. But now a feeling of awe and uncertainty came over her — she could

not touch them. Wild with hope of she knew not what, and almost doubting her own senses, she flew to the edge of the cliff and called loudly to Stephen, who, fearful of some misfortune, was by her side in a minute.

"Look here, Stephen," she said, guiding him rapidly towards the tree, "look here! your master did not wear a ring! for Heaven's sake, get me out those bones!"

"Was this the place?" asked Stephen, looking round him with terror.

"Oh, yes, yes!" she answered, impatiently. "See, there is the axe—the hand has been caught in the cleft . . . ." She ceased speaking, to watch in breathless anxiety, while Stephen, with a piece of stick, drew the bones from their resting-place and received them on the top of his hat.

The bones separated in moving, and the ring slipped to the ground. She picked it up, and gazed eagerly at an inscription inside, and then, with a wild look of amazement, handed it to the astonished servant, who knew well that it was none of his master's.

"Federigo Monti!" he exclaimed, starting back with surprise, "he that was shot in the duel? that is impossible!"

"His brother! his brother!" she faintly ejaculated. Stephen saw her turn paler and paler and about to sink; so, hastily securing the ring, and

throwing from him the bones, which he could no longer reverence as his master's, he caught her in his arms and carried her down to the boat.

There, as they glided gently down the stream, she gradually recovered, and was soon able to converse with him on the hopeful discovery which they had made. Among other things which their new view of the case suggested, they could not fail to remark that Corney's behaviour throughout had not been what might have been expected from a dog of his faithful nature. He had never visited the grave, or appeared to be agitated by any feelings except those of anger, when at the supposed scene of his master's death. The river seemed his great attraction, and he always showed much anxiety to continue his rambles further down, where it emptied itself into a lake.

The immediate result of this day's discovery was that, instead of their all leaving the next day, as had been planned, Stephen alone launched out on the stormy lake in the little boat, taking with him a week's provisions, and some tools and baubles, with which he purposed bribing the Indians of a neighbouring tribe to assist him in his search. He was not long absent.

One dark evening, the wind was moaning among the trees of the forest, and the waves of the lake dashed sullenly upon the rocky shore, as Emily Campbell sat by the cheerful fire, her pale face

resting on her thin fingers, and her eyes gazing vacantly on the blazing wood. The children, who had been in vain trying to make mamma play with them as she used to do, had abandoned the attempt, and were amusing themselves with the quiet but not uninteresting diversion of watching Granny preparing their supper. But it was not the merry time it used to be to them.

Suddenly, Corney, who was sleeping on the hearth, gave a loud growl and started upon his feet. The next instant the yard-gate was heard to shut. The little ones looked with round eyes and open mouths to see Granny, who always did every thing so nicely, drop the bread and butter she was cutting on the floor, and poor mamma, who seemed a minute before as if she could not even look up, spring towards the door, nearly overturning one of them in her way. But she could do no more; she stood as if petrified. The next minute she thought must decide her fate. Corney snuffed and whined, as if he heard a well-known footstep; but it might be only Stephen's.

A tap at the window-shutter dispelled all doubt —it was his custom and manner of doing it exactly; the very children knew it and shrieked with delight, as, scrambling out of their seats, they cried out, "It's papa! it's papa!"

And true enough it was.

The door opened, and, but for the well-known

face, a figure, scarcely to be recognized for the coarse and tattered garments which hung about it, presented itself, followed by Stephen, whose honest countenance grinned unutterable delight at the scene of joy which ensued.

When, however, the latter, who felt as if he had already received the reward of his success in contemplating the happy group before him, could at last turn away his eyes and recover the power of speaking with tolerable calmness, he approached the old woman, who stood a little aloof, wiping away her tears of joy with the corner of her apron, and exclaimed: "Well, Granny, this is the best day's work I ever did."

"Where did you find him?" sobbed Granny.

"Find him!" repeated Stephen with emphasis —"why, would you suppose it? with his feet chained in a dirty hut, making nets for some vagabonds belonging to the fisheries, which that devil of a fellow had drawn into his service. It was he spirited him away, after all. I suppose you know the story of the duel?" he added, with a knowing, mysterious look.

Granny looked doubly mysterious, and nodded her head.

"Well, I should be sorry to exult over any one, especially a poor wretch caught as he was, but it *does* look providential-like. Why, could you credit such villany!—before his men carried off

master, he dressed himself in his clothes, meaning to come here in disguise in the evening: the men were to make the best of their way to their own station, which is a good bit off, and keep master a close prisoner till farther orders. He told them he should find food at the house, and would follow in the little boat—fancy how master liked that! He'd have been a nice visiter," added Stephen, with peculiar emphasis, pursing up his mouth and opening his eyes: and Granny, fully sensible of their escape, blessed herself, and said: "Only think if he *had* come!"

"Well," continued the narrator, "so he turns back to the place where master had been chopping, and that was the last they saw of him. They must have pulled hard not to have heard him: he must have been going to get the axe from the cleft, which had closed on it by the weight of the large bough, when . . . . ."

"Stephen!"

"Yes, sir."

"Why you and Granny seem to have so much to say to each other, you forget we have had nothing to eat all day; so get a good supper, and we will all sit down together, and be merry and thankful that we have all met again. Yes, you and all my darlings," added the happy father, patting the little faces which now looked up to him imploringly, as if expecting that they should be sent

to bed as usual: "and mind, Granny," he said, calling to the old woman, who was bustling out of the room, "let us have none of your economy, for," added he, in a lower voice, looking affectionately upon his once more happy wife, "Emily, this shall be our last night in the Backwoods."

THE AGED MAN.

BY MISS ELIZABETH SCAIFE.

"What wouldst thou, thou fair young child,
In thy hours of sunny glee,
What wouldst thou, what wouldst thou,
With an aged man like me?"

"O come, come! for the flowers are sweet,
And the grass is tender beneath our feet,
And the heavens are bright, there is not a cloud,
And the lonely cuckoo is calling aloud,
And my sisters are waiting—my sisters three,
And our little brother—alike for thee.
O come, come! to our garden-bower,
Thou couldst not have a more genial hour.
O come, come! for we love thee well,
And have many a pleasant thing to tell."

And the fair child took the old man's hand
And led him thence away
To a garden-bower, where her sisters three
And her brother were at play.

And I heard their voices of gladsome glee,
As they welcomed the old man merrily,
And prepared for him the pleasantest seat,
And presented him with their flow'rets sweet,
And crowded around him—a joyous throng—
Who knew not of sorrow, or care, or wrong,
But whose hearts were glad and whose minds were free
From every maturer apathy.
And they sang a song for the good old man,
And thus their innocent numbers ran.

"Up, up, with the bee!
Away o'er the dewy lea,
Over the fields and the meadow land,
Where the wild flowers grow at our God's command,
Are we, are we!

"Up, up, with the lark!
To wander forth and mark
Each beautiful thing
On its lightsome wing,
And to each sweet murmur hark.

"Up, up, with the day!
To bless our God and pray.
Up, up, to behold how fair
Are the works of His hand and how good they are.
Up, up, and away!"

Miss F. Corbaux Pinx.t London. Publ.d by Ackermann & Co. 101. 1841. J. A. Vinkom Sculp.t

THE PARTED.

THE PARTED.

BY MRS. ELIZA WALKER.

'Tis night—the moon, with regal pride,
Calls forth the stars, her path to guide;
Ten thousand hosts that call obey,
And light with gems her onward way.
'Tis night—the beautiful and still,
When silence broods o'er vale and hill—
The forest tree, whose branches high,
Rear their heads fondly to the sky,
To catch the first fresh breath of day,
Or steal its latest sigh away,
Is calm and stirless, as the flower,
Which lives its brief, but balmy hour,
In lowly beauty at his feet;
And, for the shade, pays incense sweet.

But, though in earth and heaven there's peace,
The wail of Sorrow doth not cease.
Nature, through all her ranks, may sleep—
But Man still wakes, to watch and weep;
And ne'er are tears more bitter shed,
No hour hath more of doom and dread,

Than when with breath, which seems to fail,
The icy lip, convuls'd and pale,
Gasps forth Farewell!—that word of woe,
To one lov'd best of all below!

And, Eva, now such task is thine,
Thy country calls thee to resign
The husband of one little year—
The father of thine infant dear,
Wars deadly storms and strife to share,
Leaving thee nought but dark despair.
Thou know'st, when gleams morn's earliest ray,
The ship which anchors in the bay
Will bear him from thy aching sight—
Well may'st thou dread the coming light!
Day breaks too soon—the last fond word,
The last wild shriek of love, is heard—
The vessel sails—away—away—
Eva, 'tis vain to weep—go pray.—

Years glide—and Peace her banner waves,
How often o'er untimely graves!
But 'mid War's carnage one is spar'd
Who all its fiercest perils dar'd.
With Glory's chaplet on his brow
Unscath'd, unharm'd, he hastens now
To soothe her firm and faithful love,
Even Fame's bright trophies priz'd above.

She reads the scroll, whose welcome page
Suspense and boding fears assuage.
Again 'tis to her bosom press'd,
Again with fondest rapture bless'd—
Her girl, like her, of beauty rare,
Must now the mother's transport share—
The child insists, with baby glee,
Her father's pictur'd self to see—
In sportive mood, the cherub tries
With outstretch'd arms to seize the prize.
But ere the loving strife is o'er,
Who enters at the half-clos'd door?
Whose stealthy step hath dar'd intrude
Upon the sacred solitude?
Whose hand the darling girl hath grasp'd?
Whose vigorous arm hath Eva clasp'd?
And to whose bosom are they press'd?—
A sire's, a husband's—guess the rest.

THE MOURNER.

When on the bed of sickness laid,
And friends I loved were by,
I begged for life—I wept, I pray'd,
And felt I dared not die.
Oh! had I known the boon I crav'd,
How drear the days to come,
How cheerless the existence sav'd,
I would have hail'd the tomb.

One final pang and I had slept
Upon the bed of rest;
The friends I lov'd had watch'd and wept,
And I been with the blest.
But now I live to stand alone
Upon a barren shore,
And see each dear and valued one
Depart, to come no more.

Look at yon wither'd plant, no more
It charms the stranger's eye;
Yet goodly blossoms once it bore,
Though strew'd around they lie.
The young and gay pass idly by,
And turn their heads aside;
The parent tree hangs droopingly,
No more the garden's pride.

My fate there read — It is in vain
You bid me cease to mourn;
You say that plant will bloom again,
That Spring will soon return.
The Spring will come, the tear will dry,
When broken life's dull chain:
So in the earth that plant must lie,
Ere it shall bloom again.

THE FATAL SHAFT.

A TALE OF THE "FAR WEST."

BY RICHARD JOHNS,

AUTHOR OF LEGEND AND ROMANCE, AFRICAN AND EUROPEAN, &c.

"Is it true, think you?"
"Five Justices' hands to it."
WINTER'S TALE.

SINCE the days of Darby and Joan, never could there have been a nicer couple than Mr. and Mrs. Poltwinny. Many are paired, but these were matched; and, if not born for each other, the wonder would be why they came into this world at all: yet in their relative positions well did they fulfil the apparent purpose of their being; helpmates and copartners, changeless amid change, pursuing in harmony the even tenor of their way. But, once upon a time, Mr. Poltwinny, in an evil moment, nearly destroyed this fair fabric of tranquil happiness by a single inconsiderate act—we had almost said youthful indiscretion—though, as few remembered Mr. and Mrs. Poltwinny to have been young, it is probable the old gentleman had sown his wild oats ere our tale commences.

The ancient pair lived on a comfortable an-

nuity, which supplied all the wants, and afforded many of the superfluities of life. They dwelt in their own cottage, redeemed of the land-tax, and too small to come under other assessments; even the parson did not get a *tenth* apple or gooseberry out of their garden, since Mr. Poltwinny not being a horticulturist, its arrangements were always at "*sixes* and *sevens*." Could the old people have been more happy? for, to crown all, their lot was cast in a temperate climate, in a respectable neighbourhood, and in a county remarkable for longevity. Yet, though the inhabitants of that part of the world *did* live a long time, now and then it would happen that a neighbour died; and, on one occasion, which falls in our province to mention, Death most impertinently took unto himself, and to the churchyard of Chatterton, a very wealthy man, who, among other bequests, willed "to his kind and quiet neighbours, Sarah and Peter Poltwinny, the estate called St. Ernst."

Now the reader may perhaps be envying our old friends this piece of good fortune; but, though the property was well let, and worth a full hundred a year, we doubt not it would have been much better for Mr. and Mrs. Poltwinny had any covetous person possessed it rather than themselves. That hitherto harmonious couple found the apple of discord in the said little farm of St. Ernst. Mr. Poltwinny wanted to go and see it

without delay, while Mrs. Poltwinny, who never went farther than the bowling-green, "for a bit of a turn in the evening," thought there need be no hurry in the matter. "To be sure, they would go some time or other, that is to say, when there was a *fitty* and proper day: but she couldn't abide to be fussed; and Mr. P. was always a nag, nag, nag, about going; and it hurt her more than any body could tell." Thus would the old lady pour the secret of her sorrows into the eagerly listening ears of the gentle gossips of the town, who, sympathizing creatures, would lift their open palms to the level of their chins in commiseration: and wisely did they shake their heads as they declared "men would be men," and that "poor women had a great deal to put up with," till Mrs. Poltwinny actually believed herself the most injured wife in the parish.

We are strong advocates for married ladies having their own way, but then we would suggest the propriety of their conceding a proportionate freedom of action to their husbands, ere they take on themselves this privilege. As this is a true history, it must be confessed Mrs. Poltwinny might have regarded her ancient helpmate's anxiety to inspect his landed property with a little more forbearance; more particularly, as the prospect of the jaunt had its gratification even to her. Yes, often would she put forth the luckless proposition,

"Now, Mr. Poltwinny, let's talk about going to St. Ernst, just for a bit of a cosey chat;" with this prelude commencing that communion of soul which usually followed their two-o'clock meal. It was then that, seated on either side the fire-place, and gravely arguing the St. Ernst question, the old people would prose each other to sleep after dinner, if Mr. Poltwinny's perverseness in trying to *fix* a day for the excursion did not produce a squabble requiring the best part of the afternoon to make up. We will, so far as our feeble pen enables us, give to the reader one of these discussions: sad to say, it was the last that the journey to St. Ernst afforded them; the subject ever afterwards possessing too painful reminiscences to be idly renewed.

It was a gala day at Chatterton. May had not, at the period of which we write, become a cold, blowing, wintry month, and it was appropriately ushered in with festivities. Our scene is laid in rather a primitive part of old England. On this occasion there was much merriment without much intemperance, and the joyous dance was not confined within the walls of the dwellings, but took its course along the streets. Music hailed the dawn, and carolled through the day. Even the parish-beadle forgot to be churlish. Yet all this merry-making had but little effect on Mr. and Mrs. Poltwinny. They had passed the age

for such uproarious mirth; added to which, the debates occasioned by the possession of the St. Ernst estate had gone far to absorb every minor interest. The dinner had been removed by the maiden who took charge of the Poltwinny household department, when the old gentleman suddenly remarked, "I wonder, Mrs. Poltwinny, if we ever *shall* get to St. Ernst."

The patient partner of the impatient querist, for this was evidently a leading question in disguise, did not accustom herself to take offence at an early stage of the conversation; so she quietly replied, "I am sure I have not the least objection to going — you can't say I ever refused to go, Mr. Poltwinny—now can ee?"

"No, my dear," coaxingly rejoined the old man, "you never did: and I *should* like to see the farm some fine afternoon. It's barely three miles off, and if ee don't care to walk, why the cost of a car there and back will be only five shillings: and we can take our own tea and sugar and a seedy cake, and Farmer Freeman will boil the kettle for us—" and here the speaker paused for breath, having, in eagerness to gain his heart's fondest wish, expended more of that commodity than so short an harangue warranted.

"Mr. Poltwinny, I told ee before, and I tell ee now, that I have no objection," gravely responded the old lady.

"Thank ee, my dear, thank ee. Why, please sure, I have set my mind upon going, and don't ee know that we've had the place nine months come midsummer? When shall it be then, Mrs. Poltwinny? suppose we say to-morrow."

"How can ee be so foolish, Mr. Poltwinny!" snappishly returned his helpmate, for they had now arrived at the point dangerous of their discourse. "How can ee be so foolish! don't ee know that to morrow's washing-day?"

"Well, well, my dear, then say Wednesday."

"Oh! bless my heart! Mr. Poltwinny, what can have come to ee? Wednesday the maiden will be drying and folding, and you know *I* do always help her."

"Never mind, then, Mrs. Poltwinny, suppose we name Thursday?"

"Dear! dear! why the man must be a born fool! what can make ee forget the ironing? It's enough to tire the patience of a tender lamb. I wish ee'd go without me, please sure, I do; like a tearing, gallivanting man as ee are!"

Here the ancient dame gave symptoms of a cry, though her insinuations respecting the infidelity of her spouse were most unjust. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Chatterton, never had there been a continuous separation for more than an hour between Mr. and Mrs. Poltwinny; nor had it ever entered into the old gentleman's head,

till then, that it was *possible* for him to go to St. Ernst by himself.

"Mrs. Poltwinny, don't cry—'tis very foolish to cry for such a trifle—what a fuss ee do make about it." Thus saying, with a look of peculiar sagacity, Peter Poltwinny went to the cupboard and brought out a bottle. "We'll have another glass, Mrs. Poltwinny, as 'tis holiday time, and drop the subject." The old lady said nothing, which was a good sign—she *had* another glass and was comforted.

There happened to be an interregnum of repose in the town; the maiden "had liberty" for the evening; she had set the "tea-things" and gone out, leaving the kettle in charge of her master and mistress, who, glad of an excuse for a fire, agreed that they might as well burn the coals in the parlour as in the kitchen.

It is now necessary that the reader should be introduced, with all imaginable perspicuity, to the Poltwinny *salle à manger*. It was a snug little apartment, twelve feet by ten, warmly carpeted; four high-backed chairs of black wood stood sentry against the dark wainscoting, and a mushroom-shaped table bore on its glossy mahogany the aforesaid "tea-things." The most affecting portions of the history of the prodigal son had suggested subjects for three prints over the mantelpiece; beneath which, prostrate before the fender,

was a worsted tiger, on a green field of the same material, surrounded by a coffee-coloured fringe, the whole being the work of Mrs. Poltwinny's industrious hands. That beast of prey was an awful-looking animal, much resembling a yellow donkey, streaked and spotted with black, the hoofs being removed and giving place to long claws, much too terrific to gaze upon, had they not, by their form and colour, called to our recollection sundry bunches of young carrots. Mrs. Poltwinny was not a nervous woman, yet surely nothing but custom, and the fact of the appalling monster being the creation of her own fancy, could have reconciled her to slumber, as she was then doing, like Tippoo Saib, with a tiger's head for a footstool.

This brings us to the arm-chair on either side of the fireplace. In one of these reclined Mrs. Poltwinny, a sharp-faced little dame, whose wizened cheeks, wearing a ruddy tinge, reminded you of winter apples kept long in store. Round her head was the close quilling of a high cap, decorated with pink bows, which confined a smart front of auburn curls, made from her own hair, as she positively declared, though when cut off was never stated—the only affectation our ancient friend sported being a dislike to confess herself gray. A long-waisted, plum-coloured, silk gown, crossed by a tightly-pinned shawl, snow-white stockings, and some-

what high-heeled slippers, completed the costume of the sleeper.

And now, disregarding the syren voice of the teakettle which was beginning to sing, and merely mentioning, *en passant*, that it was shining in all the radiance of bright copper, we will take a glance at the opposite chair and introduce Peter Poltwinny to the reader. The old gentleman was of opinion that he was about the middle height; but this is an altitude so few confess they are below, that we are not at all surprised he had taken the medium at five feet two, for such was he in his shoes. Still, if Mr. Poltwinny did not carry a high head among the children of men, he certainly bore a very long one, which many think far better. He had a long nose too, and a long chin, and these seemed bent in eternal consultation as to the width of his mouth, while his lengthy ears stood out as if listening to the debate. All these features were set in rather a cadaverous complexion, and formed the capital of a long body. Where then was the short-coming in Mr. Poltwinny's stature? the reader will naturally ask. It was in his legs. Though, so far as form went, straight and proper to look at, they appeared never to have arrived at their proper growth; and, cased as these extremities generally were in leather inexpressibles, blue hose, and buckled shoes, they seemed rather the appendages of a charity-boy, than belonging to so matured

and respectable an individual as our hero. Yes, Mr. Poltwinny is our hero. Without further preface we announce this important fact, ere we recommence the action of this domestic drama.

Slily and cautiously was he glancing at his sleeping partner with his little grey eyes, for Peter Poltwinny had not yielded to the influence of the drowsy god. There was a speculation in those orbs most unwonted. Uprose that old man with stealthy caution. It was a period of fearful excitement. We would fain pause in our narrative, but the daring act of that cruel husband must be revealed. We have witnessed many scenes of overpowering interest in certain melo-dramas that, however faintly, may in some degree approach the reality of this moment. How breathless is the effect when a deed of import is to be done, while a principal character in the piece slumbers! With what care will the lady or gentleman doing the waking business of the scene appear to ascertain that the recumbent party actually sleeps—no fox's sleep, but a *bona fide* sound nap. So completely absorbed have we been, during such a passage in the enthralling drama, that we have longed for an expressive snore to assure us of this fact. Return we now to the Poltwinnies.

The old man had approached the sleeping dame with noiseless foot. His hand was uplifted to reach his hat from a small side-table near her, when Mrs.

Poltwinny's nose gave utterance to that melody peculiar to slumber, and this drove Mr. Poltwinny back to his chair. In a moment he recovered himself sufficiently to draw comfort, rather than affright, from a sound which now at intervals testified that his unsuspecting wife actually slept. He gained his hat.—He cautiously approached the door.—He opened it—and, desperate man! in another instant he was on his way to St. Ernst.

The scene of this domestic perfidy was on the outskirts of the town, and Mr. Poltwinny traversed divers by-streets with hasty steps, it being then past four o'clock, and the goal of his desires lying nearly three miles on the other side of Chatterton. Whatever other errors he may have committed, we feel assured that the old gentleman never contemplated the awful wickedness of remaining out after nightfall.

Leaving him to pursue his way, we will return to his respectable and injured spouse, who continued tranquilly unconscious of the cruel treachery of her husband. Little did she dream that her unfortunate petulance in calling Mr. Poltwinny a "tearing, gallivanting man," and desiring him to "go to St. Ernst by himself," had literally put this daring idea into his head; and, alas! so quick is the growth of evil, it might not be impossible that the once staid and proper elderly gentleman would, in the end, deserve the character she had so heed-

lessly assigned him. Brightly the fire burnt, loudly the kettle sang, and soundly did Mrs. Poltwinny sleep. How many unwittingly slumber over a mine, remarks the moralist who would expatiate on the instability of all sublunary affairs, and finds in gunpowder the most powerful simile for his purpose. Now, Mrs. Poltwinny was actually, as well as figuratively, sleeping over a mine; but it was a mine not likely to blow her into the air; no, rather to precipitate her full fifty fathom deep into the bowels of the earth.

Since the days of those first of travelling Tinmen, the Phœnicians, that part of England of which we write has been a mining district. We are not composing a treatise on the Stannary laws, but we must observe that a custom existed formerly which has occasioned no small surprise of late years.—We refer to the practice of passing balks of timber across the mouth of a disused shaft of a mine, which, though they might have prevented the then rising generation from an untimely descent, have had the dangerous effect of obliterating all marks of such a chasm from the surface, by the collection of earthy and vegetable matter, till the very site has been frequently forgotten. Yes, thus may the enterprising building speculator, in planting his ten-pound freeholds on this soil, find that he is on the verge of a *burrow* which the Reform Bill never contemplated. Reader, Mrs. Poltwinny's

feet were on the tiger's head; the tiger reposed on the hearth; but the shaft of a mine, which just came within the limits of the shallow foundation of the cottage, was beneath that hearth-stone!

We know not if the primitive earth about the old-fashioned town of Chatterton trembled at Mr. Poltwinny's audacity, or whether a portion of the timbers covering the chasm had decayed; but it is certain that Mrs. Poltwinny was aroused from her slumber by a sound which to her sleeping ears strongly resembled thunder; and the old lady, when she opened her eyes, gazed into an abyss some hundred feet deep. Down, down had gone the hearth-stone. Down, down had gone fender and fire-irons. The tiger hung suspended, as if unwilling to proceed farther into an unknown country; and Mr. Poltwinny's chair had one leg in the grave. Let any elderly gentlewoman imagine the alarming position in which Mrs. Poltwinny was placed at this moment. The distracted old lady gave a shriek which would have been appalling, only nobody heard her. She did not dare to stir, for she felt toppling for a fall; so, all she could do was to scream, and even the shaking of her voice threatened to precipitate her into the pit.

It must not be supposed that our heroine's distress was all selfish. No;—verily believing that her respected husband had fallen a victim to that

"fatal shaft," loud was the lament she raised over his sudden departure. A shower of burning ashes now fell from the grate; and she fancied, as they descended, that she heard a faint groan. "Mr. Poltwinny—Mr. Poltwinny"—cried the agonized wife—"speak—are ee down there?" No answer was vouchsafed, seeing that Mr. Poltwinny was gone to St. Ernst. Already a widow in imagination, alas! there was no one to condole with her.

The kettle sang away as if nothing had happened, but glad are we to say that this unfeeling domestic rebel to a good mistress soon met with the fate it so richly deserved. Oppressed by the heat, and ultimately boiling over, it slipped from a high coal on which it was poised, lost its equilibrium, pitched on the tiger's back, and thence bounded into the ebon darkness beneath. It was immediately followed by the royal animal, thus bathed in hot water, and doubtless there was a fearful settlement in the depths of that mine. Lucky for Mr. Poltwinny that he was not "down there" to superintend it.

Strange it may appear that our ancient friend did not manage to push aside her chair, and escape from her fearful and inactive position, since no portion of the floor had descended with the hearthstone; but it must be remembered that the good lady, like the philosopher of old, wanted the fulcrum for her lever. Her feet dangled over the

shaft, nor could she slide out of her seat, which, being formed on an easy principle, walled her in on every side. No, all that Mrs. Poltwinny *could* do was most conscientiously performed—she screamed till she could scream no longer; and then employed herself, as she imagined, in looking after Mr. Poltwinny; an occupation which, in another sense, had been the whole business of her life. Nearly two hours had elapsed in this unpleasant predicament, when the sound of fiddles, drums, and fifes, arose in the distance: thus the prisoner hoped that succour was at hand, nor was the hope fallacious.

Having so far relieved the reader's anxiety respecting the worthy dame, we will follow Mr. Poltwinny to St. Ernst, whither he travelled as fast as his little legs could carry him. The farmer, his tenant, happened to be opportunely at home. They went into the farmyard and the fields, they looked into the cowsheds and the pigsties, indeed over the whole property and premises. The landlord was so delighted that he promised Farmer Freeman a new thatch to his barn; and Farmer Freeman, out of respect to the generous proprietor, opened a bottle of very curious old rum to ratify the agreement; concluding his attentions by driving Peter Poltwinny back to Chatterton in his taxed cart.

For the honour of human nature it must not be

supposed that the runaway husband indulged in all these pleasures without some small prickings of conscience, to say nothing of sundry apprehensions that Mrs. Poltwinny would never forgive him. He had tried to comfort himself in the belief that, as she usually slept long of an afternoon, her anxiety about him would be of short duration; but then again he recollected that, having foolishly left the kettle on the fire, it might boil over, and disturb her. Poor Mr. Poltwinny! could he but have guessed where that kettle then was! These distressing thoughts, however, had subsided under the influence of two or three glasses of punch: and, when the farmer set the worthy proprietor down at the entrance of the town, the happy little gentleman started for his house, certainly in a state of much bewildered excitement, but still with thorough enjoyment of spirit. The thirst of his soul was slaked—had he not been to St. Ernst? Thus he pursued his course with great hilarity.

The town was all harmony; music was playing, men and women were dancing, and why should he alone be unhappy? About the length of a street from his own cottage Mr. Poltwinny fell in with a string of youths and maidens, preceded by musicians, who, according to the custom of the town on that particular day, were performing most vigorously a kind of continuous figure, which en-

abled the dancers to progress through all the principal thoroughfares.

What demon tempted Mr. Poltwinny we know not, unless it might have been that spirit of Obi which is a native of our Western Indies, *videlicet*, rum; but true it is, though strange to say, he got entangled in the mazy dance, and this when he was not far from his own house, beneath the windows of his wife's most intimate acquaintance, Miss Weeks, an amiable spinster of fifty-three, whose only weakness was an excess of sympathetic friendship. With virtuous horror the antiquated maiden beheld the husband of her friend poussetting it with half a dozen damsels at once, as the merry-makers crowded round him, and the music poured forth its loudest strain. For Miss Weeks to slip on her bonnet and shawl, and dash out of her back-door, was but the work of a moment. "A scandalous, audacious old fellow! but I'll tell his wife of un!" and, so saying, by a short cut the sympathising neighbour reached her destination, and, without the ceremony of knocking, ran into the little parlour where we just now left poor Mrs. Poltwinny on the very brink of destruction.

"Where's your husband, my dear?" cried Miss Weeks, ere her hurried glance had quite taken in the peculiar position of her unhappy friend. Now the querist had fully assured herself

that the old gentleman was dancing through the streets; but then it was proper to ascertain under what false pretences he had gone abroad. With a burst of joyful tears at the arrival of help, Mrs. Poltwinny, still seated in her arm-chair like an affrighted tenant of an up-and-down at a fair, pointed to the chasm before her, and sobbed out: "Pull me back! pull me back! he's tumbled down there!"

To have found a friend in so extraordinary a dilemma, we might suppose would have changed the current of the sternest thoughts; but no; a duty was to be performed—"Miss Weeks *would* shew Mrs. Poltwinny what kind of a man her husband was"—so, reserving all questions as to the scene before her, the indignant virgin exclaimed, "Down there, my dear woman! he's dancing the streets with the maidens;" and, whirling the chair round with much dexterity, she raised the injured wife on terra-firma, and hurried her to the bay-window. "Look at un, look at un!" said Miss Weeks. "How did ee get such a hole in the floor, my dear? Look at the audacious old fellow! I would not live with un after this, that I wouldn't. What made ee think he was down in the pit, my dear soul? Why the mercy is you didn't go in yourself."

Thus questioned and ejaculated this invaluable neighbour, while poor Mrs. Poltwinny was staring

with distended eyes at her husband "dancing with the maidens." The little man at length extricated himself from the merry group, and, catching a glance of his wife, together with the fair counsellor at her right hand, he approached the door with that downcast expression of visage and unobtrusive demeanour which have been classically said to remind one of a dog that has burnt his tail.

"Where have ee been, you cruel thing you? a'n't ee ashamed of yourself? Oh, the fright I've had about ee!" cried Mrs. Poltwinny to the truant as he entered.

The old man was aghast, for he knew that the truth must come out one time or another. He looked at his wife, and then at Miss Weeks, and then at his wife again, while his small legs trembled under him.

"I've been to St. Ernst," said Mr. Poltwinny.

Mrs. Poltwinny had borne up wonderfully the whole of that afternoon; she had believed her husband entombed alive—she had herself been in imminent peril; and, when rescued from this, she had beheld the partner of her bosom, whom she had mourned as dead, wantonly dancing with maidens of low degree—all this she had supported like a heroine, but human nature could not stand such a climax to the distresses of the day; Mr. Poltwinny said he had been to St. Ernst, and Mrs. Poltwinny—swooned!

It was many a long month ere the harmony of the Poltwinnies was restored, and it is supposed that the reconciliation of the old couple would never have been effected had they not removed from the neighbourhood of which Miss Weeks formed so distinguished an ornament, in consequence of the *breaking-up* of their domestic hearth; but never again did Mr. and Mrs. Poltwinny talk of "going to St. Ernst."

THE ICE-PALACE.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

It is related that in the severe winter of 1740, the Russian Empress Anne had a palace erected at Petersburg on the bank of the Neva the walls, floors, roof, and ornaments of which were made of ice. Six pieces of cannon and two mortars, which stood before it, and which were fired, were formed entirely of the same material.

The Empress Anna by the Neva's shore
Once raised a stately palace. There she set
Full many a heaven-kissing minaret,
And there of glittering ornament was store,
Mocking the splendour of the gems she wore—
Each like a star—upon her diadem.
Yet had that palace neither gold nor gem;
Of frozen water were its walls and floor.
How beautiful! until the spring-tide sun
Gleamed on the ice, and lo—the palace gone!——
So in the heart does Hope raise many a shrine,
Like crystal sparkling in the morn of Youth,
Yea, like the diamond flashing from the mine,
And thus they sink before the beams of Truth.

THE FISHERMAN OF THE WURDA.

A STORY OF MADRAS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

WHY is it that, in sickness, in sorrow, and in exile, we ever send forth our fancies to feed on the spectral pastures of the Past? It is that Memory is at best a pensive spirit, over whose most joyous sensations a melancholy plaintiveness presides, which, like the song of the nightingale, harmonizes better with the falling shadows of night, than with the garish light of day. There are periods, it is true, when Memory is freighted with a thousand white thoughts and fairy visions; but they are thoughts that are only the ghosts of departed pleasures, and visions that display the flowery landscape *behind* us—the primrose paths we have trod, and perhaps left for ever! The Past, however blissful it may have been, is *but* the Past; nor can unmingled enjoyment ever link itself with the recollections of what has been. The tangible pleasures of the Present are all that can convey genuine satisfaction; and these cannot of course belong to Memory, since Memory, like the hare, "hath still a backward look."

The scene before me is fair, and in after-years it may possibly recur to me with a melancholy sensation of pleasure; but now my mental vision wanders far away to unforgotten shores—the wild and stern majesty of Argyle, the varied and picturesque scenery of Yorkshire, or the milder but scarcely less endearing beauty of Somerset. Our eastern land is a gorgeous one, but it is a *picture land!* It better suits the portfolio of an artist, the "tesselated pages of an album," than the personal contact of hand or foot, or constitution. It is fair to look upon, but let us see it in a diorama. It has all the capabilities of producing a superb and showy painting, or series of paintings; but it will not do to tread those sunny tracts, to wander among those glittering scenes, that look so well on canvas. The sunbeams that impart life to the picture give death to the wanderer who dares their influence; and those grotesque groups of trees and jungle, bright with flowers and birds, whose very plumage seems a flower-bed, afford shelter to beasts of prey, and reptiles, whose venom is as powerful and deadly as their colours are beautiful.

There are squirrels sporting before my door. I love those graceful little creatures, so wild, so boldly shy, so untameably regardless of the endearments of Man! Parroquets, with green feathers and roseate bills, are fluttering noisily among

the cocoa-trees, with a mad sort of rompishness allied to intoxication. They are delighted, no doubt, with the sudden shower which has so refreshingly cooled the air, or, perhaps, they have been banqueting on the seeds of the cotton plant, which, if Pomet, a botanist of other years, is to be credited, "fuddle the parroquets." The oleander scents and beautifies the little garden-plot before me, and the wild plants that spring profusely around are full of beauty. Would that I were a botanist to describe them! But there, in the hedge, is the singular Tree of the Three Dresses! First it cometh forth like a fairy, all in a garb of green, covered from top to toe with a rich robe of that loveliest colour; presently, ere many weeks have passed, it suddenly droppeth its emerald raiment, and, all leafless and barren, appeareth a black and withered stump. By and by, however, buds of unseen flowers deck the squalid branches, and lo! all at once, in one night, arrayed in a stole of crimson glory, our vegetable Proteus blazes forth upon the sight, a tree of harmless lightning! It has now assumed its third costume, and that hedge looks in the distance like an avenue of fire. There is not a green leaf nor brown bud to vary the scarlet splendour of its pride, for every capsule has burst forth into a blossom of unexampled brilliancy. This tree is the *Butea Frondosa*.

Yonder in the corner, near the margin of that neglected bowry (reader, bowry is not a bower, but a huge well), are the glowing apples of the racy tomato. Beside them, in dangerous proximity, droop the superb corollæ of the deadly stramonium—so nearly neighboured are the Useful and the Hurtful in this world! Here, close to the veranda, is another poisonous plant of extreme beauty; it is thorny, its leaves resembling those of a thistle, but they are of a delicate sea-green, and each stalk is surmounted by a flower, which is a perfect gem of elegance. It is of bright yellow, looking like a golden chalice, has six petals surrounding innumerable stamens and pistils, for the plant is polyandrous, while a pyramidal germen is crowned by a ruby-coloured stigma. It is the *Argemone Mexicana*, and it is said that the Bheels and wild people of our northern Circars poison their kreeses and arrows with a preparation from its juice. In spite of its winning beauty, the weed exhales a fetid odour, indicative no doubt of its hurtful propensities. A thousand graceful little herbs are springing up around me, but memory loves to dwell on the dearer plants of home. Ah! how I long to look on a daisy! It is in truth the very flower of Home; that which seems chiefly dedicated to our household gods; the first that attracts our infantile gaze, the last to be forgotten; the flower whose growth upon

his grave a dying poet, Keats, imagined he could hear! There is another wild plant, which grows rifely on the wolds of Lancashire, and is sometimes found in the north of Scotland; very dear to me for its delicate gracefulness is the fumitory. There are two species, but the one I love is parasitical, and its long pink streamers of blossoms are the prettiest garlands of our Highland hedges. Another favourite is the agrimony, whose spikes of topaz-tinted florets and hirsute leaves, when bruised, emit a fragrance almost like that of the lemon.

"But what has your agrimony of Scotland to do with the Fisherman of the Wurda?"

Ah, true! true! the old man has been wandering from his task.

It was on one of those exquisitely serene evenings, which are peculiar to the northern parts of the Madras Presidency, in the month of January, that the refreshing coolness of the air invited me forth to inhale its salubrious excitement. I bent my steps towards the banks of the Wurda,* a fine

* "Wurda River. (*Varada, granting prayers.*) This river has its source in the Injardy Hills, two miles north of the Barvoly Pass in the province of Berar, whence it flows in a south-east direction, and, after a course of about two hundred miles, falls into the Godavery. Since the 25th of December, 1803, its channels mark the boundary which separates the Nizam's territories from those of the Nagpoor Mahrattas."—*Hamilton.*

and undulating stream, near which my little detachment was encamped, and whose gurgling and pellucid waters, transparent as glass, flickered in the vesper sunshine. I could not help gazing with an admiration bordering on enthusiasm upon the sublime beauty of the luminary of day, as his last roseate tinges shed a thousand glowing rays on the surface of the stream, which dimpled up, as if to receive the precious gift with a grateful yet tranquil emotion. The sky was variegated, like a Highlander's plaid, with streaks of gold and purple; and the sun, as he declined in radiant pomp behind the distant mountains, flushed the prevailing azure with a fiery light. Gradually he sank, and at last disappeared, leaving behind a bright sheet of splendour which streamed across the heavens.

Absorbed in that depth of admiration whose eloquence is silence, I stood on the margin of the river, scarcely conscious that its limpid waters were encroaching on my feet, when the sound of something in the element that winded and writhed in many a fantastic contortion before me attracted my attention; and I observed in the bed of the stream a fisherman, busily employed in the pursuit of his avocation. He was old, careworn, and haggard; and so feeble, so faint, he seemed, with such a touching expression of hopeless misery imprinted on his striking countenance, that he deeply

interested me in his fate. Observing that my gaze was upon him, he murmured some ejaculation of complaint in the Hindoostani tongue, and pointed to the opposite bank of the river. I turned my eyes in the direction indicated, and beheld a female, whose slight and delicate form, as she crouched among the bushes, had before escaped my notice. She was muttering something which sounded like the *mursia,* or death-song, from the emphatic cadence which ended each sentence; and, on perceiving that I regarded her with extreme curiosity, she suddenly ceased, and, bending her head among the shrubs, burst into a wild, unearthly laugh. I instantly guessed that she was a *Dewanee,* or maniac.

Beckoning the old fisherman to approach the shore, I purchased his whole stock of fish for the next month by anticipation, and, making him sit down on the bank near me, I requested him to tell me all he knew of the history of the Dewanee. The following is a summary recital of the incidents which he related to me; they are thrown together without study or care; had they fallen into abler hands they might have been invested with more interest than my slender powers can impart.

Hoossain Beg was an inhabitant of one of those rich valleys between Hydrabad and Nagpore, where the succession of ample harvests seems to pastoralize the lives of the peasantry, by removing

them from the luxuries or the wants so frequently following on each other in such districts as are less cultivated, or less blest by abundance. He was a *Khetihar*, or farmer, and, though not opulent, was surrounded by plenty. His own cattle and flocks yielded him milk and butter; his fields supplied him with fruitful crops of maize, jowarra, and other Indian grains, and his poultry with delicious eggs; while the garden which adjoined his mansion afforded him fine plantains—the large rich red one, which melts at the very touch of the lips, and the small and more delicately-flavoured straw-coloured one—a few luscious custard-apples, and the bair-fruit, or jujube, which possesses an agreeable acidity. Tamarinds abounded, and his betel-vines were the most prolific in the valley, while vegetables were in profusion, and a *chumun*, or parterre, or two, was not wanting in choice and favourite flowers. His wife was no more, but his son, Abdoolla, assisted in the labours of the tillage, and an orphan niece superintended the domestic concerns. In these sequestered and pastoral districts, or rather *recesses* of districts, the Mahommedan female is a happier and freer being than as the habitant of a city, or the cooped-up captive in a zenana. Khalisa's life had been one of innocent enjoyment. She was of the first order of oriental beauty, while her heart and disposition were in lovely accordance. She had been be-

trothed for some years to her cousin, Abdoolla, and the attachment that subsisted between them was strong and fervent. In short, the day arrived which was to celebrate their nuptials, and they were married with all the noisy festivity that marks a Moslem hymeneal.

Years passed, and contentment still shed its peaceful light over the abode of Hoossain and his children. Khalisa meantime had presented her transported husband with a fine boy, who still more firmly riveted their affection for each other. When this pledge of wedded love was nearly two years old, a band of marauders unexpectedly made its appearance in some of the neighbouring villages, and, after overpowering the dismayed and unprepared inhabitants, carried off their cattle and whatever valuables were found in their cottages to the jungles, in which it concealed its members, leaving the poor villagers a prey to sudden destitution. As the incursions of those lawless banditti became more frequent, the most dreadful apprehensions began to seize the community of the district. The hamlet in which resided the family of Hoossain had hitherto escaped the ravages of the plunderers; but one fatal night, when all were buried in profound repose, they entered the *Kheera*, or hamlet. The huts of Hoossain and Abdoolla were among the first that were attacked. Abdoolla, springing from his couch unappalled by the

number of the intruders, prepared to resist them, and, drawing a kreese, fell upon the ruffian who headed the party, whom by one stroke he laid lifeless at his feet. The remaining robbers, enraged to madness by the death of their Sirdar, rushed upon the rash and unfortunate youth. Khalisa beheld him stagger and fall to the earth: a sensation of the most exquisite agony seized her; she thought she was going to expire, and, frantic with horror, she caught up her child in her arms, and rushed into the garden. A large banyan tree in one corner of it occurred to her memory; she reached it, and fell senseless at its foot.

It was the gray dawn before Khalisa recovered from her insensibility; she found herself supported in the arms of her uncle, and surrounded by a crowd of people, in whose features the most fearful alarm was legibly imprinted. A female was sprinkling her face with water, while her little boy sat wailing at her feet. She gazed wildly around, clasped the hand of her uncle to her heart, and raised her child in her arms, but she looked in vain for Abdoolla. She dared not ask a single question, but, rising from the ground, she looked and beheld the home of her infancy, the asylum of her happiness, reduced to two indiscriminate heaps of ashes! Her eyes, as they wandered fitfully around, rested on the breathless body of a man, which lay among the flowers near her. She sprang

towards it, and discovered that she had indeed no husband, her child no father!

Khalisa did not faint. Her grief did not effervesce in noisy clamour, or common-place lamentation. She wept in silence.

"Oh, that I too were dead!" she said mentally; but, raising her eyes, she beheld the protector of her youth gazing on her with such a look. Her babe too uttered a piteous cry, as if acquainted with her internal ejaculation, and a deep burst of grief relieved her swollen heart, while she resolved to live for the sire and the son of the deceased.

Hoossain, as well as many of his neighbours, was reduced to the greatest indigence by this event. He had a brother, who resided at the distance of fifty miles, whom fame reported to be wealthy; to him he wrote, recounting the story of his misfortunes, and in reply received a kind invitation to partake of the humble fortunes of his brother; "he was not rich, but had enough to support the few relatives whom death had spared him." Hoossain, accordingly, accompanied by his widowed niece and grandchild, commenced their journey to Warra, on the banks of the Wurda.

Three days they had travelled slowly through a fine open tract of country, but on the fourth they entered a deep and gloomy jungle, which they hoped to traverse before sunset. The twilight, so brief in India, arrived, however, before their

day's journey came to an end; the forest, instead of terminating, seemed to become still more dense, and they dreaded every moment lest some hideous beast of prey should spring upon them from its thickening depths. The obscurity at length became too great for them to think of proceeding; and while Hoossain, collecting some dry leaves, struck a light, Khalisa formed a couch for her child of the same materials. They seated themselves in dreadful apprehension round the fire, to await the first tint of dawn. The night, however, passed, long as it was, without any accident, and they pursued their journey.

They were winding down a steep and rugged defile, when, from the thick and tangled underwood which bordered the path, a tiger started forth. Hoossain was the object that appeared to attract the stare of the ferocious monster. A loud shriek burst from the lips of Khalisa, as she sprang before the benefactor of her youth. A growl of rage from the tiger was the signal for attack, and, bounding forward, he struck the mother to the earth, and, making the child that clung to her bosom his prey, disappeared among the jungle.

Pen cannot describe the agony of the aged Hoossain. A severe wound in the shoulder of his bleeding niece first demanded his attention. The unfortunate creature soon recovered from the happy insensibility which was the effect of the blow that

had levelled her with the ground; and, when she was told of the fate of her boy, she was spared the heart-wounding pangs which rent her on the death of her husband, for, with the exquisite throb that darted across her brain at the recital, incurable though harmless insanity took possession of her mind. When Hoossain, the still more pitiable victim of calamity, since the recollection of the horrid past was too deeply imprinted on his memory to be effaced, with his maniac charge, reached the abode of Cassim, they received a tearful welcome from the good old man. Fame had exaggerated his means, but he was above want, and the frugal fare which he gained by his toil was freely shared with those who were more needy than himself.

Khalisa had been beautiful. When last I saw her, seated on the banks of the Wurda, she was no longer so; but her form was still fine, her feet and hands small and delicate, and her dress of crimson cotton clean and neatly arranged. As I approached her an innate sense of delicacy induced her to draw her robe round a bosom and neck formed on the nicest model of symmetry, and she attempted to conceal her face among the feathery foliage of the tamarisks, which clothed the margin of the river in exuberant elegance. The cypress-like form and beauty of these picturesque shrubs suited well with the melancholy languor of the

widowed mourner. Her long jetty hair partly shaded the wild and wandering lustre of her large gazelle eyes, while in strange and almost painful contrast it was partly knotted on the crown of the head by a rich cluster of yellow moonflowers.

"Alas, poor unfortunate!" said I, as I left her, "alas, how many like thee have glided on in the serenity of apparently unchanging happiness, while the sword of destruction impended over their heads! How many like thee have woven the chaplet of wedded bliss, the garland of maternal tenderness, and have had the one blighted by the destructive mildew, the other reft from them by the hand of the pitiless despoiler! Poor, poor Khalisa!"

THE DYING SEAMAN.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE SAXON'S DAUGHTER," "AN ESSAY ON WOMAN," &c.

SMALL was the cot, and trees shut out the sky,
Where the old Seaman laid him down to die;
Scarred, reft of limbs, that patriarch of the wave
Must sink at last into a bloodless grave.
Yet still his heart life's ruling passion warms;
He talks of nought but deadly fights and storms;
And still he cries, "Mine ocean-home for me!
Bear me, my friends, oh, bear me to the sea!"

The beach was far, and motion and chill air
Might task too much life's sinking flame to bear.
They placed before his couch a tiny bark,
And long he watched that fair-constructed ark;
His practised eye o'er mast, sail, cordage, runs,
Till Fancy hears his "Dreadnought's" rolling guns.
He tires—that mimic ship can charm no more;
Again he cries, "Oh! bear me to the shore!"

They pressed unto his ear the spiral shell,
Where soft and strangely Ocean's echoes dwell;
He heard the sea-nymphs murmur in their caves,
The long, long dash of distant booming waves:
But soon th' illusion passed; he felt no spray,
No fresh-winged breezes 'round his temples play;
Nought, nought will soothe him; still his dim eyes
weep,
And still he cries, "Oh! bear me to the deep!"

They heard his prayer, and slowly sought the strand,
And placed his litter on the golden sand.
Oh! the wild joy that thrills the veteran's soul,
As living waves once more before him roll!
As breezes sweep, and sea-birds cleave the sky,
And white-sailed barks are dashing gaily by!
His eye, so dim, resumes its wonted ray,
And Death holds back, as doubtful of his prey.
See, as the sun sinks o'er the crimsoned rocks,
And the fresh sea-wind stirs his silver locks,

How pleased he counts each shoreward dashing
wave,
Drinking wild music from each sounding cave;
While to the deep the expiring veteran cries,
Like Afric's bird that sings its dirge and dies:

"Welcome! familiar friend! thou glorious sea!
No child its parent loves as I love thee.
On thy wild nursing breast my years have passed,
Tost on thy foam, and wafted by thy blast.
Beautiful Ocean! what are hills and vales
To thy blue surge, upheaved by rushing gales?
Life ebbs from me; and must I never more
Drink thy wild spray, or hear thy solemn roar?
Yes; this unfettered spirit still shall glide
In airy rapture o'er thy boundless tide,
Live in thy depths, and through thy caverns sweep,
And all its memories, all its fondness keep;
My music still shall be thy stormy roll,
Thy coral caves the palace of my soul.
Now let me die; life, life, dissolve thy spell!
To thee, loved Ocean, I'll not say farewell!"

Words ceased to flow; his pale lips murmured yet,
And his eye watched the bright sun as it set.
The trembling beam was thrown across his brow,
And lit that cheek which death was icing now;
His only arm dropped nerveless by his side;
Once more he murmured, "Glorious deep!" and
died.

J. Stewart Pinx.t Pub.d by A. Harmar & Co. London 1841 T. Allen Lith.r

AUNT EMILY

AUNT EMILY.

It was a cold and severe winter day that I set out to visit some distant relations of the name of Seton, whom I had never before seen, and who resided in the south of Scotland. The sky was overcast with clouds, and every thing seemed to foretell the approach of a snow-storm. I arrived at my friend's hospitable mansion just as the flakes were beginning to fall, and experienced such a warm reception as speedily made me forget the unpleasantness of the journey.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Seton, their eldest daughter, Caroline, a girl of nineteen, and about half a dozen children of all ages, blooming, noisy, and good-tempered. I shall pass over all the little adventures which befell me during the progress of the snow-storm; how I played with the children, read all the novels in the library, tried over duets with my friend Caroline, and exhausted my whole stock of needlework. On the fourth day, just as I was beginning to weary a very little, a new excitement arose. This was the appearance of another visiter in the drawing-room—Aunt Emily, as she was called. Ever since my arrival she had been confined to her room with

severe cold, and I had heard her name so often mentioned, that I had begun to feel some curiosity with regard to her. When she did come, however, I certainly was surprised by her appearance, she was so unlike the other members of the family, and so different from what I had expected.

She was pale in the extreme, with auburn hair, simply parted on her forehead; she might be forty, or perhaps older; and, though her smile was sweetness itself, there was an air of melancholy about her countenance which contrasted strongly with the gay group around her. I was greatly interested by her appearance, and perhaps still more so when she began to talk. The children, in particular, seemed much attached to her; she had a word of kindness for each, and seemed to sympathise in all their little pleasures.

At night, when I retired to rest with my friend Caroline, for we shared the same apartment, my thoughts were full of her, and I could talk of nothing else. "Your aunt must have been greatly admired in her youth," said I; "she is still very lovely."

"Yes," said Caroline, "she had many admirers, and papa and mamma often wondered that she never married; I used to wonder myself until last summer, when I was in Ireland; and I thought I had found out the reason."

"And would you tell me, Caroline? You can

have no idea how much I am interested about your aunt; but perhaps you think me forward; I am very wrong to ask."

"No, indeed, I do not think you forward," replied Caroline; "I love you all the better for taking an interest in my dear aunt; and I shall tell you her story as far as I know it myself, for I am sure it will make you like her still better. Draw your chair near the fire, and then I shall begin.

"You must know that Aunt Emily was very different long ago from what she is now. She used to be the gayest of the gay, and the very sight of her was enough to make one glad. She was very pretty, as you may see by the traces which yet remain: her hair curled in long auburn ringlets down her shoulders; her smile was enchanting; and papa says that her laugh was the most musical and the merriest he ever heard. I think it was in 1818, just about the time papa was courting mamma, that my grandfather took it into his head to go abroad. He took Aunt Emily with him, but, as you may suppose, his son being so well employed, preferred staying at home.

"After passing a year in Italy, they came to Switzerland, intending to visit its most romantic scenery before returning to Scotland. I think it was in the canton of Appenzel, but I am not sure, that they became acquainted with a young French-

man, of the name of D'Arblay. He was travelling like them in quest of the picturesque, and, as at that time there were fewer travellers than there are now, they were so much the more disposed to social intercourse with each other. Ere long they had learned who he was, and all about him. He was the only son of a rich Parisian, the principal partner in an extensive commercial house, whose traffic embraced half the globe. His father had recently gone to Petersburg, with the intention of residing there for a year or two; meanwhile young D'Arblay was to travel about for a few months, and afterwards to join him.

"The travellers seemed mutually pleased with each other; there was something frank and generous about the young Frenchman's deportment, which won the heart of my grandfather; and his polished manners and refinement of mind I have no doubt made as favourable an impression on Emily. They had been in each other's company three or four days, and had made arrangements for continuing some time longer together, when at a small post-town M. D'Arblay most unexpectedly received a letter from his father, summoning him to Petersburg immediately. The latter had burst a blood-vessel, and, though not in immediate danger, his state of health was so precarious as to unfit him for active exertion; the assistance of his son was, therefore, absolutely

necessary for carrying on the business. My grandfather and Emily were much disappointed; their companion also seemed in very low spirits; but whether it proceeded most from anxiety on account of his father, or grief at parting with his new friends, I cannot tell. They were to part early next day, so they spent the evening in talking over the future. D'Arblay mentioned his intention of visiting Scotland in the course of the following spring, if his father's health permitted him; and Mr. Seton promised that if he would visit his country-house he should meet with a warm reception.

"The morrow came; they travelled the first few miles together, until they arrived at a cross-road where D'Arblay was to meet the diligence proceeding towards the north. The post-house where they stopped was situated in a wild and desolate part of the country, embosomed among the hills; as it was built on an elevation, they watched for a long time the progress of the diligence which was to convey the young Frenchman away, while it toiled up the steep ascent. Emily was silent, and D'Arblay had no inclination to speak; my grandfather, however, talked enough for both. Suddenly a noise was heard, and an infuriated bull, evidently wild from the mountains, rushed in full career towards my aunt; he was goaded on by the shouts of several herdsmen, who were try-

ing to turn him. Ere Emily was conscious whence the danger proceeded—for she had her back to the animal — D'Arblay rushed forward, interposed, caught her in his arms, and dashed with her aside just in time to save her, for the horn of the bull grazed his arm. His pursuers meanwhile coming up, the infuriated creature galloped down the hill.

"The first impulse of my grandfather, who, in speechless agony, had witnessed the scene, was to fall on his knees upon the spot, and return thanks to the Almighty for preserving the life of his child. Emily at first could not comprehend what had happened, all had passed so quickly. She recovered her presence of mind, however, when she observed the blood slowly trickling down the arm of her deliverer. Hastily tearing her handkerchief, she bound up the wound, and she and her father had scarcely time to express their gratitude and repeat their invitations to Scotland, when the diligence came up. The injury received, being a mere scratch, was not a sufficient reason for the young Frenchman to prolong his stay; so, slowly and unwillingly, they bade each other adieu.

"The rest of the tour passed without anything remarkable taking place. By the middle of autumn they reached Scotland, and, before Christmas, found themselves settled in Edinburgh for the winter. Emily had just come out, and was excessively admired; besides being very lovely,

she was so gay and animated, and her manners were so frank and winning, that it was difficult to say whether she was a greater favourite with her own sex, or with the other. She refused more than one very flattering offer, at which my grandfather was by no means displeased, for, since his son's marriage, Emily had been his only companion; and, as she was still very young, not above eighteen, he was glad that she preferred remaining with him some time longer.

"In spring Mr. Seton received a letter from D'Arblay, mentioning the irreparable loss he had sustained by the death of his father, to whom he seemed most fondly attached. The whole epistle was written in a strain of melancholy very unlike the usual style of the young Frenchman; and at the conclusion he hinted that it might perhaps be many months before he could pay his promised visit, as the extensive business which he now superintended, and the claims of his other partners, demanded his closest attention.

"Another autumn came, and uncle William, mamma's brother, then a very young man, having entered the mercantile profession, was sent to Petersburg, of course receiving a letter of introduction to D'Arblay. His epistles, written to mamma about this time, are full of the accounts of D'Arblay's kindness; he received him with the utmost hospitality, insisted that he should make

his house his home, at least for the first few months, introduced him to the most influential families, and in short paid him every attention. Afterwards, when my uncle became more intimate with him, he speaks in the highest terms of his talents, generosity, and refined and gentlemanly manners. 'I often think,' he says, 'that it is a pity his father made him a merchant; for, placed in more favourable circumstances, with his powers of mind and advantages of manner, he would certainly have made a figure in the world. By the way, tell Emily that he often speaks of her, indeed so often that I begin to get jealous; though certainly jealousy is labour lost on my part, since there is no chance of me in that quarter.'

"A letter, written some months after, mentions that D'Arblay is going to be married to a lady of large fortune; though this report is soon triumphantly contradicted by her marriage with another. Meanwhile a whole year and a half had elapsed since the adventure in Switzerland, and my uncle William had now returned home. He brought rather melancholy accounts of poor D'Arblay; a few weeks before he left Petersburg, the report had arrived of the failure of a great mercantile house in New York, with which D'Arblay's was largely connected. This effectually put a stop to the plan the two young men had formed of travelling to Scotland together. As for poor

D'Arblay, he was in miserably low spirits, and worn by care and anxiety almost to a skeleton. When my uncle saw him last, he was making preparations for a voyage to America; he thought it probable that he should sail in three or four weeks; but all would depend on the tenor of the next letters that he should receive.

"I must now go back to Emily, whom I have not spoken of for a long time. We have some connections of the name of Blake in the west of Ireland; they are an old family, and live in an old castle on the sea-coast in the very wildest part of Connaught. Well, Miss Blake, the eldest daughter, had been at school with Emily, and was at the time her most intimate companion; the two were much attached, and my aunt had often promised that, if her father would allow her, she would, some time or other, pay her friend a visit. Emily was by no means well about the time Uncle William came home; she seemed to be losing both her colour and her spirits; so my grandfather thought the best thing he could do was to send her to Miss Blake, in hopes that change of scene and the society of her friend might do her good.

"Castle Blake is one of the wildest-looking and most romantic dwellings I ever saw; you remember that I was visiting there last summer, so I know all about it. It is an immense building, and more than half of it is in ruins; but what is fitted up for

use of the family is very comfortable, though somewhat old-fashioned. It is built on a bold headland; the ruinous side is next the sea, and, during a storm, at full tide, the spray comes dashing over the walls. A little to the left of the castle there are steps cut in the rock, leading down to a little sandy cove, the only thing laying claim to the name of a harbour within several miles; for the coast is proverbially rocky and dangerous. On the top of the cliff are perched several fishermen's huts, and on the shore, above high-water mark, are generally to be seen two or three boats and a few nets stretched out to dry.

"Well, Aunt Emily arrived in process of time at this desolate, though romantic place, where there is plenty of bog, and not a tree to be seen, but magnificent rocks and myriads of sea-fowl. The weather was unusually stormy, and she delighted in scrambling along the coast, and watching the breakers, as they came on plunging and snorting like furious sea-horses. One very tempestuous evening, as she and Miss Blake were amusing themselves scanning the coast with a telescope, they observed a large vessel, about six or seven miles out at sea, tossing about, tacking backward and forward, and evidently struggling hard to make head against the wind, which, although not exactly blowing towards the shore, was by no means very favourable for her quitting

it. The vessel, however, seemed to succeed, and, before night arrived, they had the satisfaction of seeing that she hourly increased her distance from the land.

"That night Emily awoke a little after midnight from a most painful dream; she dreamt that she beheld the same vessel, which Miss Blake and herself had been watching the day before, come drifting in towards the shore; the ship had no longer the gallant appearance which she had admired, for one of her masts was gone, and she now refused to obey the helm. On she came in full career, till she struck on 'the Spaniards' Rock,' a sunken reef, the situation of which had often been pointed out to her as the place where a Spanish galleon had been wrecked more than a hundred years before. At that moment she awoke, but the dream left a most unpleasant impression on her mind. She got up and went to the window, but could see nothing, for the night was very dark; besides, her apartment looked inland; the wind, however, was whistling loudly, and she could plainly hear the roaring of the waves. She now returned to bed, ejaculating, as she went to sleep, 'God pity that unfortunate vessel!'

"She had not been dozing many minutes, when suddenly she started up, fancying that she heard a scream, then another, and another! Hastily wrapping a cloak around her, she rushed to her

friend's room, and in a few words communicated her alarm. The two then roused the other members of the family, and, with the assistance of the fishermen, a fire was kindled on the cliff. This was all that could be done; the storm was tremendous, and, even if boats could have lived on the boiling ocean, the night was pitch-dark, and they knew not in what direction to steer in order to aid the sufferers. No sound could now be heard save that of the pitiless storm. Mr. Blake was almost tempted to ascribe the screams heard by Emily to the influence of her excited imagination; but more than one of the fishermen assured him that, during the last two hours, they had heard several guns fired; and that they had been in the act of rising to kindle the beacon-light before he sent to them. Mr. Blake now requested the two young ladies to retire if possible to sleep, as their presence could do no good; indeed he much feared that the idea of any one giving assistance was hopeless, for, from the sounds having ceased, it was more than probable that the ill-fated vessel had already perished.

"With the first dawn of morning, Emily arose, and, having hastily dressed herself, proceeded to the shore. There was now no longer any doubt of the unfortunate vessel's fate; chests and bales of goods were every few minutes cast ashore, but as yet no dead bodies had been found. With a

sigh Emily passed on, and pursued her favourite walk along the top of the cliffs.

"At breakfast that day, when the family were assembled, Emily was missing. An hour passed, and still she came not; at last the Blakes became seriously alarmed, and, hearing that she had gone out, sent messengers in quest of her. Mr. and Miss Blake also went themselves in search of her; directed by the fishermen, they followed her track for nearly two miles along the rocks, when the path abruptly terminates. They were now quite at a loss, and were consulting how to proceed, when Miss Blake, by chance looking down, fancied that she perceived something white on a little sandy inlet more than a hundred feet below, at the foot of the cliff. It looked like Emily, and yet it was impossible that it could be her friend, for none but the most adventurous scramblers could descend that cliff.

"Mr. Blake, however, to the great alarm of his daughter, insisted on making the attempt. He got down in safety; but what was his terror to find my unfortunate aunt lying insensible beside the body of a young man, evidently one of those shipwrecked the night before! Her hand was so firmly grasped in his, that it was almost impossible to disengage them; and, from the position of the limbs and other circumstances, it seemed more than probable that he was not quite dead when she

at first descended. This, however, is mere conjecture, for no one ever spoke to Aunt Emily about it. She was carried home, and lay for many weeks in a brain-fever, hovering between life and death. When she recovered, she was a changed being; indeed her friends feared that her intellect had given way, she spoke at times so wildly and incoherently; but these symptoms ceased by degrees.

"When she returned to Scotland, her former acquaintances with difficulty recognised her. Her luxuriant hair had been cut off during her illness; she had lost her colour; her merry laugh was no longer heard; her step had lost its buoyancy; her form seemed bowed down with suffering; and she was but the wreck of her former self. Kind and gentle as ever, there was yet one subject on which she obstinately refused to speak, and that was the circumstances connected with the visit to Ireland. After the death of my grandfather, who pined away, and never seemed himself after the melancholy change in his child, Aunt Emily lived in the closest retirement, devoting the greater part of her income to charitable purposes. During the last few years she has been less of a hermit, spending much of her time with us; indeed she seems so attached to the children, that I should not wonder if we at last persuaded her to stay here altogether."

"And did you never hear any thing more of D'Arblay?" inquired I.

"Nothing definite," replied Caroline, "until last summer, although we heard such rumours respecting him that we could not doubt for a moment what had happened. It is only five months since I was staying with Miss Blake, who, like my aunt, has remained unmarried. You may be sure I was very curious to hear all the particulars of Emily's mysterious illness, and my Irish friends were well able to satisfy me. The young man, near whose body my aunt was discovered lying, was tall and handsome, with black curling hair and long black eyelashes. I was struck by this description, but how much more when Miss Blake informed me that on his person was found a small pocket-book, in which were one or two letters, addressed 'Eugene D'Arblay;' there was also a small piece of torn cambric, on which the initials E. S. were delicately embroidered. This, then, was the often-suspected solution of my aunt's mystery. Poor, poor Aunt Emily!

"On her recovery from her illness she had spoken with her friend for the first and last time on the late melancholy occurrences, and received from her hands the pocket book, which Miss Blake, from delicacy to my aunt, had refrained from mentioning."

There was a silence of some moments after the conclusion of Caroline's story; we then went to bed, I at least to dream of poor, poor Aunt Emily.

OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Oh, time is sweet, when roses meet,
With Spring's sweet breath around them;
And sweet the cost, when hearts are lost,
If those we love have found them.
And sweet the mind, that still can find
A star in darkest weather;
But nought can be so sweet to see,
As old friends met together!

Those days of old, when youth was bold,
And Time stole wings to speed it,
And youth ne'er knew how fast Time flew,
Or knowing, did not heed it!
Though gray each brow that meets us now,
For age brings wintry weather,
Yet nought can be so sweet to see,
As those old friends together!

The few long known, whom years have shown,
With hearts that friendship blesses;
A hand to cheer, perchance, a tear,
To soothe a friend's distresses;
Who helped and tried, still side by side,
A friend to face hard weather;
Oh, thus may we yet joy to see
And meet old friends together!

THE OLD SEXTON'S CHRONICLE.

BY MRS. WALKER.

I HAD been staying for some weeks at Liverpool. Weary of the noise and excitement of the place, and finding that the business which had summoned me thither would permit a brief absence, I stepped with a friend into one of the ferry-boats which are continually crossing to the opposite shore, and, in a short time, found myself standing in Cheshire, with the calm green fields spreading around me on every side, and the busy mart of commerce exchanged for the holy tranquillity of nature.

Having secured a lodging in the pretty, quiet village of Avondale, I paid a visit, as is generally the case with the idle and the curious, to the churchyard; and thither every succeeding day I bent my steps, not only attracted by the solemn beauty of the spot, but my attention having been awakened by the demeanour of the old sexton, whose whole time seemed passed in the churchyard, and the purpose of whose life appeared to be, to refresh and adorn with every variety of summer's loveliest flowers one humble and obscure grave. Perhaps

the tender solicitude he lavished on it would scarcely have arrested my observation but for the contrast afforded by the look of wild desolation in the tomb adjoining. Yet it was a splendid mausoleum, and taste had lent its efforts and gold its outlay to produce that monument; but over its fair marble every noxious weed was allowed to cluster, and, though but recently erected, the rude hand of spoliation, anticipating the work of time, had defaced its symmetry and wrought havoc to its stateliness. I had sought in vain for some date or inscription beyond the words: "Reginald Willoughby—" which, after infinite difficulty, I succeeded in deciphering. I was again engaged in the search, striving as it were to force the insensate stone to give some clue to him who lay mouldering within, when the old sexton approached me.

"Ah! madam, you will find no epitaph there—they do not tell truth on gravestones, otherwise they should say, Here lies Sir Reginald Willoughby, the murderer!"

I started.—"You look astonished; it is, indeed, a sad story, and, if you like to sit down while I pluck up the weeds, which, since yesterday, have sprung up with the blossoms around this dear grave, I will tell it you."

It is scarcely necessary to say I gave ready acquiescence to his offer, and the substance of what he related is embodied in the following narrative.

Sir Reginald Willoughby succeeded to his title, and the estates attached, through the death of a very distant relative, and, until that period, had never even set foot on the soil, of which so large a portion owned him proprietor. His accession, therefore, was not hailed by the peasantry with that frank, hearty congratulation, which long and familiar intimacy prepare for an expected and desired heir; where confidence in his character makes them fearlessly rejoice that they are in a manner tributary to his sway, and where community of interest, lessening the barriers interposed by rank, unites landlord and tenant in the bonds of social amity. He had also to combat with the disadvantage of his predecessor having been a man the most opposite to himself in temperament and habits.

The late Sir Frederick Willoughby, easy, indolent, generous to profusion, indulgent even to weakness, had notoriously permitted, in the village of Avondale, a system of license and misrule, because redress or punishment involved personal fatigue and exertion.

It was, therefore, obvious that any one who should strive to reform these long-established abuses would expose himself to the jealous cognizance of the many, and the certain hostility of some. When, therefore, it was seen that Sir Reginald, in his new character of landlord, en-

forced the most grinding and rigid exactitude, and exercised as a magistrate every species of despotic tyranny, it may readily be conceived that mistrust was speedily exasperated into hate; while it became the chief pursuit of too many amongst the humbler classes of the parish to annoy, baffle, and perplex him. Had he, at the moment of his accession, blended gentleness with firmness, ministering justice, yet tempering it with mercy, the events which succeeded, which made his hearth and home desolate, and his name a by-word and reproach, would have been averted. Time passed on, developing on one side new acts of oppression, on the other bitterer animosity.

At the period when the actors in this little narrative lived, the game-laws were dispensed with that fierceness and severity which ultimately work their own cure by leading to their mitigation. The enforcement of their rigid enactments, in the hands of a man like Sir Reginald Willoughby, gave ceaseless opportunity for the indulgence of his vindictive nature. Every detected act of poaching was followed by the heaviest legalized penalty, never remitted even when the offender was unpractised in crime, desperate through want, or tender in years.

In the village of Avondale lived a widow and her son, of humble fortunes and foreign origin; they attracted, at their first settlement in the place,

universal notice, by their youth and singular personal beauty, combined with a distinguished superiority of manners to the class with which poverty compelled them to associate.

The exquisite loveliness of the young mother, her blameless deportment, and devotion to her child, challenged and obtained the sympathy of all. She established herself in a little day-school for the teaching of music; and the patronage of the late Sir Frederick, largely accorded, had the effect of making others strive for her advancement, and enabled her to support herself and her boy in comfort, if not in luxury. She stated herself to be a native of Bohemia, the widow of a German officer. There was deep sadness in her large melancholy eyes, and in the low music of her voice, and nothing but the glad laugh of Karl, her idolized child, beguiled her into cheerfulness. With her neighbours, after the first burst of curiosity had subsided, she became a universal favourite; and there was not one who would not gladly perform for her any menial office, rather than suffer her to do it herself. Many an artist from Liverpool had come to Avondale to sketch her faultless features, and to attend the school of Madame Ehrenstein became the ambition of all the infantine population; while to pass an evening with her at her little domicile was looked on by their mothers as an especial honour. But grief seemed

to have "marked her for its own." A fearful storm of thunder and lightning visited the village; Karl, her beloved, her only treasure, was absent. She rushed forth to seek him—found him—wrapped him in the folds of an ample cloak, and had nearly reached the door of her cottage, when a vivid flash struck her to the earth! She was taken up and restored to consciousness;—but the green fields, the blue heavens, and more than these, the face of her boy, were hid from her for ever. Every succour that could be afforded, from the highest to the lowest, was offered—every effort of professional skill attempted, in vain;—she was hopelessly and totally blind! Meekly and patiently she bore the blow, but where or how should she gain subsistence? She attempted to carry on her school, but confidence was lost; and her pupils, dull by nature, made little progress, and one by one withdrew. Her son, only ten years of age, was too young to assist her. She had but her skill in fancy needlework to turn to as a means of support; and this, long habit and great practice might still enable her to pursue. Having it no longer in her power to pay the rent of her cottage, she became the tenant of two small rooms, and, as years rolled away, and her old patrons dropped off, with none to supply their place, poverty deepened and darkened around her. Yet, even yet, she bore up unrepiningly, for Karl was

at her side reading to her, and planning the thousand schemes for their support which his manhood should execute. He had just attained his sixteenth year (herself only thirty-three), when Sir Frederick died, and his successor appeared at Avondale.

Karl Ehrenstein, reckless, adventurous, had unfortunately since his mother's affliction connected himself with associates, from whom, but for that calamity, her vigilance would have protected him. No voice so loud as his against the tyranny of the new landlord—no head so ready to plot any act to vex and defy him. But, alas! he paused not here —he linked himself in close alliance with a youth known as the most daring and determined poacher in the neighbourhood; and soon, too soon, was it whispered, — but low was the murmur breathed, lest the faintest echo should reach the poor blind mother's ear—that Karl himself was a trespasser against the laws of his country! For many months he pursued a successful career of crime undetected. His mother was attacked with illness. Unable to provide for their daily wants — made wild by the sight of a parent, whom he loved to idolatry, suffering on a bed of sickness, with scarcely food to satisfy appetite — he seized his gun, and rushed forth. The preserves of the rich tyrant, Sir Reginald Willoughby, lay near; it was night, and the impunity with which his former acts had been

committed emboldened him. He entered, snared his prey, and had almost reached in safety the boundary of the domain, when a gamekeeper, who in ambush had watched all his movements, burst from his concealment. A struggle for life and death ensued, the result of which left the gamekeeper severely wounded by a ball from his antagonist's gun, and consigned Karl to the county gaol! The assizes were nigh at hand — and they who knew the relentless character of Sir Reginald felt well assured that, as prosecutor in the boy's ensuing trial, mercy would be banished, as far as his sway and interest extended.

It was a dark and dreary day for the little village of Avondale, when the time appointed for the trial at length arrived; all the population cognizant of the struggles, the misfortunes, and virtues of the delinquent's mother, gathered around her, and strove to sustain her by sympathy, for with hope they could not mock her. She heard them in silence, but they who watched her saw there was that within which human promises and human consolations fail to reach. From the day of her son's commitment, physical debility yielded to the force of maternal love and mental despair. She rose from her sick bed, and she, the feeble, the suffering, and the blind, stood firm and collected. All remonstrance, all intreaties, against encountering the agonized excitement of listening

to his trial, failed. "Where should a mother be, but at the side of her child?" was the only answer to the urgent prayers addressed to her.

She went; and, when she entered the crowded court, every eye was turned upon her, and many a one was suffused with tears. She was indeed an object to soften the sternest, to warp the most impartial, judgment. She had never laid aside her widow's weeds; she was dressed in them this day, and they seemed to heighten the extraordinary loveliness of her face and figure. In spite of the cares that had pressed upon her, she yet wore so youthful an aspect that strangers might have supposed her the sister, but none could have deemed her the mother, of the accused. The peculiar and intense though sightless gaze with which she turned towards the spot where she knew her boy stood, was in itself so affecting, and, added to her melancholy position, invested her with an interest so profound, that they who had been most vehement in denunciation against the criminal wished, for that gentle mother's sake, he had yet escaped the grasp of justice.

The trial began. The offence was too clearly proved, too aggravated in circumstance, to leave a shadow for hope that conviction would not follow. No voice from the offended was heard interposing for clemency to the offender. On the contrary, he was eager in demanding the severest

retribution which penal enactment awarded. The trial was finished, and sentence of transportation for fourteen years recorded against the hapless Karl Ehrenstein. There were few who heard his doom unmoved: there was *one*, to whose ears her own death-knell would have been a more joyful sound. She did not faint, but, with a voice whose thrilling tones made sick the hearts of all who heard her, shrieked forth, "Where is the judge?—lead me to him—Oh! that I were not blind!" Some one whispered where he sat. She turned towards him, and flung herself on the ground.

"If you have mercy—if one touch of human feeling is in your heart—oh! save my child!—I am poor, blind, desolate. He is my all—my only earthly riches. He is so young, oh! condemn him not to herd with the profligate and abandoned. We will pray for you—bless you—Oh! hear me; hear me! And may God! at the last day, reward you for your mercy!"

The judge was silent, but, in authoritative tones, Sir Reginald Willoughby exclaimed, "Take that noisy woman out of court; she must be mad to expect to stay the course of justice." The words were scarcely uttered, when a shriek from Madame Ehrenstein, which seemed to shake the very building, and reached the outer courts, attracted the attention of all.

"That voice, Ulric!—speak again—recall your

words, intercede for him — he is your son — your first-born !"

Nature could no more. The blood gushed from her mouth. She had burst a blood-vessel ! She was carried out of court in a state of insensibility; while her wretched son, manacles on his hands, madness in his brain, was conducted to the dungeon that was now his portion.

Madame Ehrenstein never spoke again; convulsion followed convulsion; and the evening of the day which branded her son with a felon's name saw the death-shadow steal over her fair and innocent brow. Ere the morrow dawned, her spirit had returned to the bosom "of God who gave it !"

But who was to communicate to the wretched Karl the intelligence of his mother's death ? All shrunk from the task, unwilling to render the forlorn criminal yet more desolate. The curate of Avondale, a man of known humanity, at length undertook the mission. He executed it with all possible delicacy; but awful was the effect of the tidings upon the prisoner. Reason, already tottering under the shocks with which it had been assailed, gave way entirely ! Curses on his prosecutor, lamentations for his mother, mingled together wildly and incoherently. The maddened frenzy of the first outbreak of grief being over, a hopeless and settled melancholy ensued. It

was found necessary to convey him from prison to a lunatic asylum; and, shortly afterwards, evading for a few minutes the vigilance of his keeper, the prisoner and the maniac became a suicide! Ere a month had closed over the tomb of the mother, it was opened to receive the ashes of the child. On the death of Madame Ehrenstein and her son, all her papers were placed in the hands of the curate before mentioned, who had been in life her best and most unfailing comforter.

From extracts in the journal which she had kept, before her loss of sight, and other documents, it appeared that she was the daughter of an Englishwoman, who had married into a poor but noble family in Bohemia. She had herself formed a clandestine alliance at sixteen with a student from Heidelberg, who abandoned her shortly after marriage. In her endeavours to trace him, she discovered that he had imposed on her a false name and country; that he was English — his real appellation Reginald Morton. In poverty and desertion she gave birth to her son; and, a few months subsequently, a letter reached her bearing the Berlin post-mark, stating that her husband had entered the army, and fallen in a duel with a fellow-officer. She left Germany and proceeded to England, desirous that her son should be brought up a citizen of the country which gave his father birth. Her career and ultimate doom have been narrated.—

The reader, ere this, will have determined that Reginald Morton and Sir Reginald Willoughby were identical. He had assumed the latter name on taking possession of the estates, which, on the death of a remote relative, devolved to him. The fabricated account of his own demise had been communicated to his forsaken wife, when the unexpected deaths of the two intervening heirs gave promise of his ultimate succession to the Willoughby title and estates.

The seclusion in which Madame Ehrenstein lived, together with her loss of sight, prevented her from discovering her husband's proximity till fate had done its worst. She heard him, whose voice had last breathed in her ears vows of changeless love, in a court of justice denounce her as insane, and insist that the felon's doom should be inflicted on her child and his child. She heard—and that voice so unforgotten — those words so fearful — were her death-warrant! But from the grave which enclosed the victims a voice came forth to brand, as he deserved, the betrayer and indirect murderer of his wife and son.

When the facts became bruited about, the long-smothered dislike to Sir Reginald Willoughby burst forth into loud and open execration. Unable to bear the torrent of popular clamour, he shunned all society, shutting himself up in moody loneliness. With peace destroyed, remorse, fierce and

ever present, consuming him within, health soon gave way; and, ere two years had elapsed, "he died and was buried." The splendid monument which I had noticed in the churchyard was reared to perpetuate his memory; and the lowly but lovely grave of the widow and her boy was that to which the narrator of the "Old Chronicle" detailed above devoted his ceaseless and daily attention.

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

With the solitude of ages,
In the hoary woods sublime,
Hung two vast and glorious cages,
Which belonged to Time!
Songs from one came sweet and pleasant,
From the other joy seem'd cast;
The merry bird was call'd the Present,
The melancholy bird, the Past.

Time, I saw, was feeding ever
His sweet favourite from his store;
But the Past he came to never,
Though she'd been his pet before!
Still the Past would give its warning:
"Not so long wilt thou be dear!"
Though the bird sang night and morning,
Never would the Present hear!

FAREWELL TO THE FLOWERS IN AUTUMN.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

My Flowers, my few and precious Flowers, what evil hath been here!
Came the fierce frost-king forth at night, so secret and severe?
I saw you last, with diamond dew, fresh on each beauteous head,
And little deem'd to find you thus, all desolate and dead.

White Poppy, tall and full of pride, whose petals' feathery grace
So oft in snowy globes has deck'd my simple parlour-vase,
Thy oozing buds disclose the gum that swells Hygeia's store,
But the sleep of death is on thee now, thy mystic spell is o'er.

Alas, my brave Chrysanthemum, how crisp thou art, and sere,
That wert, perchance, too lightly priz'd, when gaudier friends were near,

Yet, as a hero, didst thou rise, to meet the spoiler's dart,
And battle, till the pure life-blood ran curdling round thy heart.

My poor Sweet Pea, my constant friend, whene'er I've sought in vain
To twine a fair bouquet for one who press'd the couch of pain,
Or when my scanty parterre fail'd my mantelpiece to dress,
Thou always gav'st a hoarded gem to help me in distress.

But thou, dear lonely Violet, thus smiling in my path,
I marvel much how thou hast scap'd the tyrant's deadly wrath.
Didst hide beneath thy neighbour's robe, so flaunting and so fine,
To bid one sad good morning more, and press thy lips to mine?

Good bye, my pretty Flowering Bean, that with a right good will,
O'er casement, arch, and trellice went climbing, and climbing still,
Till the stern destroyer marked thee, and in his bitter ire,

Trod out thy many scarlet spikes, that glow'd like
living fire.

Pale, pale Wax-Berry—all is gone—I would it
were not so,
Methinks the Woodbine near thee hath felt a
lighter woe,
Lean, lean upon its sheltering arm, thy latest
pang to take,
And yield to Winter's stormy will, till happier
seasons wake.

Coarse Marigold, in days of yore, I scorn'd thy
tawny face,
But since my plants are frail and few, I've given
thee welcome place,
Tall London Pride, my little son from weeds has
clear'd thy stem,
And for his sake I sigh to see thy fallen diadem.

I have no stately Dahlias, nor greenhouse flowers
to weep,
But I pass'd the rich man's garden, and the
mourning there was deep,
For the crownless queens all drooping hung amid
the wasted sod,
Like Boadicea bent with shame beneath the Ro-
man rod.

'Tis hard to say farewell, my flowers, 'tis hard to say farewell,
Though the florist might despise you, your worth I cannot tell,
For at rising sun or even-tide, in sorrow or in glee,
Your fragrant lips have ever oped to speak good words to me.

And dear ye were to him who died when Summer round ye play'd,
That good old man, who look'd with love on all which God had made,
Who, when his lov'd familiar friends had gone to dreamless rest,
Took Nature's green and living things more closely to his breast.

My blessed sire, we bore his chair, at early summer morn,
That he might sit among your bowers and see your blossoms born,
While meek and placid smiles around his reverend features play'd,
The language of that better clime, where you no more shall fade.

Shall I see you once again, sweet flowers, when Spring returneth fair,

To strew her breathing incense upon the balmy air?
Will you lift to me your infant heads? for me with fragrance swell?
Alas! why should I ask you thus what is not your's to tell!

I know full well before your buds shall hail the vernal sky,
That many a younger, brighter brow, beneath the clods must lie;
And if my pillow should be there, still come in beauty free,
And show my little ones the love that you have shown to me.

Yea, come in all your glorious pomp, ambassadors to show
The truth of those eternal words that on God's pages glow,
The bursting of the icy tomb, the rising of the just,
In robes of beauty and of light, all stainless from the dust.

Hartford, October 18th, 1839.

THE STREAMLET.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

'Twas a streamlet that burst from its source in the hills,
And the birds slaked their thirst in the cool of its rills;
It prattled aloud as it ran its wild race,
And the sun and the cloud passed in turn o'er its face.

Oh! many a scene shall it kiss, ere it reach
The billowy green that rolls high o'er the beach;
Where the mermaid at night its welcome shall tell,
Ere it take of its bright mountain freshness farewell!

Say, have ye not found me an emblem shall fit
That streamlet, whose sound doth o'er memory flit;
Whose waves were so pure, ere they sought the caress
Of the syrens, that sing on the shores of excess?

'Tis the streamlet of life, that in youth freshly flows
Ere it mix with the strife of a salt sea of woes;
Ere its current of mirth from the mountains of glee
Win a taint of the earth, or a taste of the sea!

C. E. Nevis del. Pubd. by Ackermann & Co. London 1814. S. Davenport. sculpt.

THE SISTER'S SACRIFICE

THE SISTER'S SACRIFICE.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

The cloudless sun of an Italian sky never shone down upon a fairer dwelling-place than that of Pietro Monti. It was situated on the slope of one of those hills that form a semicircle behind the ancient city of Genoa, and the view which it commanded was singularly beautiful. Below it lay the city, stretching far along the edge of the bay or gulf, whose deep blue bosom was so free from wave or ripple, that the smallest rope and the slenderest spar of the large vessels at anchor were imaged as in a mirror; while the smaller craft, gliding about "like sea-birds on the wing," were the only moving objects in the picture. Far up the slope of the hills extended a portion of the town, consisting of churches, convents, palaces, and the better sort of houses intermingled with fertile gardens; and just so far apart from the rest as to obtain all the advantages of retirement, without the unpleasantness of entire loneliness, stood the mansion, for years the residence of Pietro Monti.

This personage had long been considered one of

the wealthiest merchants in Genoa, but latterly his prosperity had been on the decline. Heavy losses had befallen him, and, though still possessing a sufficiency for all his wants, the change in his fortunes preyed severely upon his health and spirits. At the time when my narrative commences, he had entirely withdrawn from business for some months, and had since been leading a life of complete seclusion. His strength had long been declining, and, while his home was looking its loveliest, surrounded by all the freshness and beauty of a most luxuriant spring, within it there were gloom and sorrow, for Pietro Monti lay on his deathbed.

Many years before, he had married an English lady, one of a noble but poor Roman Catholic family, who had been settled for some time in Genoa. By her he had two children, a son and a daughter, the latter a mere infant when her mother died. The little Bianca, therefore, was placed under the care of a relative, who was superior of a convent some miles off. She was but just sixteen, when she was hastily summoned to assist her brother in the task of attendance on their dying father.

Very beautiful was Bianca Monti, and her secluded life and utter ignorance of the world had invested her with an air of extreme simplicity and innocence, which made her seem even younger

than she was. She resembled her mother in person, possessing fair hair, the sweetest of sweet blue eyes, and an exquisitely delicate complexion. Her figure, though still childish, was extremely graceful, and, as she glided lightly through the long corridors of the mansion, or flitted noiselessly round the sick man's bed, bending beside it ever and anon to perform some act of devotion, she appeared far more like what one would imagine of an angel, than a mere inhabitant of this grosser world.

Pietro Monti died, but ere he departed he earnestly requested that his youthful daughter would return to the convent that had sheltered her childhood, and, if she felt no repugnance to a continuance there, devote herself at once to a life of religion. And there was no rebellious heaving in her quiet heart, no regretful tear in her calm blue eye, as, bending meekly to receive his last blessing, she answered, "So, dear father, I have ever intended to do."

But weeks passed away, and the sweet face and gentle voice of Bianca still gladdened the fair home which now had passed into the possession of her brother. Giovanni Monti was six years older than his sister. He had spent his boyhood wildly and extravagantly; for his mother's early death, his sister's absence, and his father's unsocial habits, had conspired to make home a gloomy

place, just at the period when it should have put forth its sweetest attractions, if it was to have had any chance with one like himself, in comparison with the specious allurements of worldly pleasure. Thus he had been led to mingle in scenes less innocent, and to associate with companions less profitable, than home, under other circumstances, might have afforded him; and a reckless expenditure was the natural consequence of such a mode of life as his.

At the time of his father's death, his debts were very heavy—the whole of the ready money he could command was insufficient to liquidate them, and he felt that, if he ever hoped to retrieve his fortunes, a much less expensive course must be adopted. He was already weary of the round of dissipation which he had been pursuing, and a domestic life, if graced by the presence and companionship of so sweet a creature as Bianca, appeared to his ardent imagination delightful, even from the very force of contrast. He strenuously opposed his sister's return to her convent, at least for the present; he represented in the most glowing terms the good effects which her society might produce upon him, and soon won her consent to remain with him as long as she was permitted to do so.

In a retirement scarcely less complete than that of the cloister, Bianca Monti continued to reside with her brother, and with him she would have

been contented to dwell for ever, had not a letter arrived from her abbess, urging her to decide at once upon her future manner of life. Giovanni was urgent in his entreaties that she should remain with him. He declared that he could not survive if she were taken from him—that the view which was opening on him of a purer and happier existence than he had ever before known would be banished again if she forsook him now—and at length he obtained a promise that she would not leave him until the expiration of a year from their father's death. He explained to her all his difficulties and his plans for extricating himself from them, and was astonished to find the clear and understanding view which her unworldly mind took of every statement submitted to her. Young and simple as she was, she possessed great natural talents, and her exceeding candour always helped her to come straight to the truth at once, for she had no false shame, no want of moral courage, to hold her back from it. "It seems that you have been imprudent, Giovanni, and that now you must be poor for a time. Well, let us be poor; our poverty, after all, is but comparative. We have a home to shelter us, we can still provide wholesome food and decent raiment; few attendants can serve us; and with our books, our beautiful gardens, and our trust in God, what do we want more?"

Six months sped away like a fairy dream. Giovanni scarcely ever left home, and was generally by the side of his lovely sister, sharing in her pursuits, and directing her attention, with his own, to others which he felt he had too long neglected. He was not more surprised at her quickness in comprehending what he could teach her, than she was at finding that there was so very much to be learned, and that things relating to a world which she had always been taught to look upon as a scene of trial, temptation, and danger, *could* be so full of interest for her. The brother and sister were mutually improving each other. Giovanni possessed much quickness, a good share of information, and some literary taste; and he was daily leading his sister into enchanted regions of knowledge and imagination, of whose existence she had no previous conception. She meanwhile was extending farther and farther over his wild and wayward nature the influences of her own pure and gentle spirit; and, while in her simplicity she considered his mind as the treasury of all worldly learning, he, in the fervency of his fancy, was disposed to regard her as his guardian angel.

"I must have your likeness, my own sweet sister; I cannot bear the thought that you should leave me, and nothing remain with me except your precious memory. I urge it now, because

here is a fair opportunity of having it well executed. I know that you would not like to visit a studio for the purpose, nor should I wish to bring any townsman hither to make impertinent observations on our present circumstances; but this English painter, whose name is in every one's mouth —nay, no objection, sweetest!—you know we are half English ourselves; in fact, pardon me, I have already engaged him for your portrait, and he will be here to-morrow."

Three weeks before Giovanni made this proposition, Godfrey Western, the English artist in question, had caught one glimpse of Bianca Monti, and ever since had been longing for another. He had seen her as she returned from church, the only place at which she ever appeared in public, and had tried to obtain her name from the attendant who followed her at a little distance. But the man could not, or would not, understand the doubtful Italian in which he was addressed; indeed the Genoese dialect is so different from what we reckon pure Italian, that, had Western been ever so accomplished a scholar, it would have been difficult to make himself understood. What, therefore, was his delight when he found that the subject of his pencil was to be the same lovely face which had haunted his dreams and thoughts ever since he had first seen it?

My limits will not permit me to detail all the

gradations of feeling which made Bianca Monti less anxious to return to her old associates, and finally inspired her with a positive dislike to the idea of taking the veil. The painter was longer in completing her portrait than any other that he had ever undertaken, and yet Bianca never found the many long sittings he required tedious or disagreeable. But she did not long remain unconscious that she was under some unwonted influence, and that a new feeling was springing up in her heart, though she did not understand its nature. She had heard of love—that it was a very dangerous and terrible passion, but that she could ever experience it herself was an idea that had never crossed her mind. She was full of warm affections; she had loved her father with all the fanciful fervour of one who knew little or nothing of his real temper, and invested the paternal character with all that is high and holy. She loved the abbess, the nuns, every one who was connected with her recollections of her childhood —the old grey-headed gardener, the very trees and flowers of the convent garden, came in for a share of her regard. She cherished the memory of her lost mother with the same kind of tender reverence that she had been taught to feel for the saints in glory. Her love for Giovanni was a newer and *more real* feeling than these; it was a blending of gratitude for all the enjoyment he led

her to find in paths hitherto unknown to her, with that cherishing love which glows warmly in the heart of a woman towards any one to whom she feels she is of use.

But before Godfrey Western had come and gone half a dozen times between his own residence and her home, poor Bianca was strangely troubled, as in all her life she had never been before. Sleeping or waking, his eyes, his smile, his voice, syllabled into his incorrect but most musical Italian, were present with her. Once he left a small volume of English poetry behind him, and Bianca took it to her own chamber, and turned over every leaf, tracing the unknown words with strange curiosity, and feeling as if she would give the world to be able to penetrate their meaning. But before his next visit she carried it back to the very place whence she had removed it, blushing and trembling as she did so, lest any one should observe her, and seated herself a little way off, gazing on it as if it were a treasure from which she was loath to part, and in whose neighbourhood it was a delight to linger. She scarcely ever named Western to her brother, but if Giovanni spoke of him, her heart beat quick, and her eyes involuntarily sunk before his. Yet she knew not that this was indeed love, and wondered more and more what was the matter with her. It was reserved for Godfrey himself to tell her.

The picture was very nearly finished, when Giovanni left home one day, on the plea of particular business, and Bianca was left alone to receive the usual visit from Western. By this time she had learnt to feel the full meaning of every word he uttered, and to believe that he was as wise and as kind as Giovanni, though they were very, very different from each other. He came, and the tone in which he expressed his surprise at finding her by herself thrilled her heart—there was so much of delight mingled with its astonishment. Then, sighing as he withdrew his eyes from the fair face where he had suffered them to rest a moment in fond admiration, he arranged his colours, and resumed his task.

The language of true love is universal, no matter whether its vehicle be English, French, German, or "choice Italian;" it is self-interpreting, and cannot be misunderstood. So it was that in less than an hour Godfrey Western and Bianca Monti perfectly understood that each was dearer to the other than all the world besides, and the gentle girl's head rested on his shoulder as confidingly and fondly as if they had been formally betrothed for a twelvemonth.

Godfrey's greatest difficulty was to make his lovely Bianca comprehend that there were weighty reasons why this mutual avowal of their love must be kept secret for the present. She did not

doubt for a moment that Western truly loved her, and would soon remove the seal of secrecy; but she grieved meanwhile that she might not tell Giovanni how very very happy she felt.

Godfrey Western was not altogether what he seemed to be. He was really the second son of a wealthy English baronet, but an unfortunate misunderstanding with his elder brother, who was the favourite of his father, had caused him to leave home in disgust. He had considerable talent for painting, and was now travelling through Italy in the disguise of a poor artist, partly for the sake of improvement, and partly to gratify the romance of his disposition. Of course, he was known in Genoa in his assumed character only, and, having formed somewhat exaggerated notions of Italian pride and jealousy, he feared that, if his attachment to Bianca were divulged in the first instance, his account of himself would obtain little credit from her brother, and the stiletto might be quicker than the arrival of his letters from England. Indeed, on the whole, he thought it best to return thither immediately, and, providing himself with proofs of his rank and station, visit Genoa again, and claim his beautiful bride. This he solemnly promised to do, as he kissed again and again the cheek and the lips of Bianca, and besought her to believe in his unchanging affection.

Once more, and only once, the lovers met before

Godfrey left Genoa; and in after-hours the fair brow of Bianca often burnt with maiden shame when she remembered that their parting interview was a stolen one, and that, with an energy which she marvelled to think upon, she had vowed to be his, as she clung closer and closer to his bosom. She longed to tell Giovanni of her happiness, and of her resolve to return to the convent no more. She broke no vow by changing her resolution; she had merely quietly acquiesced in her father's wish expressed in his last moments, at a time when her inclinations needed no promise to be a restraint on them; but now that her views of life were altogether different, she felt that to pursue her original intention would be a cruel injustice both to herself and to Western.

She felt sufficiently lonely and sad during the few days immediately following the painter's departure; but the elastic spirit of youth is raised as easily as it is depressed; her mind soon regained much of its tranquillity, and her manner its usual cheerfulness. Nay, her colour was richer, her eye brighter, her step more airy, than they had ever been, and Giovanni saw and wondered at the change, while he did not seek very deeply into its cause. Indeed his mind was fully occupied with other matters, which every day were acquiring more and more influence over him.

On the very day on which Western had found

opportunity to reveal to Bianca the history of the feelings with which she had inspired him, Giovanni had formed an acquaintance with one who was destined to exercise a mighty power over his fortunes, and eventually on those of his sister. Some weeks before, he had placed some valuable jewels in the hands of one of his principal creditors, with instructions to offer them for sale when opportunity served, but not to dispose of them finally without further application to himself. In consequence of this, a message was brought to him that a jewel-merchant of Florence, Alonzo Voarino by name, was desirous of becoming a purchaser, and now waited to confer with the owner of the property at the house where it was deposited.

The jewel-merchant was a remarkable-looking man; Giovanni almost forgot the business he had come about as he looked upon him. He seemed to be between fifty and sixty years old; his stature could not be called tall, but his frame was sinewy, and indicated considerable strength. His features were rather small and well-shaped, lit up by a pair of the most extraordinary eyes that Giovanni had ever beheld. They were large, dark, and intelligent—years had failed to abate their radiance, or render their expression less striking. Age had wrinkled the jewel-merchant's brow, and grizzled hair, once black as the raven's wing; but it seemed

to have no power over that intensely bright eye, which, in the language of Byron, "was in itself a soul." It seemed as if the clear comprehensive glance of Signor Alonzo could pierce at once into the very hearts of those he gazed upon, and defy their wiliest efforts to keep secret from him even a thought. The stranger's manner was likewise singular. It was courteous and gentle in the extreme, yet it ever gave the idea that its smoothness was assumed, that there was something of *falsetto* in its sweetness, and in the bland tones into which a very deep and powerful voice was habitually moulded. The most indifferent observer must have felt a conviction that there was strength and harshness too beneath this polished exterior, and that command was more the natural language of that voice than entreaty. He addressed Giovanni as an equal, but evidently accounted the tradesman in whose warehouse they stood as very much his inferior. He purchased the jewels, and paid for them at once, without asking for any abatement in the price demanded, and, after some conversation on transactions to which the subject naturally led, he invited Giovanni to accompany him to his residence, where he said he had some tolerable jewels, which he should be happy to show him.

The temporary dwelling of the jewel-merchant was a large house which had remained uninhabited

for many years. It stood in a busy part of the city, surrounded by a court with high walls and a neglected garden. Warehouses, shops, and a flourishing market had arisen near it; but, though the agent left in charge of it was repeatedly applied to by persons wishing to purchase the site for the purpose of turning it to some profitable use, the answer always was that the owner had no intention of parting with it. But the jewel-merchant had arrived provided with a letter to this agent, requesting that the keys should be delivered to Signor Alonzo Voarino, and that he should be allowed to occupy it while his business obliged him to remain in Genoa.

Giovanni was not wanting in bravery, nor was he naturally of a superstitious temper, but, as they entered the building, a sensation akin to apprehension stole over his mind. He observed that, before leaving the courtyard which opened into the street, his companion carefully locked and barred the gate, and that as soon as they were within the house he took a similar precaution with respect to the door. The only light that penetrated into the hall in which they stood was the twilight that struggled faintly through the painted glass of a small window on the staircase. All within was dark and silent, and the clang of the door as it closed seemed to find an echo in every room and gallery of the empty mansion. A mo-

ment sufficed to re-assure Giovanni, and to convince him that his vague alarm was groundless. He had nothing about him which could excite the cupidity of any one, for his jewels were already in the stranger's possession, and their purchase-money remained with the creditor for whose benefit they had been sold. He resolved the conduct of his host into eccentricity, that potent name, under whose sanction so many follies have been admired, and so much vice excused.

He followed his new acquaintance, therefore, with more of curiosity than anxiety, and, after traversing a long flight of stairs and a wide corridor, they entered an apartment whose dimensions could not be immediately ascertained, for the fire that had burnt on the hearth was reduced to a few half-extinguished embers. A thick wax candle, however, was immediately lighted, and placed in a silver candlestick of rare workmanship, which certainly bore the air of one of those usually employed in the worship of the Roman Catholic church. Giovanni then saw that the chamber was of moderate size, the walls covered with tapestry, faded and fast dropping to decay, and the furniture, some very old, and some, of humble materials and more modern date, had evidently been hastily gathered together to fit up the room as a temporary lodging for the stranger. He politely requested Giovanni to be seated, and, drawing from

a recess a small ebony cabinet, intimated that it contained the jewels of which they had spoken.

They were indeed worth inspection. Drawer after drawer was opened, and each seemed to surpass the last in the splendour and value of its contents. Diamonds, rubies, amethysts, pearls, emeralds, topazes, sapphires, and many others less commonly known, were there in profusion; some few rough as from the mine, some cut and polished, but the greater portion set in every imaginable variety of form and style; and the eyes of the jewel-merchant flashed like his own gems, as he spread them before the astonished youth, and descanted on their merits.

"These rubies, signor — ah, it was a fair neck that wore them last, but death shews no respect to the fairest; there was an extravagant son in the case, too, and lo, the rubies are here. And this chain of diamonds, how it flashed and sparkled in the dark hair where it was destined to shine but once; these pearls and those emeralds have histories too, but it is all gone and past now. These things are best forgotten—best forgotten!" said Alonzo, as he prepared to re-arrange the gems in the drawers, previously to closing the cabinet.

"But, signor, pardon me, there is one drawer which we surely did not examine — that to your left hand: may I ask to see what it contains?"

For a moment the eye of the jewel-merchant

glared upon his guest with an expression that was absolutely ferocious, but it was immediately withdrawn, and there was no roughness in his tone as he replied, "It certainly holds some jewels, to me of considerable value; some time, perhaps, you may behold them, but not now—not now." He closed and locked the cabinet at once, and Giovanni's politeness would not permit him to urge the subject farther.

The stranger made no farther allusion to it, but, assuming an air of gaiety, produced some excellent wine, of which he pressed Giovanni to partake. When the young man rose to take his leave, his host begged him to repeat his visit, observing that he led a solitary life, but felt so true an interest in Giovanni, that he should be pained to think their first meeting must prove their last. The young and warm-hearted are ever most open to the flattery that comes from one older than themselves, especially when it takes the guise of an interest for their welfare, and Giovanni promised to avail himself of the invitation on an early day. It must likewise be owned that he felt some excitement respecting the drawer which he had not yet been permitted to examine. Let no one say that curiosity is exclusively a feminine weakness.

A few weeks passed, and Giovanni and the jewel-merchant were almost constant companions.

They met every day, and, though Giovanni was most frequently the guest of the stranger, Alonzo's visits to the house of the Montis were neither few nor far between. At any other time, Bianca would have been annoyed at the intrusion of a visiter, and at the frequent absences of Giovanni; but she gave little attention to what was passing around her. Her mind was preoccupied with thoughts of Western, which were beginning to be mingled with no little anxiety at not hearing of him. Her chief solace was to sit alone in her chamber, or wander in the solitary walks of their extensive garden, recalling every look and tone of Western to her memory, and gathering comfort from the belief that words so fond, and looks so eloquent, *could* not proceed from any source but true and constant affection.

Both Giovanni and the jewel-merchant were skilful chess-players, and hours were devoted to that noble game; but no long time had elapsed before dice were occasionally substituted, merely, as Alonzo observed, for the sake of variety. The stakes hazarded were at first small, but gradually increased in value, until Giovanni had lost sums which he could ill afford to part with in his present circumstances. Still he played, in the vain hope that he should retrieve his ill-fortune, winning back trifling sums occasionally, but steadily losing on the whole.

When the madness of gambling has once fairly gained possession of a man, nothing can extinguish it while he has any thing left whereby he can prolong its pernicious excitement. The character of Giovanni's feelings towards the jewel-merchant had entirely changed; he had learned to regard him as almost an enemy, who a little while before had been his most intimate friend; but still he was an enemy with whom it would be dangerous to quarrel, because the victim saw no possible means of averting utter ruin, except the chance of winning back at least a portion of what he had so foolishly lost. Will it be credited that the infatuated youth not only staked and lost every moveable article of any value which he possessed, but madly set the very house which sheltered him against a large sum in money, and was again a loser?

It was in his home that Giovanni perpetrated this last act of folly, and no sooner was the final destruction of his hopes accomplished, than the luckless gamester arose without speaking a word, and left the room. Whatever his purpose might be, he was not permitted to execute it; for, ere he reached the staircase, a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Whither would you go, my young friend?" inquired the jewel-merchant, in his usual tone; "you are naturally disturbed at your loss, and no

wonder; but take courage, I am no hard creditor, and, moreover, you have a jewel in your possession, to obtain which I will willingly give you the large sum which I staked just now, and forego my last winning to boot."

"You rave, old man," said Giovanni. "Success has turned your brain, as ill fortune will mine. I have neither gold nor jewel left — I am stripped of all I possessed—I am a beggar, and an outcast from this house, and 'tis you who have made me so."

"You are excited just now," said Alonzo quietly, "and of course see things in the worst light; but come back with me, and I will make plain to you the riddle I put forth just now."

He led the bewildered Giovanni back to the apartment they had just quitted, and, placing him on a seat, thus continued. "Yes; you have a gem to which the fairest diamond that ever graced the crown of an emperor is dim and worthless. Its beauty is perfect, its value cannot be counted; and, better than all, it lives, breathes — there is a glorious soul within it. Ah, you start! you have my meaning now; I speak of your beautiful sister."

"Bianca!" exclaimed Giovanni, and he pronounced the name in such a tone of piercing anguish that even the hard heart of the stranger thrilled as he heard it.

"Yes; *Bianca,*" he continued, after a momentary pause; "and more, I tell you that you cannot avert it by any opposition you may offer. It is written *there,*" and he hastily arose, and, flinging wide the casement, pointed to the starry heavens, now bedecked in all the splendour of an Italian midnight. His form actually seemed to dilate, and his eyes to flash with superhuman radiance as he fixed them on the skies.

A strange awe crept over Giovanni. I have said that he was not much tinctured with superstition, but, in the excited state of his feelings, he was peculiarly susceptible to its influence, aided as it was by the circumstances of the scene and hour. He sate speechless as one subject to the operation of a spell, while Alonzo proceeded: "Destiny hath at last accomplished its work; the brow for which these rare brilliants were intended is found at length, and mine is the hand that must place them there." He drew from his bosom a small case or casket, and opening it displayed a diamond tiara, composed of but few stones, but those of such extraordinary size and splendour, that, miserable as Giovanni was, he could not suppress an exclamation of astonishment.

"These," said Alonzo, "were the treasures that I would not let you gaze upon before; now I burn to present them to your lovely sister. Long have they been reserved for my bride, and that

must Bianca Monti be before the moon shall again have waxed and waned."

"Never!" said Giovanni sternly. "You have stripped me of the little that remained to me of my inheritance, of the shelter of my house, of the peace I was regaining within its calm sanctuary, but Bianca, my own bright guardian angel, of her you shall not deprive me. We are beggars, but we will go forth as such together."

"You cannot conquer destiny," said the jewel-merchant calmly.

Meanwhile Bianca was becoming the prey of dark and anxious thoughts. The extreme time was past which Godfrey Western had fixed as the limit of his return, yet he came not. She grew restless and wretched, and, with the sympathy that exists between unhappy minds, she soon discovered that, from some unrevealed cause, Giovanni was as anxious as herself. The truth was that, while he still openly rejected the jewel-merchant's advances respecting Bianca, his resolutions were secretly giving way under the necessities of the case. The alternative, that seemed at first too dreadful to be accepted on any terms, gradually grew familiar to his mind, and he was silently reconciling himself to a sacrifice, which, after all, seemed to promise a better fate, even to Bianca, than utter, abject poverty. Surely even a marriage such as was proposed, with all its disparities,

could scarcely include a more cheerless and lonely life than his sister's would have been, if immured in a convent. Signor Alonzo must certainly be rich, and Bianca would be shielded from want, at least, by securing a protector in him. He was much older than herself, but then he could be, when he pleased, a most delightful companion, and for a young girl to marry a man considerably her senior was a matter of every-day occurrence.

Still he shrunk from the task of communicating to the intended victim his altered fortunes, and the offer of Alonzo, until, one day, being more warmly urged on the subject than usual, he revealed to Bianca his wretchedness and its cause. Speechless with terror and grief, poor Bianca listened to the fatal tidings, that seemed to crush her very heart; but, as soon as she could collect herself sufficiently to comprehend the whole dreadful truth, she fell on her knees and confessed her secret betrothment to the English painter, her solemn conviction of the truth of his statements respecting his real rank, and her certainty that a few days more would bring him to Genoa.

Giovanni was confounded at the barrier to his hopes, thus suddenly discovered, but he seemed utterly to disbelieve Western's promises and representations. He believed him to be an adventurer who had imposed on Bianca's simplicity, and

concluded that, having sufficiently amused himself with her artless affection, he had quitted Genoa to return no more. He did not tell her all this, but, by urgent entreaties, and lively pictures of the certain beggary that awaited them if she refused compliance with Alonzo's terms, he at length prevailed on Bianca to promise that, if no tidings of Western should arrive within fourteen days, she would see Alonzo, and permit him to urge his suit in person.

Her agonized anxiety during the ensuing fortnight may be imagined. She would sit for hours together at a window which commanded a distant view of the public road, a thousand times fancying among the passers-by the form, and even the features of her lover. She was repeatedly seized with sudden faintness and fits of trembling, which seemed to threaten the dissolution of soul and body; a fresher breath of wind sweeping through the leaves around the lattice, an approaching footstep, or a distant shout, was sufficient to produce these fearful effects. As the period of her respite drew to a close, she became calmer, but her's was the calmness of despair.

The last morning of the fortnight dawned; slowly each hour seemed to drag itself along, and yet how soon it was ended. She would scarcely believe that day, whose hours had seemed so long, was really gone, gone for ever, and that it had

brought with it no relief to her overtasked feelings. That night, as Bianca laid down her aching head, she felt that, were there no impiety in the prayer, she should supplicate of God that it might never be raised again in life. But the night passed away, and she still lived, and she displayed no outward sign of emotion when Giovanni reluctantly reminded her that this day Signor Alonzo must be admitted to her presence.

Their interview was a scene for a painter. It took place in a small but richly furnished chamber, which Giovanni remembered as that devoted to his mother's use during her last long illness. He recollected how, when a child, six or seven years old, he was admitted at intervals to her presence, with many injunctions from his nurse to "make no noise," and "not to touch any thing." Bianca, simply dressed in white, sate in the very chair which their mother had been accustomed to occupy when able to sit up, and, pale and feeble as she now appeared, Giovanni saw in her a likeness to the invalid with whom that seat was always associated in his memory, which touched him to his heart's core. How well he remembered that dying mother bending down over the arm of that chair to kiss his forehead, as he knelt beside her, and looked wonderingly up in her wan face! Why, why did Bianca choose to place herself there upon this trying occasion!

But the current of his softening feelings was checked as it arose, for Signor Alonzo Voarino entered, and the searching look of entreaty which Bianca cast upon her brother, while it went like a dagger to his heart, stirred him not to any movement for her deliverance. He had gone too far to retreat now; all was in her own hands, and, in the terrible agony of the moment, Giovanni believed he should almost be glad if Bianca's resolution failed. But she did not withdraw the hand that her suitor took in his, as he sunk on one knee before her, and, when asked if she had decided to receive him as her future husband, the half-choked whisper of assent that she forced from her parched and gasping lips was answered by the pressure of his own on that unresisting hand. Then her strength gave way; with a short, piercing shriek, she started to her feet, as if to fly, but fell senseless into the arms of her brother.

The preparations for the marriage were hastily made, for the bridegroom's impatience knew no bounds, and Bianca was entirely passive. The sacrifice was resolved on, and she made it an unreserved one. When told that her betrothed wished their union to take place on the third day after their interview, she offered no resistance, but merely requested that she might not be asked to see him again until the marriage morning. The

appointed day dawned brightly and gladly, but brought no cheerfulness to the sunken brow and fevered cheek of the wretched bride. Her white garments and the large veil which was flung over her head heightened the delicacy of her appearance, and, with the star-like tiara of diamonds glittering over her forehead, she looked like a celestial being, just about to take its flight from a world where the sight of sin and sorrow had too long darkened and troubled its happiness.

Before the ceremony took place, Giovanni received from the jewel-merchant the whole sum which he had promised to restore to him, together with a formal release from any farther claim on his property. More dead than alive, Bianca sustained her part in the nuptial service, and then, being rather carried than led, returned to the apartment, where a collation was prepared for the few friends who had been hastily summoned together, and in whose minds wonder and pity were far more prominent than any other feeling, for all felt how strange and unnatural was such a union.

Suddenly, a trampling of many feet was heard in the garden, then loud voices in angry altercation without, and presently the door was thrown violently open, and a party of ten or a dozen men poured into the room. Two or three were well-

known citizens of Genoa, others were officers of justice, and one wore the dress of an English gentleman. Yes, it was Godfrey Western, and Bianca, starting up with a wild cry, flung herself on his bosom.

"Seize the robber!" exclaimed Western, as he bore Bianca to a couch, and, with anxious care and soothing words, endeavoured to restore her to animation. He was long unsuccessful; but, when the trembling bride returned to consciousness, the whole scene was changed. The crowd of strangers had departed, the jewel-merchant had disappeared, and Bianca was supported in the arms of the painter, while Giovanni, looking the image of penitence, knelt beside her, watching her with intense anxiety.

If I were to enter into a detail of all the rapid train of events and explanations that followed, it would occupy far more space than can be afforded here. I will try to condense them into as small a compass as possible.

Signor Alonzo Voarino, as he called himself, was, in fact, a notorious brigand, whose real name, Bertoni, had long spread terror through a portion of the Neapolitan states. He was bold, enterprizing, possessed of considerable talent, and had displayed all these qualities in achieving a marriage with Bianca Monti. Not far from the district where Bertoni usually pursued his unlawful

vocation, there resided a rich and childless man, named Lorenzo Monti. He was the only brother of Bianca's father, and had spent his early days in Genoa, but, having quarrelled violently with his brother, he left it in disgust some time before Pietro's marriage.

Bertoni, by means of an artful disguise, had contrived to worm himself into a species of intimacy with this personage, his object at first being to obtain access to his house, so as to be better able to plunder it of a portion of the treasure it was reported to contain. But, finding from hints, unguardedly dropped, that Monti intended to bequeath the whole of his property to a niece whom he had never seen, but whose family resided in Genoa, he formed the bolder scheme of paying a visit to that city, and, by securing Bianca's person, ensuring to himself the whole, instead of a portion of her aged uncle's wealth. His life was unsafe in his own neighbourhood; a heavy price had been already offered for his capture, and he feared lest the prospect of reward might prove too much for the fidelity of his followers. He entrusted the whole secret to one alone, whom he appointed to the command of his troop during his absence, and forthwith proceeded to Genoa, more to reconnoitre the position of affairs there, than with any idea of immediate success. He assumed the character of a jewel-merchant, which he was

able to support from his knowledge of gems, and the quantity of jewellery of various kinds amassed during a long course of plunder, which he had not dared to dispose of near home, lest it should lead to his detection.

In Genoa his person was utterly unknown, and the faint rumour of his name which had reached that city had borne with it no correct description of his appearance, so that there seemed but little chance of his expedition thither being attended with danger. The house he inhabited was the property of Lorenzo Monti; he had ascertained its situation, and the name of the person who had charge of it, during his conversations with its owner. It was easy to forge a letter addressed to this agent, and this he scrupled not to do. His care in locking and securing his doors may be accounted for on the principle that an evil conscience is sure, in some way or other, to be the parent of cowardice.

His plan, from the very first, prospered beyond his expectations, but it was a communication from his confederate that urged him to its completion somewhat sooner than he had hoped for. This was the news of the dangerous illness of Lorenzo Monti, and the certainty that he had executed a will in favour of Bianca. The hope of a large reward stimulated this accomplice to abet Bertoni's villany with all his ability. He managed to have

the messenger despatched to Genoa to inform Bianca of her uncle's death waylaid and imprisoned, so that she might be fairly secured before she became acquainted with her accession of fortune. Of course, Bertoni's idle talk about destiny, and the mysterious tone he had assumed in his conversation with Giovanni, were a mere trick to work on the agitated mind of a ruined and desperate man. Once wedded to the wealthy heiress, he doubted not that he would be able to purchase safety from the laws of his country and absolution from its church, and that at a distance from the scenes of his former depredations he might pass the remainder of his days in ease and affluence.

The captive messenger, however, had effected his escape from the custody of the brigands, and made his way to Genoa, where he arrived the very night before the marriage. He was acquainted with Bertoni's person, though not with his real character, having frequently seen him with his late master. He chanced to observe him in the street, and, at once suspecting that all was not right, forbore to make himself known, and moreover had the precaution to inquire something about the present circumstances of the Montis before acquainting them with his errand. The news of Bianca's intended marriage, (the person he had recognized being pointed out as her betrothed),

excited his astonishment still more, especially as Bertoni had *here* assumed the character of a jewel-merchant of Florence, whilst to the late Signior Monti he had represented himself as a gentleman of Naples.

Confirmed in his suspicions of foul play, and taking his own late captivity into consideration, the messenger began to feel assured that somehow or other the bridegroom of Bianca Monti was connected with the brigands. He revolved these things during the night, and on the following morning went and told his tale to the proper authorities. Bertoni's residence was broken open and searched. The cabinet containing his jewels was ransacked, and the drawer, whose contents he had kept so carefully concealed, was found to contain several letters from his confederate, detailing various atrocious transactions, and revealing, amongst other things, that the death of Lorenzo Monti had been accomplished by poison. Armed with these proofs of his guilt, the officers pursued the culprit to the house of the Montis, and there apprehended him, as before related.

Western's appearance at this critical moment was no more than an extraordinary coincidence. He had been detained in England by the double loss which his family had sustained in the death of his elder brother and his aged father. The former had been killed by a fall from his horse,

and the latter had died after a few days' illness, brought on by grief for the loss of his son. The painter was now Sir Godfrey Western, and, as soon as he could escape from the whirl of business which had detained him in England, he set out for Genoa. Meanwhile he had written to Bianca, detailing the causes of his delay, but his letter had never reached its destination.

Bertoni was tried and executed, the marriage between him and Bianca being first annulled by papal authority, in order that the heiress of Lorenzo Monti might not bear the disgrace of being the widow of a man who had died as a criminal, even for a single day. His principal accomplice shared his fate, and the rest of his band were taken or dispersed.

Very soon after these events, our gentle heroine had assumed the style and title of Lady Western. Sir Godfrey bestowed a great portion of the wealth acquired in right of his wife on Giovanni, who, thoroughly awakened to a sense of the folly and wickedness of his former conduct, seriously set about repairing his shattered fortunes. He succeeded so well, that in a short time he was freed from the thraldom of debt, and married a lady of amiable disposition and good family with whom he lived long and happily.

Bianca removed to England with her husband, the husband whom she loved and revered with all

the intense affection of her nature. Three or four years after her marriage she embraced the Protestant religion, and thereby much increased her domestic felicity, for a union of faith is no less requisite to the true happiness of wedded life than a union of hearts. Surrounded by her lovely children, and loved by all who knew her, the days of Lady Western glided on as happily as the changeful nature of this scene of trial can permit. Yet, in the midst of her greatest enjoyment, an allusion to the transactions of her early years was enough to cast a shade on her brow; and even the tears would start to her mild blue eyes, as she recalled to memory the anguish attendant on the sacrifice which had so nearly destroyed her earthly happiness for ever.

THE SONG OF ZULEIKA.

He heard one of the wild and wandering strains which the singers of the harem pour out so fluently; and which are the most romantic things possible, in the least romantic place in the world.

MYSTERIES OF DON YRIARTE.

Oh Love, what joy thy rosy moments give,
  Worth all the Prophet's flowery paradise;
Alas, but moments still — too bright to live,
  Like golden sands that drop before our eyes!

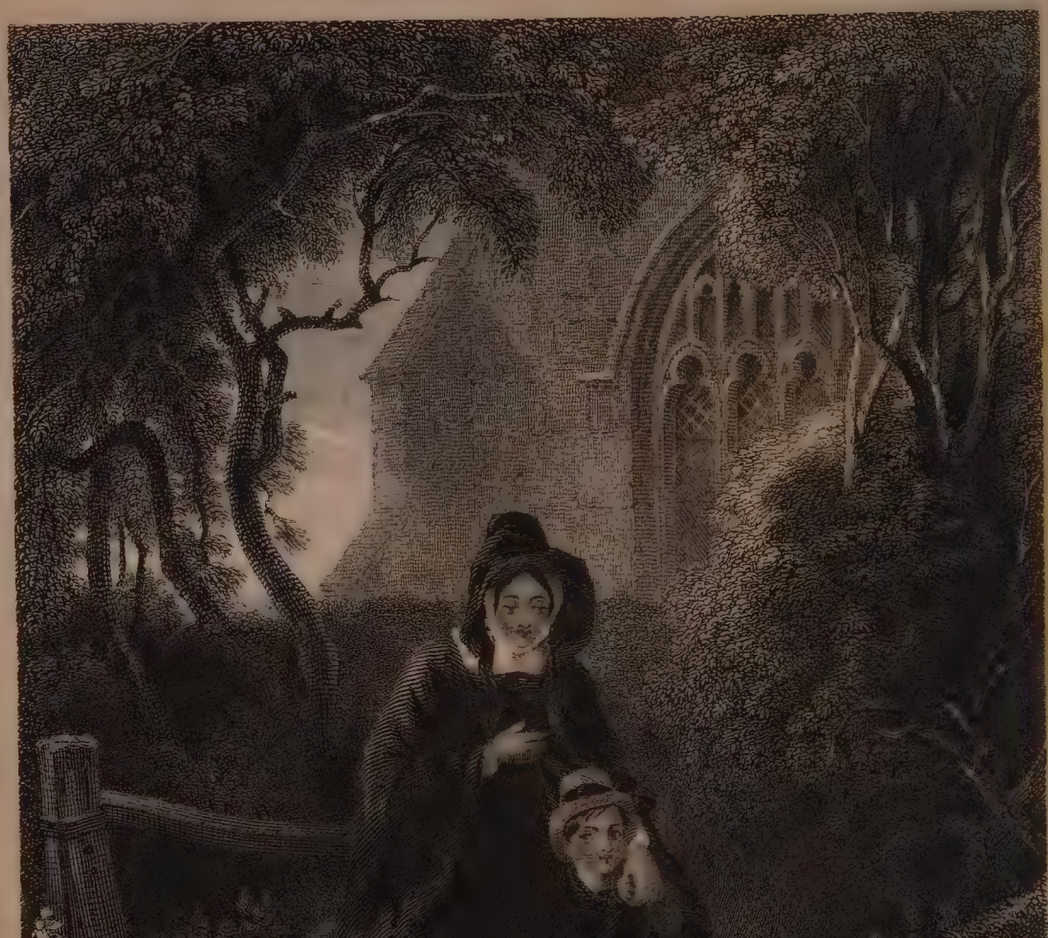
Like lightnings of the summer evening—gone!
Like the rich trembling of a bridal tear;
Like the first dew-drop in the morning sun;
Alas! like all that woman treasures here.

What are to me the Prophet's crystal founts,
The dances of the Houris' dazzling throng,
The thrones of diamond on their golden mounts,
The trees whose blossoms breathe eternal song!

I ask no spirit's plume, no angel rest,
No throne upon yon crimson clouds afar;
ive me on Earth to bless and to be blest,
One heart *my* paradise, its home *my* star.

To weep with that true *one*, to share his joys,
To feel the living world in him alone—
What are ye, diadems? an infant's toys;
To one rich pearl; and that rich pearl my own!

O chain of more than gold, our hearts that ties!
On life's dim desert, oh, enchanting gleam!
Soul of the soul, and rapture of the eyes,
Dream of my life; must thou be still a *dream?*



FLORENCE.

FLORENCE; OR, THE SUTHERLAND FAMILY.

BY MRS. LEE.

ALTHOUGH the conviction that all sublunary things must change is a difficult one for the youthful mind to embrace, every year renders it more easy of comprehension. We do things which appeared to be impossible even a few months before; we submit quietly to privations which we formerly thought "must have killed us;" and we admit conclusions to which, in our days of buoyancy, we thought our minds *never* could accommodate themselves. Some of these changes come so gradually upon us, that we are not aware how they have been effected; we are even startled when some sudden occurrence causes their reality to flash upon us; but our maturer lives teach us to smile at the impossibilities of our youth. We acutely remember the heart-sickness which came over us, when the more experienced predicted the alterations to which we were liable, the impatient assertions which we made that *we* were exempt from what then appeared to us as inconsistencies; and, when our respect for the

prophet led us to forbear all contradiction, the intreaties that our present happiness might not be embittered by the apprehension that a time would come when we should cease to admire, to love, to enjoy, the objects of our early idolatry. If these things may be traced in ourselves, how much more manifest are they when, after an absence of years, we return to our native land, and inquire into the history of the families which we left behind us! The results stand prominently before us without the circumstances which led to them, and we are surprised at effects because we have not witnessed the causes.

Among many instances of this kind, and each of which would form materials for spinning out a fashionable novel into three volumes, I do not know one more striking than that of the Sutherland family, whom I first saw, long years ago, blooming and prosperous, and (to the superficial observer) seemingly above the reach of earthly ill. To the poor and the humble in station, wealth and rank appear to be exempt from care; but, could we penetrate into secrets confided to the lawyer and physician alone, what scenes of misery and distress would be laid before us in the private history of the rich and noble, and how often should we look upon our own lot and be contented!

But to return to the Sutherlands. At one time I lived in their neighbourhood, and never shall I

forget the sensation which their arrival caused in our quiet village. The 'squire, who had hitherto been raised to the pinnacle of greatness, sank into insignificance, now we could boast of nobility among us; and we and our residence seemed to rise in importance in consequence of the presence of the noble Lord and his family. Conjecture was busy as to the degree of intercourse which was to take place between them and their inferiors in rank; but, to the satisfaction of every one, no preference was shown. Lady Sutherland and her daughters indiscriminately called on all the better sort, and the young ladies were soon seen in the cottages, making themselves well acquainted with the circumstances of their poorer neighbours.

After educating their children highly, and presenting those who were sufficiently advanced at the court of their sovereign, Lord and Lady Sutherland withdrew to their principal patrimonial estate, as a permanent residence, in the hope that its southern situation would prolong the life of the lady, whose health had for some time been declining. Not one of them appeared to regret the pleasures they had left, and they cheerfully attended the parties given in their honour throughout the surrounding country, and which created much bustle.

At these entertainments, Lady Sutherland was only present when her health permitted the exer-

tion, and the youngest of the four daughters, a lovely, high-spirited girl of fifteen, still more rarely accompanied the others. She was soon the darling of the village; her quick discerning eye had penetrated into the real necessities of the cottagers; and, with the tact peculiar to her, she had become so well acquainted with their characters, that she was able to direct the housekeeper, not only as to the portion of charity to be bestowed, but the manner of conferring it. She was included in all the invitations given to her family, but seldom accepted them on account of her age, but more because she had much greater pleasure in scampering over the country on her pony, Shag, attended by Sancho, a large Newfoundland dog, her constant guard and companion.

Frequently, when the rest were enduring the restraints of company, and especially of country company, they would catch a glimpse of their animated Florence, her ringlets blown from her clear white forehead, her hat hanging at the back of her head, riding against the pure fresh breeze from the hills, and apparently inhaling strength and vigour. Occasionally her father looked grave, her mother became anxious, her sisters said she did not keep up her dignity; but no sooner did they hear her ringing, joyous voice, as she triumphed over some obstacle to her progress, than the intended lecture was forgotten.

The first time I saw this lovely creature, she was standing with her saddle in her arms, which, by-the-bye, she was scarcely able to lift, but which she had pulled off Shag's back to allow him to have a roll in the grass; and when I offered to replace it, with a transient expression of disdain, she refused. Her slender fingers pulled the thongs through the buckles with a strength that nothing but will could have given to them. When expostulated with for her wild wandering propensities, she would ask her father if she did not receive as much attention and respect from the tenantry as Gertrude, or Blanche, or Geraldine; and, as long as she devoted a portion of the day to study, she pleaded that she and her four-footed companions might be allowed to enjoy themselves in their own way.

Two years elapsed in the same sort of routine, during which period I was often absent; but at each return I found my favourite increased in stature and beauty, and blessed with the same artlessness which she evinced at her first appearance among us. I was then obliged to travel to other countries, and took my farewell at a *fête* given by Lord Sutherland, in honour of Florence's seventeenth birthday, on which occasion she was formally introduced, or, according to the hackneyed expression, "she came out." The rooms were crowded, and many starry eyes shone bril-

liantly in the assemblage; the brightest of all, however, were those of the mistress of the feast; but as I always watched every turn of her speaking countenance, I was surprised to see a degree of restlessness and anxiety which she made every effort to conceal. Once, as she stood in deep thought, I inquired after Sancho; she started, and replied with a burning blush, "He is not—Oh! Sancho you mean—he is quite well."

In an instant I was convinced that no four-footed animal had caused the unusual expression in that dear face; and I was confirmed in my opinion when a handsome youth advanced, apologizing for his late arrival, and claiming her promised hand with such earnest and pleading tones, that he was soon forgiven. He led her away to the waltzers, where they flew round the room together, and I aspirated the wish, that the internal man might correspond with the external, and be worthy of the village darling. In her altered spirits, her beaming and joyous eyes, and the life which she shed over the circle, it was easy to read that she was inspired by one object alone, who was dearer than all the rest.

When the time for departure drew near, and which was early, as I had to start before day-break, I missed the lovers, and was reluctantly compelled to leave my adieus for Florence; and, issuing from one of the windows of the ball-room

which opened into the lawn, I crossed the shrubbery and gained a private gate, which took me by a shorter path to my residence. While making my way through the sequestered track, I heard some murmuring tones, and, as I approached, the moon shining on a white form, showed me the heroine of the night, standing with her hand clasped in that of her lover, and listening with a fond and believing ear to his impassioned accents. I would have instantly turned away, but the beauty of the scene so riveted my attention that, for a few moments, I could only stop and gaze. She seemed too angelic for anything human to wrong, too sacred for the breath of sorrow to taint; and if the blight *should* come, life and joy must end together. The remembrance of that scene haunted me in all my subsequent wanderings; and in the burning clime of the tropics, on the broad expanse of ocean, in the desert sands of the east, or in the courtly halls of the noble and gay, I thought of Florence as she then stood, and wondered (for my incessant change of place deprived me of correspondence with distant friends) whether her romance had subsided into reality, and if the reality were all my fondest prayers had asked for her from Heaven.

Years rolled by before I came back to England; the only tie which had bound me to the village of

Longhurst was broken. I had heard indistinct rumours that the Sutherlands had been in trouble, but I could not ascertain anything more than that Lord Sutherland was dead, and that the only son, who was a mere child when I left him, was travelling abroad till he was of age; but I hoped, when I could wade through a portion of the business which overwhelmed me on my return, to learn more. At length, when I was free, I accepted an invitation from one of my old friends, and proceeded to pass some time at Longhurst.

As I drew near to Sutherland Hall, I was struck with the neglected and deserted air of everything about it; the park, the plantations, the house itself, were apparently forsaken; the noble lions at the entrance seemed to guard the securely-locked gate from all intruders; not only were the wreaths which hung round them at Florence's ball withered to dust, but even the creeping plants which had formerly robbed them of some of their ferocity were now straggling and dead. The ivy was fast covering the windows of the noble mansion, as it stood in solemn grandeur; the paths were overgrown, and the deer seemed to roam about at will, as if the foot of man never pursued their timid steps. The contrast was so great with its appearance the last time I beheld it, that my eyes involuntarily filled, and I exclaimed, "Sweet Florence, are you then also passed away!—is your

reviving influence no longer felt within these domains!—have your light step and cheerful voice ceased! It must be so, or such desolation could never have occurred in the halls of your fathers."

My soliloquy was interrupted by the friend who was to be my host, and who had come to meet me. Our first greeting over, I eagerly inquired after the Sutherlands, but he replied, "Not yet; after dinner you shall know all; at present allow me to monopolize your thoughts, as an older friend should do." I felt half rebuked, and urged the matter no further. Dinner over, my friend related the following particulars, which proved that he had till then forborne from the fear of destroying all appetite for his hospitable fare.

"The Sutherlands," said he, "are indeed a melancholy proof of the transient duration of that which in this world seems to be the firmest within our grasp, and that the chastenings of Heaven are as needful to the great as to the humble in station. Not long after you left us, Lady Sutherland's symptoms increased; what appeared to be mere delicacy at length became confirmed complaint, and she expired amid her children, recommending the younger to the care of those who were older, and attempting to console her husband by her own fortitude and resignation. Gertrude endeavoured to supply her place as head of the family, but Florence was her father's inseparable companion,

and from that moment she seemed to start into womanhood, without losing her grace or vivacity, and to be well worthy of the increased affection of her remaining parent.

"Eighteen months after Lady Sutherland's death, Gertrude gave her hand to the eldest son of the old baronet, Sir Harry Somerton, whom you must remember as a constant visiter at the Hall. Her father did not absolutely oppose the match, but it seems that he had always flattered himself his noble and stately Gertrude would marry a man of the highest rank, and he was disappointed; a feeling which was further increased by a quarrel between the hot-headed old baronet and his son, which caused the latter to alter his will in favour of a nephew; and, although he could not alienate the title, he separated the property from it. It is true that he forgave his son before he died; but the summons was too sudden to allow of any alteration, and Gertrude and her husband have been obliged to live on the small portion annexed to the baronetcy and her dowry; but they are probably as happy as if they had inherited Somerton Park. All this made such an impression on Lord Sutherland, who was much weakened by illness, that he secluded himself, and consequently his family, from society; and his beautiful property soon showed evident signs of neglect and indifference. Better would it have

been for him could he have found consolation in active endeavours to keep up its value and usefulness for the sake of his surrounding dependents, and had he endeavoured to gather round those still left to him enjoyments and society, which would have been their best safeguard against imprudence.

"You will suppose that in my last expression I have a decided meaning, and I *do* allude to poor Blanche. You remember the dove-like creature, with her soft and confiding disposition, always requiring some hand to direct, some support to lean upon; unluckily, she found both in her Italian master. Long did she hesitate, but her timidity prevented her from imparting her secret to any one, and thus gave her lover greater influence; his pleadings daily became more urgent, and at length, when with mad passion he threatened to destroy himself, Blanche consented to elopement and clandestine marriage. Her father, you will suppose, was exasperated, and forbade her name to be mentioned. I believe the man really loves her, and this is my only hope for her future happiness; hitherto, however, his conduct has been so steady in his own country, whither he has taken his wife, that Lord Sutherland gave way to the earnest pleadings of Florence, and forgave but kept up no intercourse with her.

"He, poor man, was unable to encounter this

last blow, and, allowing his griefs to have full sway, he sank under them, notwithstanding the incessant cares of his two remaining daughters, Geraldine and Florence, who continued to reside at the Park after his death, and were chaperoned by an aged relation, whose presence was only useful for the sake of appearances. The young ladies, therefore, became their own mistresses, and Geraldine, after an interval devoted to respect for her father's memory, united her fate with that of a military man, who was well worthy of her. With her, Florence would always have found a happy home, but unfortunately, soon after the marriage, the regiment was ordered to India, where it has been ever since, and whither Florence would not consent to accompany her sister and her husband. She therefore remained in a most isolated position; her brother, younger than herself, was always absent for the purposes of study, and she had no tie, no authority over her, except that which the law gave.

"You will probably expect to hear that the youth who so much attracted your observation the last evening you were with us played an important part in the history of this charming creature, and you will now learn with sorrow that that night when he poured vows of eternal love into her willing ears, he acquired an influence over her destiny which has never ceased. This young man

was highly born and fashionably educated; that is, he was placed at a public school, where, having talent, he distinguished himself: thence he proceeded to college, where he worked when he pleased, and devoted the rest of his time to pleasure. He was not ambitious of university honours, for they were troublesome to acquire, and, except when necessary to keep term, he was generally in London, plunging into most of its dissipations. Somewhat satiated, he came into our neighbourhood with a friend, in order to try the country; when he was much struck with the innocent, single-hearted Florence. Accustomed to give way to every impulse, he became violently in love; there was no one to control him. His manners were fascinating; his person you saw; his accomplishments were showy, and his dissipation had not wholly banished more solid acquirements. No wonder, then, that he charmed both father and daughter; the engagement was contracted, but, as both were too young to marry, it was settled that he should travel for three or four years, and then claim her hand. For a time he kept up a constant correspondence, but, in proportion as Florence's letters became more sad, his became more rare, till she received no more. The usual story of doubt, suspense, unwillingness to admit the conviction of infidelity, may be told of this additional victim, and not till she heard of

his brilliant marriage at Naples with an Italian lady would she believe herself forsaken.

"This news arrived when all her cares were required for her father, and, knowing her energy, you will not be surprised that she appeared to rise above the blow; when, however, she lost this last object of her devotion, the spring gradually relaxed, and, without any positive illness, the lovely Florence was evidently fading from our eyes. She had many invitations to visit among her friends, but she clung to the spot which had contained her dearest treasures, and for a long time could not be prevailed upon to accept any of them. One day, however, a venerable old lady came to see her; the four long-tailed horses were put into the stables; the old coachman and grey-headed footman were made welcome in the kitchen; a luncheon was converted into an early dinner, and Florence and her maid returned to Weston with the venerable visiter. The sojourn was prolonged from week to week, from month to month, Florence only coming home to make arrangements for future absence; at last she came back to Sutherland Park, and remained some weeks, when I had an opportunity of seeing much of her. I found a flashing of strength which deceived even me, and I was not astonished, after her conversations with me, when she finally took up her abode at Weston, as the wife of its owner.

"You recollect a pale, sickly, but interesting young man, whose elevated expression of countenance you used so much to admire, among the gay visiters at the Park; he was the only son of the old lady whom I have already mentioned; his father was killed by a fall from his horse when he was very young, and his mother, having no other child, watched over him with intense anxiety and tenderness. Perhaps she carried both to a pernicious excess, for he grew to manhood like a hothouse plant, and his health, always delicate, seemed as if the least breath of cold air would destroy it. When his reason was matured, he would willingly have shaken much of this off, but it was too late; he had not strength of constitution; he therefore devoted his attention wholly to mental cultivation, and I may truly say that, in character, he approached more nearly to perfection than any thing I ever saw in human shape. He had long preferred Florence to all he had ever seen, but the evident success of the gayer suitor made him timidly withdraw from her society, and he almost blamed himself for daring to think of her, when he compared his own fragile nature with the radiant health and spirits of his rival. He was not likely, however, to form another attachment, and when he read of the marriage in Naples, hope again dawned in his heart.

"The subsequent events in the Sutherland

family, and the alteration of manner in his beloved, made him involuntarily think that she might be reconciled to his quiet habits; and his mother, encouraging the supposition, determined to prevail on her to visit them, rightly judging that, if Florence could once become thoroughly acquainted with the heart and mind of her son, she would appreciate him as he deserved, and she was the more anxious as she felt unequivocal symptoms of her own fast-approaching decay. How she prevailed I have already told you, but I wish you could have heard Florence relate, as she did to me, the gradual progress of her affection. Her religious education had not been neglected, according to the usual acceptation of the term, but she had no idea how much she had yet to learn. At Weston she found religion to be the basis of every action; that without show, without intolerance, without cant, it entered into every consideration; that it was the chief motive of every undertaking; that it diffused peace and love over every impulse; that it was the unfailing support in every trial; that it made their host and hostess severe towards themselves, and indulgent to every one else; that it deprived death of its terrors, and that the afflictions of this world were cheerfully submitted to, as proceeding from the chastening love of their Father in Heaven.

"Florence married, and before she had been a

bride six months, her mother-in-law died the death of peace; and, this shock once over, the happiness of the young couple was as perfect as it could be in this world, for it had been increased by the birth of a son. Many were the bright visions they formed for the future of this child; his education, his fortune, his health, were the constant themes of their conversation; but the cup was suddenly dashed from them, and four years after their union took place, that sweeping influenza, which was so fatal in our county, destroyed the doating father and husband; not, however, before he could express his gratitude for his short interval of happiness. Florence, who bore her new affliction with meek resignation, is inseparable from her boy, and resides principally at Weston; she nevertheless comes often to Sutherland Park, to watch over the interests of her brother, and I suspect is oftener here than necessary, from its vicinity to the churchyard, where her husband is buried. But the effects of her early trials, which for a while seemed suspended, are daily becoming more visible, and it will not be long ere she joins her beloved ones in heaven."

Such was the melancholy history which I received from my friend, and, feeling oppressed by it, I took my hat, and sauntered along the path leading to the church, intending to visit the tombs of those whom I had formerly so much regarded.

As I musingly approached a small gateway, two figures, in deep mourning, descended the mossy steps; one was a lovely little boy, about three years of age, partly shaded by the massive folds of a large cloak, which almost entirely enveloped the female who led him by the hand. I looked again, and saw that the widow's cap shaded the features of the still beautiful Florence. My sudden exclamation attracted her attention; she threw back her veil; she gazed for an instant; the blood again tinged those pale cheeks, and holding out her hand, she said, "Do I indeed see you, my good friend? I little thought you were again at Longhurst."

I was too much overcome to speak, and, observing my emotion, she continued, "You find me much altered, and many changes have taken place since we parted, long years ago; call on me to-morrow at the Park, when I shall be able to talk more to you." She then turned away, and, as I watched her languid step, and the low melancholy tones vibrated on my ear, I could not avoid contrasting the present with the past, and asking myself if it were indeed Florence.

I went the next day, and found her even worse in health than I had anticipated; for her wasted form and hollow cough too plainly told that that disease which no human hand can arrest was making rapid strides towards her destruction.

Yet, grieved as I was, I could scarcely wish her to live, she seemed to be so resigned, so happy, so fit to die, and so confident that the goodness of God would be all-sufficient for her orphan boy.

Some months afterwards, I received a letter from Longhurst, announcing the close of the life of that being in whom I had taken so deep an interest. Her last moments were filled with those glimpses of heaven which are so often permitted to the dying, and she joyfully resigned her soul to its Creator. Her brother, Lord Sutherland, has returned to his estate, and willingly and affectionately follows all the wishes of his sister, uniting an amiable wife with him in the sacred duty of educating and guiding his nephew; and for a while the season of affliction seems to have passed away from the family. Geraldine is about to revisit England with her husband, who has distinguished himself in the service of his country. Blanche's husband has, through the liberality of Lord Sutherland, been enabled to take a more exalted grade in society, for which, in fact, his talents and acquirements always fitted him. The death of the favoured cousin has caused the fortune unjustly left to revert to Gertrude's husband; but they all feel that their sweetest flower has perished, although the perfume of her virtues will for ever linger round their hearts. For myself, the animated joyous creature, spreading around light

and happiness—the enthusiastic girl, whose every breath seemed drawn under the influence of that atmosphere of pure affection which she had formed around her—the young, the still beautiful and resigned widow, descending the churchyard steps with her child—are always before me, when the busy occupations of public life leave me opportunity for musing on by-gone days.

THE POET.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

The Poet is a poem, which but few
Can read, to understand! His mind—a book
Of nature's lore—is shadowed (like a brook
That rolls 'neath leafy woods) by thoughts, that strew
Dim phantoms o'er his track; and visions new
Spring momently before him, as if shook
By spiritual wings upon his heart! His view
Of common things uncommon is—yet true,
As other men's are false; for he doth look
On God and nature only—so that all
He says and doth seems strange and quaint to them
Who judge misjudgingly, unfit to stem
The tide of truth! His very accents fall
Like prophecies around! How few attend the call!

THE VIRGIN'S FOUNTAIN.

A LEGEND OF HUNGARY.

BY MISS PARDOE.

At a short distance from the medicinal waters of Pöstény, known, according to the belief of the inhabitants of that neighbourhood, since the time of the Romans, rise the ruins of an ancient church said to have formerly belonged to the Knights Templars, in proof of which assertion there still exist fantastic images of stone, which appear among the ruins like the last accents of bypast wisdom, to arrest the steps of the solitary traveller.

Near the church is a limpid spring, which, gushing forth in a sparkling volume, once slaked the thirst of the Red Cross Warriors, when their strength was exhausted by battle; and at this fountain they yet meet to wander in the moonlight, haunting with their armed and gigantic figures the hours of night, and turning them to terror, to weep over the extinction of their illustrious order, abolished for mere worldly interests.

But it is not by phantoms such as these alone—foul shapes "making night hideous," and obscur-

ing with dark shadows the "glimpses of the moon"—that this fair spring is visited. It has also its sweet oracle for loving hearts. Each year, on the eve of the feast of St. Stephen, the holy bishop king, who with his own pious hand laid the first stone of this now ruined church, and whose blessed shadow yet hovers about the sacred spot, the maidens of the neighbourhood walk in procession at midnight to fill their pitchers at the fountain, in the full faith that ablution in its waters will double their attractions. Absorbed in fervent prayer, they kneel upon the threshold of the church; for, according to ancient rumour, whoever so honours the saint, in piety of heart, will meet on the morrow upon her path the partner of her future life.

Thus, from the earliest times, this ceremony has been observed, and the fair maidens of the hamlet have crowded to the fountain on St. Stephen's eve, to ascertain if the secret wishes of their hearts would come to pass; and we are now about to tell a loving legend to which this popular custom owes its origin.

Boritza, the daughter of Bolko, was as a rose which opens to the sweet breath of morning, but like that lovely flower there were thorns about her and around her, as if to deter the hand of love from the bright blossom which he would have aspired to wear.

Bolko was rich, and riches bring honour and credit when they are rightly used; but Bolko was a stern man, and cold as the ore with which he filled his coffers. None loved him, for his heart was closed against his kind; and even his fair child, young and beautiful and gentle as she was, wept less at his severity than at his want of tenderness. He cared not for his kind; his soul was in his chests; and Boritza was to him merely a something living which he was bound to succour and support; yet she bore even this—not without tears, for sometimes it was luxury to weep, but calmly and in silence. A sister of her father's watched over Boritza—the dragon of the Hesperides became the guardian of the young beauty: to her the very name of love was odious—it was a foul blight withering the fair face of nature—the ashes of the Dead Sea—the feast of the Barmecide, full of promise and disappointment. Her youth had passed in coldness and neglect, and her age revenged the bitterness of her buried years. Her words were harsh and cruel; and the gentle Boritza suffered so deeply from her restless and jealous tyranny, that a deep veil of sadness fell over her young beauty, which only added another charm to those with which nature had so profusely gifted her, as if to revenge her upon her persecutor.

But Boritza had a joy which was beyond the

grasp even of her tiger-aunt. She loved! loved with the earnest, innocent fervour of a heart which pours itself out for the first time, like a rich odour shed on a hidden shrine. None knew how well she loved, how tenderly; and he whom she so worshipped was worthy of her affection. It was Emeric; stately as a pine-tree on the mountain crest, with eyes black as the night, and hair which, dark and gleaming as the raven's wing, clustered about a brow that might have well beseemed an Apollo or an Antinous.

Their love was secret—it was the dearer, the purer, from its mystery; for no idle tongue had linked their names together, and blighted the sacredness of their passion. They met in the leafy woods, amid the sighing of the branches, and the whispers of the wind that wandered through them, in the soft moonlight, when the long shadows fell dark upon the earth, and the stars spangled the mantle of night until it shone with regal splendour; and their whispers were lower than those of the summer wind, their sighs gentler than those that wake the summer woods; their eyes outshone the stars, and their young hearts were purer than the moonlight.

But sorrow came even hither to this Eden of the soul, whence the foul serpent should have been shut out. Boritza was fond, and beautiful, and young; but Emeric was of high and ancient race;

his father was proud and stern; he loved his son, but ambition was his master-spirit, and he had vowed to Emeric that he should lead no bride to his paternal hearth who could not double his possessions.

And thus Boritza passed her days in tears, or in watching for the dear moment of Emeric's arrival beneath her window, when, sometimes so closely guarded as to be unable to leave her chamber, she could but extend to him through the bars of her narrow casement the small and delicate hand, which he covered with burning kisses, while she talked to him in the low tones in which passion loves to word itself.

One night they were conversing thus; painting even their fears in those sweet shadowy forms which almost robbed them of their bitterness, and striving to hope against conviction, when the jealous guardian of Boritza stole upon their confidence. The youth was half buried among the flowering branches of an acacia-tree, that grew against the wall of the chateau, immediately beside the chamber of the maiden; and the hand of the fair girl, extended beyond the grating of her casement, rested lovingly among the dark curls which fell upon his shoulders, while she listened to his low whispers with a smile of pensive happiness playing about her lips.

Thus they stood when the storm burst upon

them. Invective, threat, and insult, were heaped upon the trembling Boritza, and her lover lingered near, unable to avert from her the bitter word or the taunting look. His heart bled, not only for her but for himself; he could not bear it long—and rushing from the garden, boldly and without hesitation, he strode into the presence of her father, Bolko.

His reception was a stern one—Bolko was as proud as the noble who despised his daughter—his pride was as tangible; he could secure it with locks and bolts, or he could draw it forth and feed upon it, and then replace it for a future scrutiny—and what had the lofty Count to show which outvalued his beloved gold? Emeric bore up bravely against the torrent of insult which was his welcome; he supplicated, he implored, and love is eloquent when the heart prompts the words; but Bolko heeded not his agony, and ere they parted he forbade the entry of his dwelling to the soul-stricken Emeric.

The youth turned to depart; there was a struggle in his breast between his love for Boritza and the pride in which he had been nurtured from his youth; but, ere he had reached the centre of the hall, he met the maiden, pale, trembling, and bowed down by the terrors of the past hour, as the lily is bent by the storm which passes over it. What had he to do with pride as he looked upon

her? He forgot all save *her!* And as she flung herself at the feet of her father, he knelt beside her, and again he strove to awaken feeling where it had never dwelt. The sunshine fails to warm the adamant—the storm bursts over it, and leaves it cold, and hard, and intact as ever—and Bolko had become as the rock upon which external influences have no power; and he harshly dismissed the drooping Boritza to her chamber, and motioned Emeric from his presence.

As she moved away, in obedience to the paternal mandate, the maiden passed close beside her lover; and, as their eyes met, he suddenly grasped her hand, and whispered beneath his breath, "At midnight, near the Fountain of the Templars—I will be there, Boritza." The trembling girl answered him only by a look, and then, once more bowing meekly to her infuriated sire, she glided from the apartment.

It was the eve of the festival of St. Stephen, and the avocations which it brought with it to all the inhabitants of the chateau enabled Boritza the more readily to elude observation. The hours wore on, and, as midnight approached, the maiden trembled, even amid all her love for Emeric, at the promise which she had tacitly given; for there arose upon her memory every dark story that she had heard of the spectre knights, who at that solemn hour met beside the spring, to wail over

the departed glories of their order, and with their bloodstained swords bared in the moonlight to invoke vengeance on those who had wrought their overthrow. Her pulses throbbed as these tales rushed over her brain; she had been familiar with them from her childhood; and she had heard them with a perfect faith even as they had been told.

The eleventh hour came at length, and then the fond woman shook off the idle tremors of the girl, and thought only of him she loved; she forgot her terrors, and, seizing a pitcher, she waited until all was silent throughout the chateau, and with noiseless steps she stole forth, and hurried to the fountain.

The moon was up, and nearly at the full; the trees cast fantastic shadows on her path, and the leaves whispered in the wind like spirit-voices—but she had neither eyes nor ears save for him whom she sought; and he already awaited her at the mystic spring. It was a sad meeting, for they met only to part—tears were there, hot and bitter tears, such as are wrung from young hearts when they first learn to suffer, which the world mocks without being able to understand, and ends by turning into gall. They vowed to each other fidelity even to the grave—a barren, profitless fidelity, for they were never to meet again; but it was almost happiness to believe that they should at least be wretched for each other's sake. They

had a thousand things to say—a thousand things to ask—but they could only weep, and fold their arms fondly each about the other, and vow that from that hour their hearts should never again beat with passion until they were laid cold within the grave.

At length they parted. Ye who have never loved, seek not even to dream of such a parting! 'Twere idle, vague, and empty speculation. The enthusiast who, sick with study, and pale with blighted hope, withers his strength and drains his life away in pursuit of the subtle secret by which he is to turn to gold the pebble on his path, is nearer to the goal of his wild search, than ye to comprehend the agony of two young hearts severed like their's. Smile on, and hug yourselves in your cold ignorance—ye have escaped a pang whose memory no after-years can ever wear away!

Emeric had pressed his lips to the lips of his beloved, and then, maddened by misery, he had hurried away, for he dared not say *Farewell.* Mechanically Boritza plunged her pitcher into the spring, and when she drew it back, rested it on the border of the fountain, into which her tears fell like rain. Suddenly a soft light gleamed about her, a soft and silvery light—it was like nothing that she had ever seen before—daybreak was more shadowy, sunshine more broad, the moonrays colder and less equal. Her heart beat

quickly, and, glancing timidly around, she saw beside her a form that she could not mistake. It was St. Stephen. The crowned mitre was upon his brow, the crosier in his hand, and he was looking towards her with a smile. Her knees bent under her, and her head drooped upon her bosom.

"Fear not, fair girl," said a voice which sounded like the summer wind when it murmurs among flowers, "your innocence guards you from the dangers which your beauty might provoke. Weep no longer; to-morrow's sun will shine brightly to dry your tears, and remember that the first form which crosses your path after that sun has risen will be the form of him to whom your faith must be pledged for life. Repine not, but obey."

Boritza trembled, and fell prostrate to the earth; and when she ventured once more to raise her head and look around her, she was alone. She murmured a prayer and fled; and, although she dared not hope that what she had seen was indeed more than a vision of her excited imagination, she felt happier than she had been for many weeks. She wept, it is true, but her tears had soothing in them; and when she slept she dreamed of Emeric and of the saint, and awoke only to believe that all must yet go well.

On the morrow at sunrise all the neighbourhood was alive with pilgrims to the shrine of St. Stephen, and among the rest went Boritza, walking

in silence between her father and her aunt. A shadow was on the path even as the fair girl passed the gates of Bolko's domain; the rising sun painted its outline in distinct and palpable relief—it was Emeric!—Emeric, who sought only a last look of his beloved ere he fled for ever alike his home and his country.

She said but one word to him as she passed the spot whereon he stood, but that word was "Hope," and then, heedless alike of the angry tones of her father, the shrill invectives of her hateful guardian, and the passionate questions of her lover, she flew forward, and prostrated herself before the shrine of the saint. And the legend goes on to tell that her faith met with its reward, for the noble sire of Emeric was ere long death-stricken, and he had no child save him; and that the avarice of Bolko proved stronger than his pride when he saw the young count at the feet of his daughter, and remembered that while his heart was full his hand was not empty, but that broad lands and fair castles were coupled with his love.

And so it came to pass that Boritza and Emeric were united at the altar of St. Stephen; and that, since that period, the maidens of the district, on the eve of his solemn festival, dip their pitchers in the water, and pray for as fair a fate as that of Emeric's beloved, the fond, and good, and innocent Boritza.

LOVE.

BY MISS E. SCAIFE.

And is it all a dream—a dream ?
  Is love indeed a dream ?
Are all love's bright imaginings
  Like sunlight on the stream ?
Is there no truth, no lasting truth,
  To hallow future years,
In all love's thousand fervent vows,
  Its mingled smiles and tears ?
Is there no stedfastness in love,
  No ever-during might ?
O, is it all a dream—a dream,
  A falling star of night ?

Tell not of love ! it is a dream,
  It is indeed a dream !
Tell not of love ! it is indeed
  A sunlight on the stream !
Tell not of love ! it owns no God,
  No truth, no during might ;
Tell not of love ! the child of change,
  Whose breath can bless and blight.
Tell not of love ! it cannot last,
  Though seeming from above ;
Tell not of love ! it *is* a dream ;
  Tell not of Earthly love !

THE GAME AT CHESS.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

Love with a Lady—would you know
  Her name, then read this heart, for there
'Tis written, like the words of woe,
  Imprinted in the hyacinth fair—
  Love with a Lady played—but where,
Or when, or how, 'tis your's to guess,
  Enough if we this truth declare,
Love with a Lady played at Chess!

Most innocent, and calm, and high
  The mind which in that Lady's face
Was mirrored, as the morning-sky
  In a clear brook's green dwelling-place.
  And, robed in each serenest grace,
She mused, more tranquil than the dove;
  So there, as time flew on apace,
The Lady played at Chess with Love.

'Twas like a dream to see them play;
    So deeply, marvellously still,
And hushed in charmed thought, sat they,
  One influence of the tyrant will
  Controlling both, for well or ill!
And surely in that silentness
  Angels, on heaven's own azure hill,
Watched the sweet Pair who played at Chess

But see, a smile succeeds to doubt
  In *her* fair eyes—they see "the move;"
And swift as thought she stretches out
  Her small white hand, without a glove,
  And moves the piece—below, above,
Across, on all sides, unafraid,
  Joy in her soul; and thus with Love
Her game at Chess the Lady played.

What is the world, and what is life,
  To her whose heart is in the grave!
The bliss of that ingenious strife
  Is dear to her as health or fame!
  With whomsoe'er she plays, the same;
E'en losing has some power to bless;
  And were Love dead, she'd feel no shame
To sit with Hatred down to Chess!

Love, brooding o'er the board, grows dull,
  And, beaten, seems but half awake;
Her hope meanwhile grows ripe and full,
  She takes whate'er she wills to take;
  When lo! what nothings sometimes make
A mighty shock! That Lady's lip
  Quivers with some convulsive ache—
Her hand just touched Love's finger-tip.

Her heedless hand! while wandering o'er,
  Eager to snatch the ivory prize,
It touched Love's lightly, once—no more!
  How can a touch thus paralyse!

How flush her cheek, how fire her eyes!
How fill her soul with sweet distress,
Delight, despair, beyond disguise,
And make her lose—that game at Chess!

His eyes had been on her's for hours,
Yet knew she not that Love had gazed;
His breath had warmed her cheeks' rich flowers,
And still these thoughts were all unraised.
Now sits she like a thing amazed;
Her chance at every move grows less;
She plays at random—one so crazed
Ne'er lost or gained a game at Chess.

Thoughts of the *player* now crowd above
Thoughts of the *game*, that else would press;
She only feels she plays with Love,
She does not know she plays at Chess.
Her dog might spring with wild caress,
Mother or sister tilt the board,
And she know no emotion less,
Or more, of all her heart must hoard!

King, Queen, that heart hath quite forgot;
No Knight hath sway there, but a swain;
No Castle seeks she, but a Cot;
No Bishop, but a curate plain.
Such is Love's fine electric chain;
One touch has done it! Need he sue?
No; ere he'd time to touch again,
He'd won the game—and Lady too!

HOME.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, M.A. CANTAB.

Home is not the land of our birth,
Or the land of our dwelling; though either should lie
Where the suns and the showers of blest Campany's sky
Pour joy on the jubilant earth.

Home is not the hearth where we reign;
Though the ceiling of cedar from porphyry walls
Ascend o'er the tesselate floor of our halls;
Though round spread the princely domain.

In the hut, in the tent, it may be;
'Mid the sands of the line, or the snows of the pole;
Or, driven by the night-howling hurricane, roll
Far, far, o'er the surge of the sea!

It is found, and found only, with one;
The loving and trusting—the trusted and lov'd;
Tho' by mountain or flood from our presence remov'd,
Sea, continent, climate, or zone.

It is whither, 'mid pleasure, we turn,
With the thought, how the best of our pleasures is void,
By the dear distant angel of Home unenjoy'd,
For whose presence all else we would spurn.

It is where, amid anguish and grief,
All calm on the pallet of straw we can lie;
For Love's ready hand is still near to supply—
O call it not, coldly,—relief!

It is where our success we proclaim
With a joy, yea, a pride, which no vanity knows;
For we speak but to kindle the smile that bestows
All beauty and lustre on Fame.

'Tis the refuge from calumny, care,
Vexation, and failure; 'tis where we can pour
Each thought in a heart which to Death can restore
Vitality,—hope to Despair;

Where, when friends of the hour disapprove,
And join with the selfish, the base, and unkind,
Our words and our actions unfailingly find
One gentle interpreter—Love;

Where the prayer rises warm for our weal,
When we wander afar—where the heart's deepest thought,
In love and in trembling, all free and untaught,
To the dear distant pilgrim will steal;

Where the welcome springs blithe at our name:
The gladsome salute, and the eager caress,
Where each wish is forestall'd ere the lip can express;
Perchance, ere the fancy can frame.

But is there such place to be found?
Ah wo! if none else be the home of the heart,
How many all homeless shall live and depart,
Though opulent, titled, and crown'd!

There is, if we seek it aright;—
There is One we may fearlessly love and believe;
Who will not, who cannot, forsake or deceive;
And whose love is the type of his might.

Without his glad presence, the best
That Earth can bestow is insipid and poor
With Him, on the bed of affliction, secure
In His love and protection, we rest.

To Him our poor deeds we may bring;
Imperfect and sullied, He smiles on them still;
To Him we may flee for redress in each ill,
And, unharm'd, in adversity cling.

He advocates, seeks, and relieves,
From our home when our erring affections would stray;
He welcomes with blessings our homeward-found way,
Above all the heart asks or conceives.

Then, lonely one, lift up thine eye!
Tho' from Earth's passing homes by ingratitude driven,
No human malevolence bars thee from HEAVEN!
Look up! for thy HOME is—on high!

Rectory, Wrington,
Jan. 15, 1840.

THE LUCKY CHANCE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "DARNLEY," "DE L'ORME," "RICHELIEU," &c.

Not above five-and-twenty miles in a right line from Fontainebleau, at least as near as I can guess, there used to be a wide open field, smooth, though rather convex in form, with a small country-house perched upon the top of it, consisting, as many of the country-houses in France did in that day, of an agglomeration of towers, some square and some round, which seemed to have been stuck on as the fancy of each successive proprietor prompted him. They were, nevertheless, all the construction of one man; a certain Seigneur de Provins, who, towards the end of the seventeenth century, having spent in various proceedings with which we shall not here meddle very nearly the whole of his patrimonial fortune, sold the fine *château* which his ancestors had inhabited for many a century and the broad acres around it for little better than an old song, and ended by building, with the last notes of that old song, the edifice we have mentioned, in his own peculiar taste.

The field being, as we have said, convex, was somewhat like the back of a one-humped camel:

the house was the hump; and a fine long avenue of trees, leading down to a gate at the end, represented that long ridge of hair or bristles which covers and ornaments the spine of almost every quadruped. With the exception of these trees, which were principally walnut, there was only one other group of green things near the house. This consisted of a little plantation of shrubs and bushes in the south-western corner of the court-yard, approaching close to the lower windows of one of the small square towers.

Such was the locality in which this story—being one that from its brevity can have no possible regularity—had better begin.

It was a bright moonlight night in the month of May, towards the very end of the month, when sweet Spring gives her parting kiss to Summer, who on his part runs after her in vain till he is tired, and then drops fainting into the sturdy brown arms of Autumn. The night was clear, with numberless stars spangling the sky, and the moon shining bright—inconveniently bright, for those who might wish to wander a while side by side, with no witness but the eye of Heaven and their own hearts accompanying them.

The lower window in that square tower, which almost touched the little group of trees and shrubs we have mentioned, was wide open, and it was but a step from the ground. Out of it there leaned as

fair a form as the imagination of lover or poet could portray. The face, not less lovely than the form, was bent down, and the deep, earnest, affectionate blue eyes were hidden on the shoulder of a young gentleman, round whom the arms were thrown, while his encircled her again, and would fain have held her close to his heart, had not that envious wall, which seems to have been destined to separate all true lovers, from the time of Pyramus and Thisbe downwards, interposed a partial barrier between them.

The conversation had been long, but the only words which we shall record were few, and spoken at the time and in the attitude that we have described.

"Oh, no, Philip," said the lady, "I must not, I cannot, I ought not!"

"Then are we thus to part for ever, Julie?" he asked, "without hope, without comfort?"

"Alas, it must be so," she answered; "nothing, nothing, can prevent it. You know I must go to-morrow. I cannot disobey."

The young man paused and mused for a moment, and then, with the true hopeful tone of a gay Frenchman, exclaimed: "We will see, my beloved, we will see! Julie will not hesitate when it may cost Philip his life."

"Nay, nay, Philip," she said, "I beseech you —I entreat you. But hark; there is a noise!

Some one is coming!" And, though he held her for a moment to take one more kiss, she struggled till she released herself from his arms and darted away, while he retreated among the bushes and laid his hand upon the low wall of the court.

After waiting for a few minutes, he came back to a spot within a step or two of the window, and paused, gazing towards it for nearly half an hour; but Julie returned not, and at length, with a heart somewhat heavy, the young cavalier leaped the wall of the court, and under the shade of the avenue made his way to the gate.

On the following day, about half past six o'clock in the evening, a plain carriage with two horses, decidedly not of Arabian extraction, a coachman in a plain dress and an immense flowing wig, and an old lacquey, who certainly had not frequented courts for many years, having paused to refresh for a short time at a little *cabaret* just upon the skirts of the forest of Fontainebleau, reappeared at the door, and the old servant went in to tell Mademoiselle de Provins that the carriage was ready to convey her on her journey towards that convent in which she was destined by her parents to spend the remainder of her days.

Now, the reader must know, that in those days French parents, as a general rule, were totally destitute of all bowels of compassion for a certain number of their daughters, and for all their

younger sons. One daughter sometimes, if her house was rich, received a certain marriage portion, and was made a sort of hook whereby to attach the family to which she belonged to some other family, as nearly of the same rank as possible. The younger sons were indiscriminately pushed into the army or into the church, whatever might be their vocation, talents, or inclination, and the whole affections, hopes, interests, and property of the race, centered in the eldest son. This was of course the more remarkable in those instances where there was very little of any kind to give; and such was the case in the family of the Seigneur de Provins, whose only daughter, from the moment of her birth, was doomed to a life of monastic severities.

Her mother, indeed, a lady by mind and character, affectionate in heart, with considerable talents, great beauty, and a certain spice of romance, had entertained some hopes —which certainly were the most romantic possible—that her daughter's loveliness, accomplishments, high principles, and graces, might perhaps attract the attention and gain the love of some man, whose fortune placed him above the consideration of dowry. The very circumstance, however, which perhaps may explain the secret of the spice of romance which we have just mentioned, might perhaps be one of the causes why her castle in the air was not built up. Madame

de Provins herself was not of the highest blood in France, though her family was respectable among the *noblesse de la robe;* and her brother, Monsieur Dodun, who had at first been *President aux Enquetes*, and had afterwards filled various subordinate situations in the government, was much loved and esteemed by all who knew him, though he was now out of office, and had been so for a considerable length of time. As long as her brother had continued in employment, she had not lost hope of his finding some suitable match for her daughter, of whom he had always shown himself extremely fond. But when at length, some five or six years before, among the many changes of that day, he had been left entirely without office, and had betaken himself to foreign countries, either to amuse his mind or to shelter himself from apprehended dangers, Madame de Provins would have fallen into despair, and would have suffered her child to be consigned at once to the monotony of conventual life, had it not been for the attentions in the first place, and the evident, ardent love, in the second place, of a young officer, who had served with some distinction in Spain, and whose father was high in the favour of the prime-minister, the Duke of Bourbon. Julie's mother suffered the growing attachment between the two to proceed, till at length Monsieur de Provins, thinking that the father of Philip de Morville must be conscious of his

son's affection thought fit to demand his views upon the subject; and the letter, after producing some loud laughter at the court of the debauched and imbecile Duke of Bourbon, was answered by an inquiry as to the fortune of Mademoiselle de Provins. The reply was, what it was well known it must be: and the father, angry with his child for having been the innocent cause of a correspondence so unpleasant, declared that she should be sent to the convent at la Ferté without farther delay, and bade her make up her mind accordingly.

Poor Julie de Provins had, like her mother, given too much way to hope and expectation; all the best feelings of a young and affectionate heart had been engaged by Philip de Morville, and hopeless despair, taking possession of her, began to wither the rose upon her cheek, and dim the brightness of her eye with tears. Moreover, her father's high indignation was moved, because he found that she could not cast away her affection and her hopes with the same indifference that he would cast away a faded bouquet from his buttonhole; and when it was discovered, moreover, that the lover still lingered in the neighbourhood of her he loved, Monsieur de Provins became ten times more angry with his daughter, and sent her off, as we have seen, with but scanty attendance, to the place of her long and hopeless exile.

To return to the little inn, however—Julie

had been sitting in solitude, pondering over her fate, while the horses were fed; and the old servant found her with the refreshment which had been provided for her untasted before her. There were the traces of tears, too, in her eyes, and as she was much loved by the few servants of her father's household, the old man endeavoured to give her such consolation as her situation afforded; crying up the comforts and sublimities of conventual life in words which fell very flat and dull upon the ear of poor Julie de Provins.

While he was pressing her to eat, which to some persons is the highest of all gratifications, and was esteemed as such by him, a figure was seen to pass across the windows of the inn, and an elderly gentleman in a dusty riding suit, with a large wig and hat well powdered with dust, dismounted from his horse, entered the inn, looked in at the door of the room in which Julie was standing, and then passed on in search of the landlord or landlady—part of the furniture of a French inn not always easy to be found. Julie refused to eat, but as she heard the new comer talking with the landlady, and the latter giving a history with notes and observations in regard to herself and her situation, she paused to let the matter pass by, and then followed the old servant to the carriage.

The vehicle rolled on, and plunged into the depths of that beautiful and romantic forest. Daylight was just beginning to grow drowsy at

the approach of night, and the old servant was calculating upon being an hour or so after dark, when a carriage standing in the road at some distance was perceived with two or three men loitering about it, as if something had gone wrong. The coachman of the vehicle which contained Julie de Provins smacked his whip, and the old servant thought that he would see if he could give any assistance, when suddenly he perceived, much to his surprise, that the four persons with the carriage had masks upon their faces, and were otherwise disguised in a very suspicious manner. His astonishment was much increased on finding that they turned suddenly round on his approach, that one placed himself at the head of the horses, another pulled him down from the carriage by the legs, and began silently and unceremoniously to tie his arms, and that a third opened the carriage-door, and, without uttering a single word, offered his hand to Mademoiselle de Provins, as if requesting her to alight.

The young lady, however, shrunk back in terror, and it was not till a loud and imperious voice, which neither she herself nor either of the attendants was acquainted with, ordered her to come forth and go into the other carriage, that she showed the slightest sign of complying with the gentleman's first mute invitation. She did not even yield to the command without remonstrances, and tears, and much agitation; and her example in this respect

seemed first to suggest to the mind of the domestic the propriety of struggling and crying out, which had never occurred to him before.

While all this was in process, and while poor Julie was still between the two carriages, loud shouts of "Halloo! halloo!" were heard, and one by one came up a large train of gentlemen and servants, at least fifteen or sixteen in number, who immediately took part in the affray, and a brief but severe struggle ensued, in which swords were drawn and some blood was shed, though no lives were lost, and the injury received on either part was not very great.

Numbers of course made the party which last came up successful; but poor Julie did not see the result of the affair. Strange to say, she not only wished all manner of ill success to those who came up to deliver her, but, upon seeing evidently that they were overcoming the other party, she fainted away, and did not revive till she found herself rolling on at a rapid rate, whither she knew not.

We cannot pause to give all the particulars of the termination of the strife, which poor Julie had not seen; suffice it to say, that the masked party were overcome, disarmed, and unmasked; that there was a brief consultation, a good deal of laughter, and many a bad jest among the victors; and that it was finally determined by them to

carry Mademoiselle de Provins and the whole of the other party to Versailles, and to the presence of the well-known brutal and stupid Duke of Bourbon, who was at that time acting the part of Regent in France, under the name of Prime Minister to Louis XV., still in his sickly youth.

This was determined upon with any thing rather than wise, virtuous, or courteous intentions, for there was not a man present who was not well qualified by utter lack of all moral or religious principle, for that horrible name of *roué*, which the deceased Regent Duke of Orleans had bestowed on his debauched companions. To all these personages, the beauty of Mademoiselle de Provins was evident. The poverty of her father, and the circumstances in which she was placed, were speedily learned from the old servant: the countenance of Philip de Morville was recognized in one of the masked personages; and the conquerors in the strife—though they laughed heartily among themselves, and, looking upon poor Julie in her ignorance and inexperience as an easy prey to art and importunity, proposed to draw lots for her when they arrived at Versailles—affected to regard the attempt of the young gentleman to carry off her whom he loved as a very severe misdemeanour, which required to be brought immediately before the Prime Minister.

There was no resisting whatever they chose to

do; but we will pass over the long and disagreeable journey which poor Julie was thus unwillingly compelled to take, blaming herself terribly, it must be confessed, as she went, for not having yielded at once to the scheme of her lover. She knew, indeed, that his purpose was honourable and upright, though not quite justifiable, for he had proposed to her on the preceding night to elope with him into Spain, and there unite her fate with his.

Leaving, then, all her painful thoughts and reflexions apart, as well as her apprehensions lest her hesitation and reluctance should have endangered his life or lost him his liberty, we must seat her in an apartment at Versailles, where a breakfast of the most choice and delicate kind was set before her, and an attendant waited to supply whatsoever she might want or desire. After the breakfast was removed, she was left for a few moments alone, if it may be so called, when during the whole time she heard, in an adjoining apartment, voices speaking merrily and loud, so that from time to time she could distinguish what was said.

"Remember our bargain, remember our bargain," cried one. "Come, come, Monsieur de Richelieu, you must not speak as if she were all your own property."

"Oh no," cried another, "I am quite ready for the lots. Fortune always favours me when a woman's in the case. Shall we throw the dice, or choose a card, or draw the longest straw?"

"Oh, the straw, the straw, by all means!" cried a third; "run down, Morel, and get us a bundle of straws. Let us see, Richelieu, if your goddess will give you this fair Helen."

Julie was terrified and agitated, for, though her name was certainly never mentioned, some feeling, which she could not explain even to herself, made her believe that she was the object of these loose men's discourse. She was, as we have shown, a young and inexperienced girl, but she was not without courage on some occasions, and still less without sense and good feeling. What was to come next she knew not, and she certainly did not know all to which she was likely to be exposed, but still she apprehended insult and annoyance; for the free and licentious manners of the men who had brought her thither had already taught her that there was something more than mere tyranny to be feared.

"I will ask to see the king," she said; "I will throw myself at his feet, and demand protection and justice. I have done nothing wrong myself, and if poor Philip has escaped, I need not say any thing about him. I will call an attendant, and ask to see the king at once."

As she thus thought, she rose from the table on which she had been leaning, and was about to approach the door on the opposite side from that whence had come the sounds which alarmed her;

but it opened before she reached it, and a gentleman dressed in an ecclesiastical habit entered the apartment, carrying a small portfolio under his arm, and walking with a calm and deliberate pace, and eyes bent upon the ground, towards another door opposite. His face was mild and gentle, with an expression of much benevolence, and though he was evidently busy with thoughts of a grave kind, his meditations were not so deep as to prevent him from seeing the lady, who stood at a little distance on the left. He paused suddenly when he perceived her, then bowed and looked at her earnestly, with a sort of curious and inquiring glance, and then apologized for intruding, saying that he did not know any one was there.

The tone in which he spoke, his courteous manner, his mild and pleasant countenance, and his silver hair, all gave Julie confidence, and her only reply was an inquiry, in an eager and agitated tone: "Can I not see the king? May I not see the king?"

"I fear not," answered the gentleman to whom she spoke; "but what is the matter, my daughter? you seem agitated and alarmed. Can I help or assist you?"

"I would fain see the king," replied Julie. "I am here, sir, against my will. They are keeping me from the convent to which my father sent me, and——"

"That is very wrong," said the ecclesiastic. "I will speak to Monsieur le Duc thereupon. It is to him you must apply, my daughter."

"Oh, but I am afraid," answered Julie, "these are his people who brought me here. I would much rather beg the protection of the king."

"That is impossible," replied the gentleman, somewhat sternly. "Tell me in as few words as you can what has happened, and I will speak to the duke."

Julie gave him a brief and perhaps not very clear account of all that had occurred; though it must be owned that there was a little mental reservation in regard to her lover, whose name she never mentioned. Her auditor was evidently in haste, and, even while she spoke, her agitation and confusion were increased by the laughter and merriment which was heard from the neighbouring room as the lots were drawn according to the plan proposed.

"I will mention it, I will mention it," said the ecclesiastic; "but you are sure, mademoiselle, that this account is all true!"

"Indeed, indeed it is!" said Julie, clasping her hands, "I would not say a word that is false for the world."

"Well then, tell me the truth," said the gentleman with whom she spoke, "are you very willing, indeed, to go to this convent?"

Julie looked down, and the blood rose in her cheek, and covered her whole forehead.

"It is enough," said the ecclesiastic, "it is enough."

"Nay, replied Julie, "hear me, sir. Since such is to be my fate, I do not go unwillingly, though I might, indeed, have wished that my lot had been cast otherwise."

"That is honest, at least, my child," replied the clergyman. "I would rather hear such an avowal than see a vocation pretended where there is none. I am going to the Duc de Bourbon; I will speak about it. Do not be alarmed; you will soon hear more."

Thus saying, he advanced to the opposite door, and passed out of the room; and, as he entered the adjoining chamber, Julie heard the persons within cease their merriment, and address a word or two to her new acquaintance. He replied in a mild and placable tone; and the poor girl could not help fearing that she had been mistaken in regard to his sincerity.

A moment or two afterwards the same door again opened, and a gay-looking man, who had been one of those that brought her thither, entered the room, and advanced towards her with an air of consummate effrontery. He addressed Julie in the fashionable cant of the day, not without wit and talent, but with a sort of rambling

unconnected impertinence which the petit-maîtres of the court greatly affected at that time, for the sole purpose, it would seem, of showing the person to whom they spoke their utter contempt for him and for the rest of the world. He first inquired after her health, how she had rested, whether she did not think Versailles charming, and a variety of other questions of the same kind; but, speedily finding that she was cold, silent, and indignant, he assumed another tone; assured her that he felt for her situation, and had come to give her aid and deliverance, if she would but explain to him her views and wishes.

Julie, however, was not to be deceived. His tone, his look, his manner, all bespoke him one of the *roués* of the court, whom poor Julie had all her life been taught to dread and abhor. She endeavoured, to the best of her power, to repel him without making him angry; but that was not to be done; and he was in the very act of talking loud and high, with an air of authority and insolent freedom, when a number of voices speaking near stopped him, and a long train of gentlemen entered, with a coarse, heavy-looking man at their head, who stared harshly at Julie for a moment or two before he spoke; and then, turning to the gentlemen who stood beside her, demanded, "How's this, Duke? how's this? Why, you have nearly embroiled me again with the Bishop. We must

have no more of this, Monsieur de Richelieu; we must have no more of this. Things are going badly enough without that. Why, here is Bordeaux in open revolt, and Lyons little better; and they tell me that all Roussillon is in a ferment."

"Really, Monseigneur," replied the Duc de Richelieu, "I am very sorry to hear this bad news, and especially sorry that I should have produced it. Think, Mademoiselle de Provins, think what two great and wonderful people you and I must be—that my having been captivated by those resplendent charms, having fallen madly in love with you the first moment I saw you, and having come hither this morning to offer my devoted homage at the shrine of your beauty, should have set Bordeaux in revolt, placed Lyons in a state little better, and put men's minds in Roussillon into a ferment, even before their bad wine is ready for the same process. We are two wonderful people, most wonderful people; and depend upon it were destined by Heaven for each other."

Julie kept her eyes fixed upon the ground, with a burning cheek, but without reply; for though her heart swelled both with grief and indignation, yet, without support, and surrounded by a number of coarse and brutal men, her courage failed her, and she had not resolution enough to speak. The Duke of Bourbon, however, answered with a

frowning brow, the expression of which was contradicted by a coarse and somewhat heavy laugh before his words found utterance. "Come, come," he said, "I am in no humour for such folly. The young lady must be sent back again as soon as possible. Oh! here comes Morville: he said he had something to say in the affair. Now, what is it, Morville?" and he turned towards the door, addressing a gentleman of apparently forty-five or fifty years of age, who entered the room, followed by his son, Philip de Morville, whom we have already presented to the reader's notice.

The father was calm, smiling, and courtly; but the brow of the son was contracted and flushed, and his lip quivered and his eye flashed, as he saw the Duc de Richelieu standing within a step or two of his beautiful Julie.

Without bowing to the Duke of Bourbon or any one else, he instantly passed across, and placed himself between Mademoiselle de Provins and the dissolute nobleman. This act of impetuosity was certainly rash and unwise, and the Duke of Bourbon marked it with an angry frown, which might have been followed by still more angry words, if he had not been one of the most un-ready men in the world, and unable at that moment to find a sentence sufficiently expressive of his indignation. Philip's father, however, marked all these signs,

and hastened to reply to the Duke of Bourbon's question, in order to divert the storm which he saw was about to break.

"I have very little to say, Monseigneur," he replied, "except that I have the misfortune of being a father, which is generally the next most disagreeable thing to being a husband. My worshipful son, whom you see there, has amused himself by falling in love with a young lady to whom I have no objection on earth, except that her father's dictionary does not contain the word dower, upon which, as you know, the Dictionary of the Academy is reasonably diffuse. Had worthy Monsieur de Provins understood the meaning of that word, and that, when joined with the word Morville, it implies an income of ten thousand livres, or a sum in hand of seventy-five thousand crowns, my son might have married his daughter, or fifty of his daughters, for aught I care."

"The more the better," cried a gentleman near; "of course, the more the better, Monsieur de Morville, if each were to have such a dowry."

"Very true," replied Monsieur de Morville, "very true; but, however, Monseigneur, my worthy and respectable son, not contented with my arrangement of the matter with the father of the young lady, makes his own arrangement, I am told, with the young lady herself, for the purpose of carrying her off as she is going to a convent,

and taking her into Spain, to marry her there without anybody's consent but her own."

"Whoever did tell you this, sir," replied Philip de Morville, "told you a gross falsehood, and deserves to be punished;" and as he spoke he fixed his eyes sternly upon the Duc de Richelieu, adding, "I repeat, that it is a gross falsehood that I ever made any arrangement of the kind with Mademoiselle de Provins. She was quite unconscious of my purpose, or rather, I should say, directly opposed to anything of the sort."

"Oh, then," cried the Duc de Richelieu, laughing, "it was not even with her own consent. I think that is quite enough, Monseigneur."

"Silence, everybody," said the Duc de Bourbon. "What do you wish done, Monsieur de Morville? Your son has been guilty of a great fault."

"For which, sir, I hope you will not punish him," said Monsieur de Morville. "Send him back into Spain or Italy, or anywhere; and send the young lady back to her convent."

"It matters not," replied Philip de Morville, "it matters not. If you be but firm and true, Julie, and steadily refuse to take the vows—"

"Silence! I say again," cried the Duc de Bourbon, turning upon him fiercely. "You strangely forget yourself. I shall, as your father requires, send you back into Spain, and shall immediately despatch this young lady to the convent

for which she was destined, or rather back to her father's house, that he may send her to what convent he pleases himself."

"Nay, I beseech you, sir," said the Duc de Richelieu, in the same jeering tone in which he had previously been speaking, "I beseech you, keep the young lady for a week or two at court, that the abominations of this place may give a degree of ecstatic fervour to her saintly piety, and make the seclusion of the convent appear a paradise, even without the consolations of the good father director."

Philip de Morville could restrain himself no longer. "It might well do that," he replied, "it might well do that, even if she were not to hear the ribaldry of a Richelieu, or——"

"Or what, sir?" exclaimed the Duc de Bourbon furiously.

"Nothing, monseigneur," replied Philip, whose whole feelings were in such a state as permitted him to observe no bounds. "Where all is so bad it is scarcely possible to choose which is worst."

"Since you dislike the court so much, young man," exclaimed the Duke, "you shall try what you think of the Bastille."

"Nay, nay, not so, I entreat, monseigneur," exclaimed Philip's father.

But the Duke interrupted him sternly, saying,

"Not a word, Morville, not a word — leave the room. It shall be as I say, by ——" and he swore an oath, which all who heard him well knew would not be broken. "He shall go to the Bastille, and not come out again so long as I have any power in France. This fair lady shall go off at once to her father too. You, Beringhen, have the *lettre de cachet* got ready, and——and——" He looked at the countenance of Philip de Morville, and added, with a bitter laugh, "and you, Richelieu, have a carriage prepared instantly to carry this young lady back."

The Duc de Richelieu bowed low, muttering to himself, but in a voice half audible, "That carriage shall be my own."

"Be quick, be quick!" said the Duc de Bourbon; "some one put our young friend under arrest, and take his sword from him; he looks as if he were about to use it; but be quick, Monsieur de Richelieu, for the king is going soon to Rambouillet, and we must not be long behind; be quick, be quick!"

While one or two of the gentlemen who were present went through the form of putting Philip de Morville under arrest, and took his sword from him, the Duc de Richelieu approached the door which led out into the gallery beyond, and almost as he opened it one of the royal servants entered, and announced to the prime minister that the

king was passing through the gallery, and about to set out for Rambouillet. The Duke de Bourbon and almost all who were with him immediately hastened to attend the king to his carriage, and the young monarch spoke most graciously to his minister, saying, "I am going a little earlier than I proposed, cousin, but I trust you will not be long after me. Good day, good day; pray come no farther."

The Duke, however, accompanied him bare-headed to the side of his carriage, and bowed low while the royal train departed.

In the mean time, poor Julie de Provins and Philip de Morville were left nearly alone, with hearts well nigh breaking. There were none round them but persons of inferior condition, and it was no slight comfort to them to have even a single moment in which to converse together, and to bid each other again and again adieu. Philip, full of eagerness and impetuosity, besought Julie earnestly to refuse the vows, plighted himself to her by every promise sooner or later to make her his wife, and assured her he felt a conviction that she yet would be so. Julie's words were few, but her tears were many, and the time of even this sad intercourse was very short, for the steps of the Duc de Bourbon were heard returning in less than five minutes.

The voice of the minister sounded in its usual

harsh tone as he came along the gallery. "What is he doing here?" he demanded of some one who accompanied him. "We will have him sent to the Bastille if he comes to the palace without permission. Where are all the gentlemen who were with me but now?"

"I suppose, monseigneur, that they are gone to prepare for the journey," said the attendant to whom he spoke.

"They might have waited at least till I ordered them," replied the Duc de Bourbon, and at the same moment he entered the apartment in which Julie and her lover were, accompanied only by one or two gentlemen of no very high rank.

"Ha!" he said, "ha! so the Duc de Richelieu has not returned. Keep an eye upon the young gentleman and lady, messieurs, till the one sets out for the Bastille, and the other for her father's house."

The attendants bowed, and the Duke was passing on, but paused for a moment at the door as if in thought, murmuring to himself, "It is strange where all those people are gone to!"

That brief pause gave time for two or three other persons to be added to the number which the room contained; but perhaps the prime minister might not have seen them at all, as he was in the very act of passing through the opposite door, had not Julie, with an exclamation of joy and satisfaction,

darted across the room, and cast herself into the arms of the very same elderly gentleman who, in a dusty riding-dress, had paused to refresh his horse at the little cabaret in the forest of Fontainebleau. He was now in a more courtly garb indeed, but the moment that the Duc de Bourbon's eyes were thus called towards him, a look of anger and indignation came into the minister's countenance, and he exclaimed, "How is this, Monsieur Dodun? what brings you hither?"

"I did not come without being sent for, monseigneur," answered the gentleman in a tone firm but respectful, and he was going on to say more, but at that moment the eyes of the Duc de Bourbon fixed upon a gentleman who had come in at the same time with Monsieur Dodun, and the expression of anger in his countenance gave way to that of surprise.

"Ah, Monsieur le Duc de Charost," cried the Duc de Bourbon, "I thought you had gone with the king. May I ask what is the occasion of your presence here?"

"To deliver to you this letter, sir," said the Duc de Charost, "and on the part of his majesty to desire that you pay due attention to it."

As he spoke he advanced towards the minister, with a sealed letter in his hand, followed, almost step by step, by one of the lieutenants of the *garde du corps*. The prime minister had turned very

pale, and he received the letter from the king evidently with great agitation. He tore it open somewhat vehemently, however; and, as he read, the paper nearly dropped from his hand. It contained an intimation of sudden dismissal, disgrace, and exile. It showed him that his attempts to overthrow an amiable, highly-gifted, and excellent man, Fleury, bishop of Frejus, had not only proved utterly vain, but had called down upon his own head a storm which he felt that he well deserved; and thus he stood for a moment or two in the midst of the room in perfect silence, but with a gloomy frown upon his brow, and his eyes fixed upon the floor. Then raising them he gazed round with a bewildered look, and darted out of the room without saying a word.

"Follow him to Chantilly, follow him to Chantilly," said the Duc de Charost to the lieutenant of the *garde de corps*, "and do not lose sight of him till he has arrived."

Thus saying, he turned with a smile to Monsieur Dodun, and added: "That farce is played, and the country perhaps may have a little peace. Ha, Monsieur Beringhen," he continued, as he saw a gentleman enter with a paper in his hand, "what have you got there?"

"A *lettre de cachet*, sir," replied the other, "for the signature of Monsieur le Duc, but I can't find him, and Richelieu, whom I met just

now, passed me like a shot, and jumped into his carriage without answering my questions."

"He is wise, he is wise," said the Duc de Charost; "I gave him a hint as I came by, and he is off like a shot to pay his court to the bishop; but I can tell you, Monsieur de Beringhen, the duke will sign no more *lettres de cachet*, not being prime minister any longer. So good morning to you, Monsieur de Beringhen. Now, Dodun, what are we to do next?"

While all this had been going on, poor Julie had remained clinging to her uncle, explaining to him in quick eager words, but in low tones, interrupted by many tears, the situation in which she was placed, and all that had preceded it. When she came to speak of the latter part of the subject, however, which she did to her mother's brother, whom she had loved from a child, with more confidence and frankness than she had ever dared to shew to her own father, Monsieur Dodun stopped her, saying, "I know all that, my dear Julie; I have seen your mother; do not be alarmed, all will go well."

Julie looked from her uncle to Philip de Morville, and from her lover to her uncle again, but then she cast down her eyes with a sigh, for though Monsieur Dodun's words were words of hope and consolation, she dared not believe that they implied such hopes as her heart would fain have attached to them. Philip himself stood by, some-

what surprised at the whole scene, never having beheld Julie's uncle before, and not exactly comprehending what was the connexion between her and him. The other part of the scene was not less interesting to him, for though he knew not the contents of the king's letter till the Duc de Charost announced it to Monsieur Beringhen, yet it was very evident that some great reverse or mortification had befallen a man universally hated in France, and who certainly had not lately been taking the means to make himself especially beloved by Philip de Morville. He was still under arrest, however, and even when the Duke's fall was made known by the words of Monsieur de Charost, Philip did not very well perceive what change would be thus effected in his situation, till the persons who had been told to guard him, more acute in such matters than himself, began to drop off one by one, and at length the officer who held his sword touched his arm, saying, "Here, Monsieur de Morville, here, take your blade, that game is played; Monsieur le Duc can't trump your card now;" and, giving the weapon into the young gentleman's hand, he hastened away, eager to get a place in some carriage in order to pay his court to the new minister.

In answer to the Duc de Charost's question, Monsieur Dodun replied, "I will be ready in five minutes, monsieur, but I have to speak for an in-

stant with a gentleman I sent for: I mean M. de Morville."

"If he has not run to see if he can save his place," said the Duc de Charost. "But will not his son do? There he stands!"

"I suppose this is Monsieur de Morville," said Dodun, holding out his hand to him; "I read it in my little Julie's eyes here. The father would have done better it is true, but I hear a desperate scampering in the court, and doubtless there will be such a rush to Rambouillet, that he will be carried away with the stream. Well then, Monsieur Philip, as I am about to hasten to Paris, and shall take this dear girl with me, you had better go after your father, and tell him — though probably he may be out of office by the time you see him, that will make no difference in my views. If there be any truth in a minister's promises, I am comptroller-general of the finances; but whether I am or not, Julie de Provins is henceforth my child, and her dowry will satisfy more exorbitant men than your father. One word more — if you are not suing for a place at Rambouillet, you may come up to us at the Place Royale, where your suit is very sure of being more acceptable than at the palace. Now away with you, away with you—you shall kiss her hand when you come to Paris."

A ROYAL CHRISTENING.

ROYAL CHRISTENINGS.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

Among the royal ceremonials recorded in the annals of this country, few have been connected with circumstances of more touching interest than some of our royal christenings. At this peculiar season, when every loyal bosom beats high with trembling hope in the anticipation of an event equally auspicious to the sovereign and her people, it may not be displeasing to the reader to cast a retrospective glance at the varying circumstances under which some of the royal children of England have been presented at the baptismal font.

Edward I., the conqueror of Wales and Scotland, was the first prince who was baptized in Westminster Abbey, after it was rebuilt by his father, Henry III., who, in honour of the illustrious founder of that noble pile, bestowed the national and popular name of Edward on his heir, a name above all others endeared to the people by the remembrance of the mild virtues and paternal laws of Edward the Confessor.

The christening of Edward II. was solemnized after a ruder fashion, amidst the rocky fastnesses of the conquered but unsubmitting mountains of

Wales, surrounded by the steel-clad followers of his royal sire and the wild chieftains of the land, who had unwittingly consented to receive for their prince a native of their own country, who should not be able to speak a word of English or French. They reluctantly imprinted the kiss of homage on the soft cheek of the infant Plantagenet, to whom the faithful Eleanora, the consort of the victorious Edward, had just given birth in the Eagle Tower of Caernarvon Castle.

In a still more auspicious hour for England were celebrated the baptismal rites of his eldest son, the renowned Edward III., who came like a dove of peace to heal the deadly quarrel between the insurgent barons of England and their angry sovereign, and to prove, for a blessed interval, the sweet bond of union between his estranged parents.

This prince was born at Windsor on the 13th of November, and four days afterwards was baptized with great splendour in the old chapel of St. Edward. The uncle of Queen Isabella and the rest of the French nobles who were at the court of his royal parents were urgent with the king to allow his heir to be called Louis, but the English nobles, always averse to a foreign name, insisted that the princely boy should be baptized by none other than that of Edward. The ceremony was performed by the Cardinal Arnold, and the infant prince had no less than seven god-

fathers, but there is not the name of one godmother recorded.

A fourth royal heir of England of the same popular name, Edward the Black Prince, who afterwards even transcended his mighty father's fame, was born and christened in the sylvan bowers of Woodstock, where Edward III. and his youthful consort, Philippa, then resided in almost domestic retirement. No extraordinary splendour marked the baptismal rites of this illustrious prince, but it is recorded that his infant beauty and strength astonished every one who saw him, and that he was entrusted to no meaner nurse than his royal mother, the queen of England, who nourished him at her own bosom.

Richard II., the unworthy son of Edward the Black Prince, was born and christened in a foreign land. Auguries of evil omen, touching his future destiny, were promulgated in the antichambers of his victorious grandsire, Edward III., and among the ladies of honour to the princess of Wales, his mother, even at that early period of his existence. In fact there was a national disappointment in consequence of the death of his elder brother, a prince of fair promise, who bore the more popular name of Edward, being the fifth royal heir of England so called from that great monarch in whose person an appellation so dear to national remembrance had been in happy hour revived.

Henry VI. was christened at Windsor with peculiar splendour, while his victorious sire, Henry V., was engaged in prosecuting the siege of Meaux. His godfathers were his renowned uncle John, Duke of Bedford, and Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester. He was presented at the baptismal font by Jacqueline, Countess of Hainault, who was familiarly designated by Henry V. as Dame Jake. The English court was at that period much interested in the courtship between Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, the handsome young bachelor-uncle of the royal neophite, and the fair Flemish countess, who became almost as much the sport of Fortune as her royal godson.

The birth and christening of the only son of Henry VI. took place at a period when his royal sire was suffering under a severe malady of the brain, attended with total aberration of reason. The infant prince was born on St. Edward's day, and baptized by that name with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. The ceremony was performed by the pious Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, his father's most beloved friend and counsellor. The Duke of Somerset, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duchess of Buckingham, were the sponsors. The font was arrayed in russet cloth of gold and surrounded by a blaze of tapers. The crysom, or christening mantle, in which the royal babe was received after his immersion cost

£554 16*s.* 8*d.*; and we learn from the issue rolls that it was very rich with embroidery of pearls and precious stones. Within this stately mantle was a fine white linen wrapper, to prevent the brocade and gems from coming in contact with the delicate skin of the new-born prince.

Ten duchesses, eight countesses, one viscountess, and sixteen baronesses, received writs of summons to be present at the churching festival of the queen, his mother.

Very touching is the account given in a letter among the Paston papers, of the first introduction of the royal infant to the long-unconscious monarch, on his restoration to health and reason.

"On the Wednesday at noon the queen came to him and brought my lord prince with her. Then he asked what the prince's name was, and the queen told him Edward, and then he held his hands up and thanked God thereof, and said he never knew him till that time, nor wist where he had been till now: and he asked the queen who were the godfathers, and the queen told him, and he was well content."

The christening of another royal Edward, the rival heir of England, was solemnized under circumstances of a more romantic character.

This fair boy first saw the light in the Jerusalem chamber in Westminster Abbey, which Thomas Milling, the friendly Abbot of West-

minster, had compassionately resigned for the accommodation of the afflicted queen of Edward IV., when, in her terror and sore distress, she, with her three little daughters, her mother, and the Lady Scrope, fled from the Tower by water on the approach of the victorious Lancastrians, and, landing at Westminster, entered her name as a sanctuary woman, and there awaited the expected hour when she was destined to bring into the world the first-born son of her fugitive king and husband.

No cloth of gold arrayed the ancient gothic font of hewn stone, round which the little band of fond and faithful friends was gathered, by whom the infant prince was brought to his christening; for the rite was performed with no greater pomp than if he had been the son of a private individual. His godmothers were the old Duchess of Bedford, his grandmother, and the Lady Scrope, his mother's faithful attendant. The kind abbot charitably performed the office of godfather to the new-born heir of England, no other man being at hand who would venture to render the desolate child of sanctuary that service.

The next royal christening of national interest was that of Arthur Prince of Wales, in whose person the claims of the rival roses of York and Lancaster blended in the first year of the union between Henry of Richmond and Elizabeth of York.

This welcome and auspicious pledge of peace and joy to the long bleeding land was baptized in the cathedral of Winchester with extraordinary parade. Elizabeth Woodville, who, assisted by two of her daughters, the princesses Cicely and Anne, stood godmother to her infant descendant, must have recalled with an agonizing thrill of remembrance the scene to which we have just referred, when her own fair boy, Edward V., was borne with mingled tears of grief and joy to the unadorned font within the lonely abbey, where he was preserved from the perils that overshadowed his cradle, to fulfil a darker destiny at a period when all a mother's fondest hopes were twined around her "gallant, springing, young Plantagenet."

Henry VII. caused the font of Canterbury Cathedral to be removed, at a considerable expense, for the baptism of his other children.

The christening of Queen Elizabeth was the most splendid and elaborate in its details that was ever accorded to a princess of England.

"On the 7th day of September, being Sunday," says Hall, "the queen was delivered of a fair lady, which day the Duke of Norfolk came home to the christening. Te Deum was sung and great preparations were made for the christening."

The mayor, the aldermen, and forty of the principal citizens, were summoned to that solem-

nity, which took place on the following Wednesday. On which day, the mayor, Sir Stephen Pecock, with the aldermen and council of the city of London, in their robes and chains, took barge after they had dined together at one o'clock, and so rowed to Greenwich, where many lords, gentlemen, and knights, were assembled. All the walls between the king's palace and the greyfriars were hung with arras, and all the way strewed with green rushes. The church was also hung with arras. The font was of silver, and raised three steps high. It was placed in the middle of the church and covered with a fine cloth; divers gentlemen, with aprons and towels about their necks, guarded the font, which stood under a square canopy of crimson satin fringed with gold; about it was a rail covered with red say. Between the chair and chancel, a closet with a fire had been prepared, lest the infant should take cold in being disrobed for the font. When all these things were ordered, the child was brought into the hall, and then every man set forward. First the citizens, two and two; then gentlemen, esquires, and chaplains; after them the aldermen and the mayor alone; then the king's council and those of his chapel, in robes; then the prelates and peers preceded the Earl of Essex, who bore the covered gilt basins; then the Marquis of Exeter, with the taper of virgin wax; next the Mar-

quis of Dorset, bearing the salt, followed by the Lady Mary of Norfolk, bearing the crysom, which was very rich of pearl and gems. Last, under a stately canopy, which was supported by the Lord Rocheford, Lord Huse, and the Lords William Howard and Thomas Howard, her maternal kinsmen, came the child, in the arms of her great grandmother, the Duchess Dowager of Norfolk, by whom this royal scion of her house was proudly borne in a mantle of purple velvet, with a train of almost regal length, furred with ermine.

On the right hand of the time-honoured duchess and her royal charge walked the Duke of Norfolk, with his marshal's rod, and on the left the Duke of Suffolk. Before them went the officers of arms. The Countess of Kent bore the train of the infant's mantle, assisted by the Earl of Wiltshire, the queen's father, on the right, and the Earl of Derby on the left; but nearer to the person of the princely babe than the countess, a procession of noble ladies and gentlemen brought up the rear.

The Bishop of London, with a procession of bishops and mitred abbots, received the infant at the church door, and commenced the solemnization of the sacramental rite, and then, with all the ceremonials of the church of Rome, this great Protestant queen received the name of Elizabeth at the baptismal font. Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, was her godfather, and the godmothers

were the widowed Duchess of Norfolk and the Marchioness of Dorset.

"As soon as the child was named, Garter king-of-arms cried aloud, "God of his infinite goodness send a prosperous life and long to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!" and then a flourish of trumpets was sounded, and the child was brought to the altar and the gospel said over her; and after that she was confirmed by the archbishop, and the sponsors presented their christening gifts. The archbishop of Canterbury gave the princess a standing cup of gold; the Duchess of Norfolk gave also a cup of gold, fretted with pearls. The Marchioness of Dorset gave three gilt bowls pounced with a cover, and the Marchioness of Exeter gave three standing bowls, graven and gilt, with covers.

"Then was brought in wafers, comfits, and yppocras, in such abundance that every man had as much as he could desire."

The homeward procession of the newly-christened babe, just four days old, was lighted on its way to the palace with five hundred staff-torches, which were carried by the yeomen of the guard and the king's servants, but the infant was surrounded by gentlemen bearing wax flambeaus. The procession returned in the same order as it came, save that four noble gentlemen carried the sponsors' gifts before the child, and so, with the flourish of

trumpets all the way preceding them, they bore the princess to the chamber of the queen her mother. The mayor and aldermen delayed their departure till the king gave commands to the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk to thank them heartily in his name; and then, having refreshed themselves powerfully in the royal cellar, they departed to their barges.

But of every ceremonial of the kind on record, the most striking scene, perhaps, was acted at the midnight christening of Edward VI., in the chapel of Hampton Court, when the future defender of the reformed religion was presented at the baptismal font by his sister and catholic successor, the Princess Mary, whom his birth had just deprived of the immediate heritage of a throne.

There, too, unconscious of the awful storm that had clouded her morn of life and reversed her own high prospects since the day when she had been proclaimed Princess of Wales and heiress of the realm, came the young motherless Elizabeth, who had been roused from the sweet slumbers of infant innocence and arrayed in robes of state, to perform the part that had been assigned to her in the pageant. In this procession, Elizabeth, borne in the arms of the aspiring Seymour, the brother of the queen, with playful smiles carried the crysom for the son of her, for whose sake her mother's blood had been shed on the

scaffold, and herself branded with the reproach of illegitimacy. And there the Earl of Wiltshire, the father of the murdered Anna Boleyn, made himself an object of contempt to every eye by assisting at this rite, at which he bore the taper of virgin wax, with a towel about his neck.

The godfathers associated with the Princess Mary on this occasion were Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duke of Norfolk, the first of whom it is well known she afterwards consigned to the stake.

The font, of solid silver, was guarded by Sir John Russell, Sir Nicholas Carew, Sir Francis Brian, and Sir Anthony Brown, in aprons, with towels about their necks.

The Marchioness of Exeter carried the child under a canopy, which was borne by the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Arundel, and Lord William Howard. The prince's nurse, Mistress Jackson, whom he ever called Mother Jack, followed with the queen's domestics.

"While his attendants were making the prince ready in his traverse, Te Deum was sung: the ceremonial was arranged for the Lord William Howard to give the towel first to the Lady Mary; Lord Fitzwalter to bear the covered basins; Lord Delawar to uncover them. The Lord Stourton to give the towels to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Norfolk.

After the prince was christened, his style was thus proclaimed by Garter :—

" God, in his almighty and infinite grace, grant good life and long to the right high, right excellent, and noble prince, Edward Duke of Cornwall and Earl of Chester, most dear and entirely beloved son of our most dread and gracious lord, King Henry the Eighth."

The Lady Mary gave her godson a cup of gold by Lord Essex; Cranmer three great bowls and two great pots, which were borne by the Earl of Wiltshire. The Duke of Norfolk presented a similar offering to his royal godson.

In the returning procession the Lady Elizabeth was led away by the Lady Mary, her sister, by whom she was at that time so fondly loved, that, when speaking of her, Mary was accustomed to call her " a toward little darling."

Elizabeth's train was borne by the Lady Herbert, sister to Katharine Parr.

The prince was carried back in solemn state, with the trumpets sounding before him, to the queen his mother's chamber, there to receive the blessing of his royal parents. King Henry gave great largess that day. The excitement, noise, and loss of rest, caused by this pompous ceremonial, in all probability cost Jane Seymour her life.

The first royal heir of England who was christened in this realm in the Protestant faith, ac-

cording to the forms prescribed in the beautiful baptismal service of the liturgy of our church, was Charles II., who was baptized in the chapel royal at St. James's palace.

The scene represented in the accompanying plate is the hurried and mournful christening of the youngest daughter of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, who was born at Exeter, June 16th, 1644, during the rage of the civil war.

Two months before their infant saw the light, Henrietta and Charles parted in tears and anguish of heart at Abingdon, and never met again. Henrietta sought refuge at Exeter, but the near approach of the Parliamentary army, breathing threats against her life, compelled the terrified queen to abandon her lying-in chamber at the end of a fortnight, to seek a refuge in Holland, leaving her new-born infant in the charge of her young and beautiful governess, Lady Dalkeith.

Under the care of this high-minded and courageous lady, the little tender flower, unconscious of the gloomy storms that had heralded her entrance into an evil life, or the perils by which her cradle was surrounded, remained safe amidst the thunders of the siege of Exeter, till the arrival of her royal sire, by whom the city was relieved in person, July 26, 1644.

On that day Charles I. gave his infant daughter a first and last embrace, and commanded his

chaplain to baptize her by her mother's name, to which that of Anne was added, in compliment to her august aunt, the queen of France. The beautiful and faithful protectress of the infant princess, as the proxy of her royal godmother, Anne of Austria, presented her at the baptismal font, attended only by two or three of the ladies devoted to the cause of her illustrious parents; and thus, in the absence of all ceremonials of state, without the presence of peer or prelate, was the holy rite solemnized by which the Princess Henrietta Maria Anne of England was received into the church of Christ, with scarcely more external forms than were practised at the secret and perilous baptisms of the children of saints and martyrs among the primitive Christians.

Lady Dalkeith continued to perform the office of a mother to this deserted child of royalty and sorrow, till the desperation of King Charles's cause suggested to her the expediency of removing her precious charge to a kinder country than her native land; but this could not be done without great danger, both to herself and the object of her solicitude. Lady Dalkeith, however, resolved to brave all consequences, and, feigning to be herself on the point of becoming a mother, and in extreme ill health, she privately withdrew from Oatlands, with the infant princess, to London, in 1646, and engaged a vessel for her passage to Holland.

No objection was opposed to her own departure, but the difficulty was in getting the royal infant on board the vessel without the sanction of the parliament. The ready wit of Lady Dalkeith, however, had prepared for this; and, when all things were ready, she administered a strong opiate to the babe, and then, slinging her about her waist under a large apron, she carried her precious burden unsuspected on board the ship, which, after eluding the vigilance of the parliamentary vessels, safely crossed to Holland: and the fair and courageous godmother, who had so heroically fulfilled all the duties she had undertaken to the helpless daughter of her sovereign, had the joy of restoring her in health and freedom to the arms of the exiled queen, her mother. Lady Dalkeith afterwards became Countess of Morton, under which title the following lines were addressed to her by the celebrated Waller, while attached to the service of the exiled royal family at the Louvre, which afford the best commemoration of her loyal and heroic exploit.

You from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
Snatched your fair charge, the princess, like a brand—
A brand preserved to warm some prince's heart,
And make whole kingdoms take her brother's part.

* * * * * *

Where the kind nymph, changing her faultless shape,
Becomes unhandsome handsomely to 'scape;
When through the guards, the river, and the sea,
Faith, beauty, wit and courage made their way.
What guards, what river, could an angel stay?

So fled this fair, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burden to the Gallic shore.
Born in the storms of war, this royal fair,
Produced like lightning in tempestuous air,
Though now she flies her native isle (less kind
Less safe for her than either sea or wind),
Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,
See her great brother on the British throne,
Where peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
But which rules most—his sceptre, or her eyes.

Few predictions have been fulfilled to the letter so completely as this poetical compliment, for the infant Henrietta grew up a beauty, and her exiled brother was restored to his throne.

The last royal christening of great importance in the annals of this country was that of her present gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, at Kensington Palace. May the hopes of her people ere long be realized in the solemnization of the baptismal rites of an heir of her widely extended realms, in whose person and posterity the royal succession may continue to be peaceably and prosperously established for countless generations!

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I wandered to a ruined fane
In Winchelsea's green wood,
To rest my world-worn, tired heart
Awhile in solitude.

I thought on veiled nuns and monks,
And things of time gone by;
And to that ivy-mantled shrine
Gave a regretful sigh!

I wandered by the glassy sea,
And I pictured a stormy day;
But I smiled the while, for I only saw
The sunny waves at play:
But a wailing sound came out o' the deep,
'Twas the voice of the drowned dead!
I looked again on the treacherous sea,
But I shuddered, and turned in dread!

I turned in dread to the seaside rock
That rose so bold and bare;
There was no fane, no treacherous main,
But a living thing was there!
An eagle, chained to that rock,
Gazed stedfast at the sun,
And my soul leap'd forth to that prison'd bird,
As though a goal were won!

And I said, "My Soul! why art thou *there?*
Strange sympathy thou'st found!"
For the eagle's wing was broken too,
And trailed on the ground!

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Painted by J. PRENTIS; Engraved by J. SCOTT.
Price, 21*s*.; proofs, 2*l*. 2s.; before letters, 3*l*. 3*s*.

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DEDICATED TO LORD FRANCIS EGERTON.
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COMPANION TO "JACK IN OFFICE."

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THE HIGHLAND DROVERS.

Engraving in Line Manner by J. H. WATT, from the Original Picture by EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

EXHIBITED, 1835, AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET HOUSE.

THE MELTON BREAKFAST,

COMPANION TO THE MEETING OF HER MAJESTY'S HOUNDS ON ASCOT HEATH.

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PORTRAITS OF WELLINGTON AND NELSON.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED SERVICE.

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24½ inches by 19. Prints, 2*l.* 2*s.*; proofs, 4*l.* 4*s.*; before letters, 6*l.* 6*s.*

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Painted from Original Portraits by J. R. HERBERT; and Engraved in Mezzotint by S. W. REYNOLDS.

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27½ inches by 19½. Prints, 2*l.* 2*s.*; proofs, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; b. l. 5*l.* 5*s.*

THE DEATH OF THOMAS A BECKET,

IN ST. BENEDICT'S CHURCH, CANTERBURY, A.D. 1170.

Engraved in Mezzotint by G. ZOBEL; after the Original by C. H. WEIGALL.

24 inches by 21. Prints, 21*s.*; proofs, 2*l.* 2*s.*; before letters, 3*l.* 3*s.*

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